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A. Henry Savage Landor
and his two faithful servants

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#02

In the Forbidden Land

An Account of a Journey into Tibet Capture by the Tibetan Lamas and Soldiers, Imprisonment, Torture and Ultimate Release brought about by Dr. Wilson and the Political Peshkar Karak Sing-Pal

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By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

WITH THE GOVERNMENT ENQUIRY AND REPORT
AND OTHER OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS BY
J. LARKIN, ESQ., DEPUTED BY THE
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

With 1 Photogravure, 8 Colored Plates, 50 Full-page and about 250 Text Illustrations, and a Map from Surveys by the Author

IN TWO VOLUMES

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I Dedicate

THIS BOOK

TO

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE

In this book I have set down the record of a journey Tibet undertaken by me during the spring, summer, nd autumn of 1897. It is illustrated partly from my hotographs and partly from sketches made by me on the ot. Only as regards the torture scenes have I had to aw from memory, but it will be easily conceded that eir impression must be vivid enough with me.

The map is my own, made entirely from my surveys an area of twelve thousand five hundred square miles Tibet proper. In Chapter VI. the altitudes of such gh peaks in India as Nanda Devi and others are taken om the Trigonometrical Survey, and so are the positions ked by astronomical observations of the starting and rminating points of my surveys at the spots where I tered and left Tibet.

In the orthography of geographical names I have lopted the course advised by the Royal Geographical ciety—*viz.*, to give the names their true sound as they e locally pronounced, and I have made no exception en for the grand and poetic "Himahlya," which is in nglish usually distorted into the unmusical and unro-antic word "Himalaya."

PREFACE

I submit with all deference the following geographical results of my expedition:

The solution of the uncertainty regarding the division of the Mansarowar and Rakastal Lakes;

The ascent to so great an altitude as 22,000 feet, and the pictures of some of the great Himahlyan glaciers;

The visit to and the fixing of the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European;

The fact that with only two men I was able to travel for so long in the most populated part of Tibet.

In addition to the above, I am glad to state that owing to the publicity which I gave in the *Daily Mail* to the outrageous Tibetan abuses taking place on British soil, the Government of India has this year (1898) notified the Tibetan authorities that they will in future not be permitted to collect Land Revenue from British subjects there. This fact gives me special satisfaction, because of the exceptional courtesy and kindness bestowed on me by our mountain tribesmen, the Shokas.

The Government Report of the official investigation of my case, as well as other documents substantiating the details of my narrative, are printed in an appendix.

A. H. S. L.

September, 1898.

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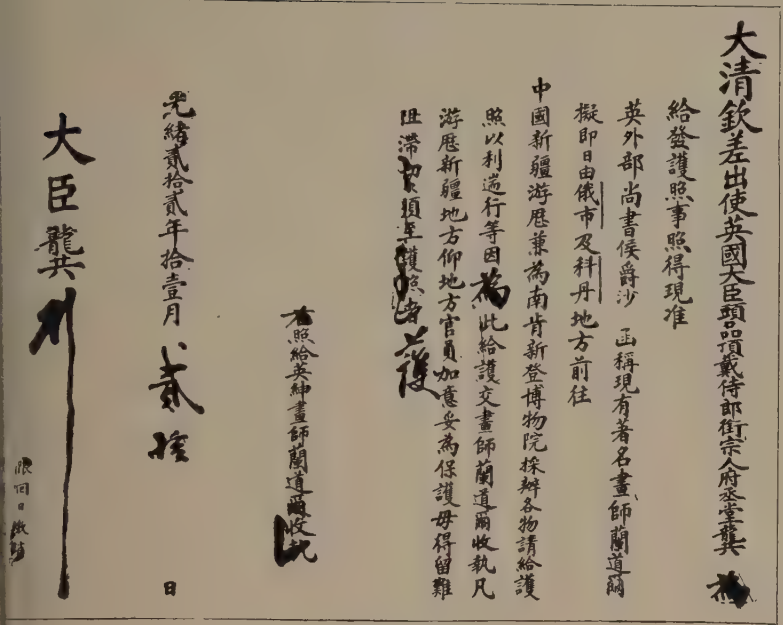
IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND


大清欽差出使英國大臣頭品頂戴侍郎街宗人府丞堂兼

給發護照事照得現准

英外部尚書侯爵沙 函稱現有著名畫師蘭道爾

擬即日由俄市及科丹地方前往

中國新疆游歷兼為南肯新登博物院採辦各物請給護

照以利通行等因為此給護交畫師蘭道爾收執凡

游歷新疆地方官員如查妥為保護毋得留難

阻滯切須至護照者

右照給英紳畫師蘭道爾收執

光緒貳拾貳年拾壹月 日

大臣龔

A CHINESE PASSPORT

IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

CHAPTER I

FROM LONDON TO NAINI TAL

On leaving London, I intended to proceed *via* Germany to Russia, traverse Russian Turkestan, Bokhara, and Chinese Turkestan, and from there enter Tibet. The Russian Government had readily granted me a special permission to take free of duty through their territory my fire-arms, ammunition, provisions, photographic cameras, surveying and other scientific instruments, and,

moreover, informed me, through His Excellency Sir Nicholas O'Conor, then our Ambassador in St. Petersburg, that I should be privileged to travel on the military railway through Turkestan as far as the terminus at Samarakand. I feel under a great obligation to the Russian Embassy in London for the extreme courtesy shown me, and I desire to acknowledge this at the outset, especially because that route might very likely have saved me much of the suffering and disappointment I was subjected to through going by way of India.

I was provided with introductions and credentials from the Marquis of Salisbury, the British Museum of Natural History, etc.; I was carrying scientific instruments for the Royal Geographical Society, and I had a British and two Chinese passports.

Having forwarded all my explosives by an ammunition vessel to Russia (the German railways absolutely refusing to carry cartridges), I heard, to my dismay, only a few days previous to leaving London, that the steamer had stranded just before reaching her port of destination, and that grave doubts were entertained as to the possibility of saving even a portion of her cargo. This was at the time of the outbreak of the Turco-Greek war, and the Russians were reported to be mobilizing their troops along the Afghan frontier. I did not wish to delay my journey, and although my preparations were complete for going through Russia, I nevertheless decided to abandon that plan and go to India, with a view to penetrating over the Himahlya into Tibet. I sailed for India on March 19th, on the P. & O. steamship *Peninsular*, and reached Bombay three weeks later.

It was my first visit to India, and my first impression was certainly not a good one. The heat was intense, and signs of the plague were discernible everywhere. The

streets were deserted, and the hotels bad and dirty for vant of servants, who had abandoned the town in fear of the scourge.

Accompanied by a Parsee friend, I went to several of he districts of Bombay chiefly affected by the disease, but I noticed, wherever I went, little else than a strong odor of disinfectants. It is true, there were few houses n those parts which had not ten, twenty, and even more ircular red marks, denoting as many deaths, and on one loor, which I photographed, I counted no less than forty-ine circles. But I was unable to gauge personally with ny sort of accuracy the nature or extent of the disease, eyond seeing in the hospitals a few violent cases of bu-onic attacks.

On the day following my arrival in Bombay I pro-eeded by rail to Bareilly, which was reached in three ays, and from there one more night brought me to Kathgodam, the terminus of the railway line. Travel-ng partly by tonga (a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by two orses) and partly on horseback, I found myself at last at Naini Tal, a hill station in the lower Himahlyas, and the ummer seat of the Government of the Northwest Prov-nces and Oudh, from whence I wrote to the Lieutenant-overnor, informing him of my intention to proceed to ibet. I also called on the Deputy Commissioner and ade him fully acquainted with my plans. Neither one or the other of these gentlemen raised the slightest ob-ction to my intended journey into the sacred Land of e Lamas.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE
LIBRARY

CHAPTER II

LOADS—A SET OF USEFUL PACK-SADDLE CASES—PROVISIONS AND SCIENTIFIC OUTFIT—CLOTHES AND SHOES—MEDICINES—UNDER WAY—THE FIRST MARCH — SERVANTS — HOW I CAME TO EMPLOY FAITHFUL CHANDEN SING

I KNEW that from Naini Tal, 6407 feet (sixty feet above lake level), all my loads would have to be transported on the backs of coolies, and therefore they had to be divided into equal weights not exceeding twenty-five seers, or fifty pounds. I packed instruments, negatives, and articles liable to get damaged in cases of my own make, designed especially for rough usage. A set of four such cases, of well-seasoned deal wood, carefully joined and fitted, zinc-lined, and soaked in a special preparation of mine by which they were rendered water and air tight, could be made useful in many ways. Taken separately they could be used as seats; four placed in a row answered the purpose of bedstead; three could be used as seat and table; and the combination of four, used in a certain manner, made a punt or boat of quick, solid, and easy construction, by which an unfordable river could be crossed or soundings taken in the still waters of a lake. The cases could also be used as baths for myself and my followers (if I could induce these to so far indulge), and also, in the developing of my negatives, as tanks to properly wash my plates. I conjectured even that in case of emergency they might serve as water-casks in arid regions, if I should have to traverse any. One of these boxes packed was exactly a coolie load, and two could be easily slung over a pack

saddle by means of straps and rings. It was due mainly to the stoutness and strength of these cases that, notwithstanding the amount of knocking about they got, my photographic and painting work, as well as my maps, instruments, etc., were really in no way injured until we fell into the hands of the Tibetans. Fortunately, the most important part of my work, from a scientific point of view, had already been accomplished. My provisions were prepared for me by the Bovril Company, after instructions furnished by me, with a view to the severe Tibetan climate and the altitudes we should find ourselves in. They contained a vast amount of fat and carbonaceous food, as well as ingredients easily digestible and calculated to maintain one's strength even in moments of unusual stress. I had them packed in tin cases and skin bags. I carried in a water-tight box 1000 cartridges for my .256 Mannlicher rifle, besides 500 cartridges for my revolver, and a number of hunting-knives, skinning implements, wire traps of several sizes for capturing small mammals, butterfly nets, bottles for preserving reptiles in alcohol, insect-killing bottles (cyanide of potassium), a quantity of arsenical soap, bone nippers, scalpels, and all other accessories necessary for the collection of natural-history specimens. There were three sets of photographic apparatus in my outfit, and one hundred and fifty-eight dozen dry plates, as well as all adjuncts for the developing, fixing, etc., of the negatives as they were taken. The collecting materials were given me by the British Museum of Natural History, to which institution I had promised to present all specimens of fauna and flora I might collect during my journey. I had two sets of instruments for astronomical observation and for use in surveying (one of which had been furnished me by the Royal Geographical Society), such as the six-inch

sextant, hypsometrical apparatus for measuring heights, with boiling-point thermometers specially constructed for very great altitudes; two aneroids, one to 20,000 feet, the other to 25,000 feet; three artificial horizons (one mercury, the others plate-glass with levels); a powerful telescope with astronomical eye-piece and stand; a prismatic, a luminous, a floating, and two pocket compasses; maximum and minimum thermometers; a case of drawing-instruments, protractors, parallel rules, tape rules, a silver water-tight half-chronometer watch and three other watches, section paper in books and in large sheets, *Raper's* and the *Nautical Almanac* for 1897 and 1898.

Not to neglect the artistic aspect of my expedition, I had provided myself with ample painting and drawing materials, and I trust to the appearance of my sketches in these volumes to prove that I did not carry them in vain.

I was provided with a very light mountain *tente d'abri*, seven feet long, four feet wide, and three feet high. Well accustomed to the sort of travelling I was in for, I decided that I required for myself only a camel-hair blanket in the way of bedding. I reduced my clothing also to a minimum, and made no difference in it from start to finish. The only thing I ever missed was my straw hat, which I wore up in the Himahlyas just as I had worn it on the broiling plains, because it seemed to me always the most comfortable headgear. It was rendered unwearable through the clumsiness of one of my Shokas, to whom I had lent it to carry in it some swan eggs (presented by a friendly Shoka), and who fell with it, or on it, to the detriment and destruction both of vessel and load. After that I generally went about with my head uncovered, as I only had a small cap left, which was not comfortable. I wore medium thick shoes without nails, and never carried a stick, and I think it was due largely to

the simplicity of my personal equipment that I was able, as will be seen presently, to climb to one of the greatest altitudes ever reached by a human being.*

My provision of medicines cost me only half a crown, firm as I am in the belief that man, living naturally under natural conditions, and giving himself plenty of exercise, can be helped very little by drugs.

And thus I started.

On the first day I rode from Naini Tal to Almora, thirty miles by the lower and well-known road *via* Khairna.

Almora (5510 feet) is the last hill station towards the frontier where I expected to find a European, or rather an Anglo-Indian, community, and I made it my headquarters for a few days. It was my intention to obtain some reliable hill men, possibly Gourkhas, to accompany me. I applied in vain for this purpose to the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st 3d Gourkha Regiment quartered in the station, duly showing letters, introductions, and documents, from the highest authorities and institutions in England, plainly demonstrating the scientific object of my journey to Tibet.

The superior authorities seemed open to negotiations had I been able to afford a wait of several months; but, as this would have involved the postponement of my journey for a year, on account of the passes leading into Tibet becoming impassable at the end of the summer, I decided to snap my fingers at all the red tape the job required, and to start on my journey without the Gourkhas.

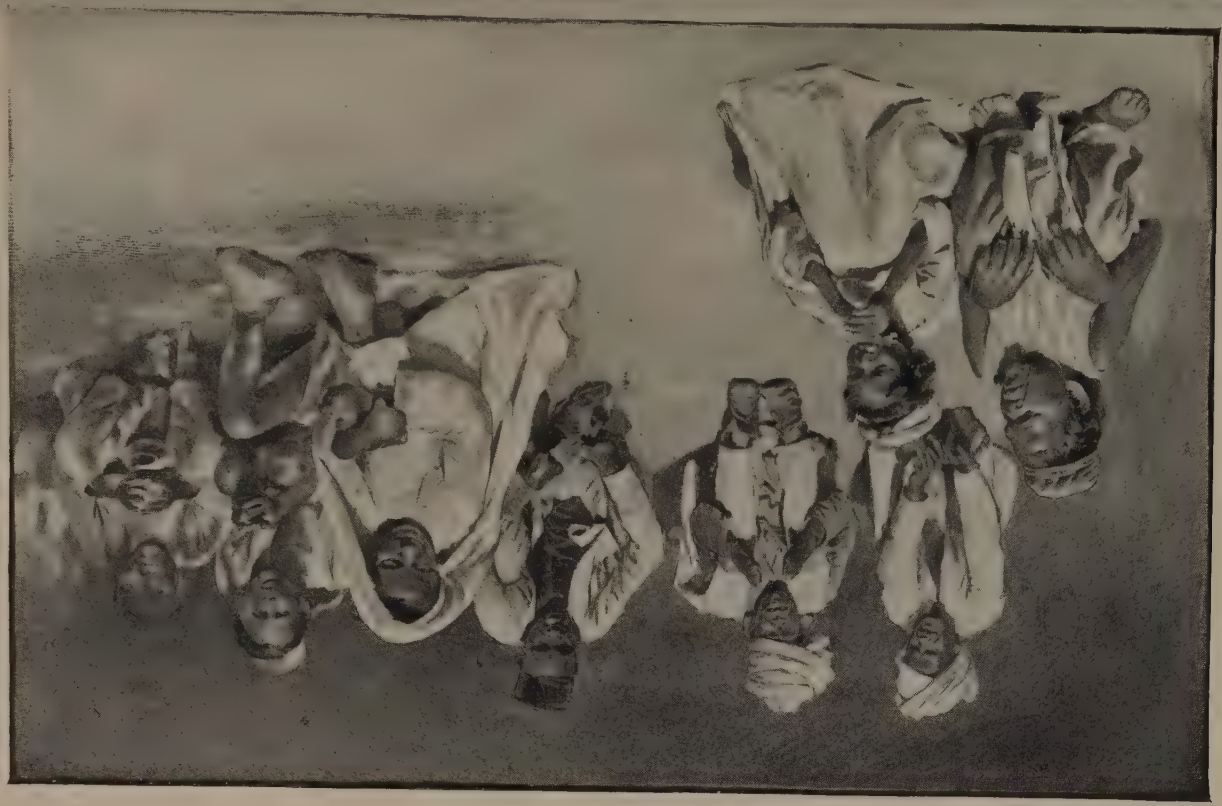
As luck would have it, I came across a gentleman at Almora, a Mr. J. Larkin, who showed me great politeness and gave me much useful information with re-

* See Appendix. Letter by Dr. H. Wilson.

gard to the roads, the mode of travelling, etc., on the British side of the Tibetan frontier. He had himself travelled nearly up to the boundary the previous year, and knew that part of Kumaon better than any Anglo-Indian in the province. In fact, with the exception of Colonel Grigg, Commissioner of Kumaon, Mr. Larkin is the only other official who has any knowledge at all of the northeast of Kumaon, now so neglected by the Government of the Northwest Provinces.

Gourkhas being unobtainable, the question weighed heavily on my mind of obtaining plucky, honest, wiry, healthy servants, of whatever caste they might be, who would be ready, for the sake of a good salary and a handsome reward, to brave the many discomforts, hardships, and perils my expedition was likely to involve. Both at Naini Tal and here scores of servants and Shikaris (sporting attendants) offered themselves. They one and all produced "certificates" of good conduct, irreproachable honesty, good-nature, and willingness to work, and praises unbounded of all possible virtues that a servant could possess. Each certificate was duly ornamented with the signature of a General, a Captain, a Lieutenant-Governor, or some other considerable personage, but each bearer of such testimonial seemed sadly neglected by those who had been so enthusiastically pleased with his services, for he invariably commenced by asking for a loan of several rupees to purchase boots and blankets, and to enable him to support a wife with or without a family whom he would be leaving behind.

I decided that my means did not permit of my supporting "the dear ones at home" of the two or three dozen followers I should require, and I made up my mind to wait and see whether I could not find men to suit me farther on my road without involving myself in



the liability of supporting the entire population I left behind me. I made only one exception. I was sitting one fine day in my room at the Dâk Bungalow (post resting-house) when an odd creature entered and offered his services, salaaming me.

"Where are your certificates?" I asked.

"*Sahib, hum 'certificates' ne hai*" (Sir, I have no certificates.)

"Well, then I may employ you."

I had previously had a good look at the fellow. His facial lines showed considerably more character and force than I had noticed in the features of other local natives. His attire was peculiar. He wore a white turban, and from under a short velvet waistcoat there protruded a gaudy flannel shirt in yellow and black stripes, which he wore oddly outside of his pajamas instead of in them. He had no shoes, and carried in his right hand an old cricket stump, with which he "presented arms," as it were, every time that I came in and went out of the room. I at once decided to try him. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when I, having many people to see, handed Chanden Sing, for that was his name, a pair of shoes and some blacking.

"Mind I find them clean when I return."

"*Acha, Sahib!*" (All right, sir!)

"You will find some brushes in my room."

"*Bahut acha, Sahib!*" (Very good, sir!)

I left. At six P.M., when I returned to my quarters, I found Chanden Sing still polishing my footgear with all his might. He had been at it the whole day, and had used for the purpose my best hair and clothes brushes.

"Oh, you *budmash! crab log! pagal!*" (Oh, you bad character! bad man! fool!) I exclaimed, disgusted, making as much display as possible of the only three or

four words I then knew of Hindustani. I snatched the blackened articles of toilet out of his hands, while he, with an air of wounded feelings, pointed out the wonderful results he had achieved.

It was clear that Chanden Sing was not much a valet, neither was he a master at opening soda-water bottles. He generally managed to give you a spray-bath, if he did not actually shoot the flying cork in your face. It was owing to one (by no means the first) of these accidents that Chanden Sing, having hit me full, was a few days later flung bodily out of the front door. I am very adverse to the habit of punishing the natives injudiciously and unjustly, but I believe that firm if not too severe a punishment administered in time is absolutely necessary with native servants, and generally saves much trouble and unpleasantness in the end. Anyhow, Chanden Sing, none the worse, returned the next day to get his cricket stump, which he had forgotten in his hurried and involuntary departure. He seized this opportunity to offer his humblest apologies for his clumsiness, and produced the following letter, which he had got written in English by a Babu in the Bazaar:

MY FAITHFUL COMPANION

"DEAR SIR,—I am a stupid man, but I hear you intend to take two Gourkha soldiers with you to Tibet. I am a good and very *stout* man, and therefore far superior to any Gourkha. Please employ me.

"Your faithful servant,

"CHANDEN SING."

This was touching, and I forgave him and allowed him to stay. He improved as time went on, and after a while became quite tolerable. One morning Mr. Larkin called when Chanden Sing happened to be about.

"Who is that?" said Larkin.

"That is my bearer."

"But he is not a bearer. He was once a policeman, and a smart fellow, too. He worked out a good case in his own village, and had many people arrested and convicted for theft. As a reward they sacked him."

"I am thinking of taking him with me."

"He is a good lad," replied Mr. Larkin. "You can, anyhow, take him as far as the frontier, but I would not advise you to take him into Tibet."

Mr. Larkin counselled Chanden Sing to be diligent and attentive, and the ex-policeman beamed all over with joy when I told him definitely that he might accompany me to Bhot. He turned out to be the one plucky man among all my followers, and he stood by me through thick and thin.

CHAPTER III

PITHORAGARH—FAKIR WOMEN—A WELL-VENTILATED ABODE—ASKOTE—THE RAJIWAR AND HIS PEOPLE

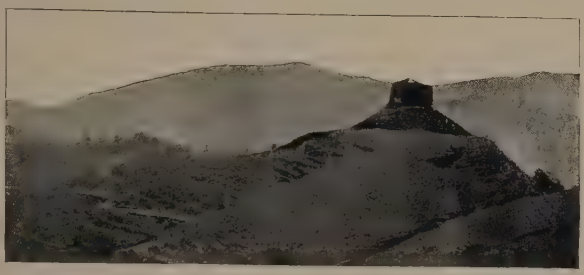
The country up to Bhot is comparatively well known, therefore I will not dwell at length on the first portion of my journey.

On May 9th all my baggage, accompanied by two *Chaprassis*, left on its way to the frontier, and I followed on the next day. Two days' marching, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, brought me to Shor, otherwise called Pithoragarh.

The road is good all the way, running through thick forests of pine and fir trees, and you get here and there pretty views of wooded mountain ranges. Nevertheless, it is tiring, owing to the many ascents and descents, as will be seen from the following figures showing the principal elevations. From 5510 feet we climbed to 7650 feet, descended to 2475 feet, climbed again up to 6020 feet at Gangoli Hat, and redescended by a steep incline to 2500 feet. The intense heat prevented me from walking at my usual pace, and I did not, therefore, reach my destination before sundown. Walking on in the dark, we saw the distant flickering forest fires crawling here and there like incandescent snakes along or up the mountain-side; these are caused by the igniting of the grass, shrubs, and undergrowth by the natives, the flames not unfrequently spreading and playing havoc among the finest trees of the forest.

CASTLE AT PITHORAGARH

At Pithoragarh (6650 feet) there is the old Loudon Gourkha fort to be seen, on a hill-top, also a well-kept leper hospital, a school, and a mission-house. The soil is fertile, and there are many stretches of well-cultivated land dotted with habitations. Water is plentiful, and though the scenery certainly lacks trees except in the immediate neighborhood of the villages and houses, it has, nevertheless, a certain picturesqueness on account of



CASTLE AT PITHORAGARH

its background of wooded mountains. I started from Pithoragarh at 6.30 A.M.; leaving the road to Tal on the left, I followed the track at a medium elevation of 6250 feet, arriving at Shadgora (6350 feet) just in time to witness the blessing of a calf by a Brahmin. Inside a diminutive shrine — into the door of which I was curious enough to peep—I discovered two skinny, repulsive old women, with sunken, discolored eyes, untidy locks of scanty hair, long, unwashed, bony arms and legs, and finger and toe nails of abnormal length. They were clad in a few dirty rags, and were busily attending to the lights burning on several primitive stone candlesticks along the walls of the shrine. There were also some curiously shaped stones standing upright among the candlesticks. The ceiling of this place of worship was not high enough

to allow the women to stand, and they were compelled to crawl about inside on all fours. When they saw me they stretched out their angular arms towards me, begging for money. I gave them a silver coin, which they shoved under one of the peculiar stones, and then, turning round, immediately made violent gestures suggesting to me that I was to depart.

Farther on I came upon a point where three roads branched off—to Deolthal (six miles) on the left, to Askote (twelve and three-quarter miles) in the centre, and to Pithoragarh (eleven and a quarter miles), a different route from the one followed, on the right. I took the middle one, and travelled on in a storm of hail and wind with a constant deafening roar of thunder and splendid flashes of lightning, which produced magical effects on the ever-changing and fantastic clouds and the weird mountain-sides along which I ploughed my way.

I arrived late in the evening at Askote, where there is neither Dâk Bungalow nor Daramsalla,* and found to my disgust that none of my carriers had yet arrived. I was offered hospitality by Pundit Jibanand, who put me up in his school-room, a structure consisting of a number of planks put together regardless of width, height, length, or shape, and supporting a roof of straw and grass. The ventilation of my abode was all one could wish for, and as during the night I lay wrapped up in my blanket under the sheltering roof I could admire through the disconnected portions of the walls the brilliancy of the star-studded heaven above. When the sun arose, bits of scenery appeared between plank and plank, until by de-

* *Daramsalla*, a stone-walled shelter for the use of travellers and natives.

grees the gaps were all stopped up by figures of natives, who took possession of these points of vantage to gaze to their hearts' content on the sahib, who, with signs of evident suspense on the part of these spectators, managed even to shave. Hilarity, on the other hand, was caused when I smeared myself all over with soap while bathing. Admiration followed at my putting on my last starched shirt and other mysterious garments, but the excitement grew almost to fever-heat when I went through the daily nuisance of winding up my watches and registering daily observations of temperature, etc. The strain was too much, I fancy, and a general stampede followed the moment I touched my unloaded rifle.

MY ABODE AT ASKOTE

The town of Askote is not unlike an old feudal castle such as are found in many parts of Central Italy. Perched on the crown of a central hill, the Rajiwar's palace overlooks a fine panorama of mountains encircling it on all sides. Among the higher peaks discernible from the palace are the Chipla Mountain and the Dafia. Then across the Kali River, forming the boundary of Nepal, is Mount Dooti. The "*gown*," or town, itself numbers some two hundred houses scattered on the slope of the hill, and includes a school, a post-office, and two Mahommedan shops. The Rajiwar had on my arrival just completed building a new Court, a simple and dignified structure of

brown stone, with fine wooden carvings on the windows and doors, and with chimneys in European fashion in each room. One wall in each room was left open, and formed a charming veranda, commanding a magnificent view of mountain scenery.

The Rajiwar of Askote occupies a unique position in Kumaon. Having repurchased his right to the tenure of land in the Askote Pargana as late as 1855, he now possesses the right of *zamindar* (translated literally, *landed proprietor*), and he is the only person to whom it has been granted to retain this privilege in the Kumaon Division. Jagat Sing Pal, the Rajiwar's nephew, assured me that the people of the Askote Pargana are brave and good-natured. They never give any trouble to the Rajiwar, who, on the other hand, is almost a father to them. They apply to him in every difficulty, in sickness and distress, and he looks after them in true patriarchal fashion. The Rajiwar is not rich, probably because he spends so much for the benefit of his people and of the strangers who pass through Askote. Many of these are little more than beggars, of course, even when they travel as fakirs, or other religious fanatics, going to or returning from the sacred Mansarowar Lake in Tibet. The present Rajiwar,* Pushkar Pal, belongs to the Ramchanda family, and he is a descendant of the Solar dynasty. His ancestors lived in Aoudh, or Ayodye (as it was formerly called), whence they migrated to the hills of Katyur in Kumaon, where they built a palace. The hill regions up to Killakanjia and the Jumna River were under the Raja of Katyur's rule, he assuming the title of Maharaja. A branch of the family came from Katyur to Askote, its chief retaining the hereditary title of Rajiwar besides that of Pal, which

* *Rajiwar* (head of kingdom).

each male assumes. The Rajiwar pays a yearly tribute of 1800 rupees to the Government of India. In the time of the Gourkhas he paid nothing except occasional gifts of *Nafas*, or musk-deer, to his neighbor the King of Nepal, with whom he is still in very close relation. He was then practically an independent king. Still, Rajiwar Pushkar Pal has always been perfectly loyal to the Government of India.

"Are the people very obsequious to the Rajiwar?" I asked of Jagat Sing Pal.

"Yes, sir. For instance, when the Rajiwar sits on his *Karoka* (a kind of throne) he is saluted with a particularly respectful salaam. His subjects bring their hand up to the forehead and support the elbow with the left hand, as a sign that this salutation is so weighty that it requires the support of the other hand."

At Court functions the male relatives, friends, and servants sit near the Rajiwar, his brother first, his son next, then his nephews, etc. Women are of course not admitted, and although no strict code of etiquette exists, the Rajiwar and his family are nevertheless always treated with Eastern deference.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

CHAPTER IV

THE RAOTS—A SLIPPERY JOURNEY—SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS—ANGER AND JEALOUSY—FRIENDS—TO THE HOMES OF THE SAVAGES—PHOTOGRAPHY—HABITATIONS.

We had walked seventy-eight miles in three marches, and my men being footsore, I gave them a day's rest, which I employed in going to the haunts of the "Wild men of the forest," or *Raots* or *Rajis*, as they style themselves. They live in the woods several miles off, and to reach them I had to descend a steep incline covered by an uncommonly slippery carpet of dried grass and pine-needles. I had to take off shoes and stockings to get along, and even barefooted I found it difficult to maintain my hold. I was accompanied by one of my chaprassis and a man from Askote, and we were forced down more swiftly than comfortably till we reached a faint track, which we followed until we came upon a man hiding behind some trees. He was a wild-looking creature, naked and unkempt, with flowing hair and scanty beard and mustache, and, regarding us with an air of suspicion, he was most reluctant to show us the way to the homes of his tribe. He was a Raot, and his reluctance to let us approach his home seemed justified enough when he said to my guide, "No white man has ever visited our home, and should one ever come we shall all die. The spirits of the mountains will pre-

A YOUNG MAN

vent your progress—not we. You will suffer pain, for the spirit who watches over the Raots will let no one enter their homes."

I gave the man a rupee, which he turned and weighed in his hand.

"You can come," he muttered, "but you will regret it. You will have great misfortunes."

RAOT ON TREE

There was something so weirdly peculiar in the tone of voice in which the man spoke, as if he had been in a trance, himself only the channel through which the threat of some occult being was conveyed to us, that for some minutes I could not get his words out of my head. I followed him as best I could, for he climbed up huge bowlders with the agility of a monkey. It was no easy job, for we bounded and leaped from rock to rock and vaulted over fallen trees. The track became more marked and went up along the incline of a steep ravine. We continued until, hot and panting, we arrived at a large hollow high up in the cliff of clay. There, on a semicircular platform, with intrenchments of felled trees, were about a dozen men almost devoid of clothing, some sitting on their heels and resting their arms on their knees, others lying down flat. One fellow smoked dry leaves inside a pipe of Hindoo origin. I snatched a photo of the group as, with an air of suspicion mingled

with surprise and sadness, but no apparent fear, they stared at the unexpected visitors. Two of the elder men, having overcome their first stupor, sprang to their feet, and with mad gesticulations refused to let me come nearer. But I penetrated right into their circle, and found myself surrounded by a sulky and angry crowd.

"No man has ever been here but a Raot. You will soon die. You have offended God!" screamed an old man in a sudden outburst of temper. He bent his knees and curved his spine, protruding his head towards me. He shook his fists in my face, waved them about in the air, opened and tightly clinched them, digging his nails furiously into his palms. Instead of contracting the scalp of his forehead, the old Raot raised his eyebrows and turned his polished forehead into a succession of deep wrinkles, stretching in a straight line across almost from ear to ear, and showing only a dark dimple over his nose. His nostrils, flat and broad to begin with, became widely expanded and raised so as to cause two deep lines to diverge from the nose along his cheeks. His mouth was open, and a peculiar vacillation of the lower lip demonstrated plainly that its owner had but little command over speech and articulation. His eyes, which may have been brown originally, were discolored, probably through the abuse of excessive animal powers, to the possession of which the formation of his skull strongly testified; but they assumed extraordinary brilliancy as his fury increased. He opened them wide, apparently with an effort, and showed the entire circle of his iris. The pupils were dilated, notwithstanding that the light upon his face was strong at the time.

Following his example, some of the rest displayed their discontent in a similar fashion, but others, among whom I

especially noticed two youths with sad, languishing faces, drooping large eyes, and luxuriant growth of black hair, stood apathetically apart, with head reclining towards the right shoulder, their features perfectly composed, and supporting their chins on their hands. Even if they had overcome their stupor, they certainly did not betray it, and appeared perfectly emotionless as far as their countenances were concerned.

HEAD OF YOUNG MAN

One fellow with an extraordinary head, a mixture it seemed of a Mongolian and a Negroid type, was the first to calm himself of those who were so madly excited. With piercing though unsteady eyes, and with nervous, twitching movements, he scrutinized my face more closely than the others, and seemed to reassure them all that I had not come to hurt them. He made signs to the rest to desist from their threats, and then, squatting down himself, invited me to follow his example by sitting on my heels. When the storm had subsided and they had all sat down, I drew out of my pocket some coins and gave one to each of them, with the exception of one man, on whom I thought I might study the passion of jealousy in its most primitive form. I watched the man closely, and soon saw him draw apart from the others and become sulky. The others were by now comparatively calm. They seemed predis-

posed towards sadness, and I could with difficulty extract from any of them more than a very faint sort of smile. They turned and twisted the coins in their hands, and compared them among one another, jabbering and apparently content. The jealous man kept his head turned away from them determinedly, pretending not to see what was going on, and, resting his chin on his hand, he began to sing a weird, melancholy, guttural song, assuming an air of contempt, especially when the others chaffed him. Having allowed him to suffer enough, I gave him two coins instead of one, and with them the satisfaction of the last grin.

I then tried to photograph them, but my camera was looked upon with suspicion, and as plate after plate was exposed in portraying single individuals or groups, they shuddered at each "click" of the spring.

"The gods will be angry with you for doing *that*," said a Raot, pointing at the camera, "unless you give us a large white coin."

I took advantage of this, and promised them as best I could through my guide "two large coins" if they would take me to their huts, some few hundred yards below the lofty eyrie in the cliff, but I must for the sum be allowed not only to see but to touch and have explained to me anything I liked.

They consented, and we began our descent of the precipitous track leading to their habitations, a track fit really only for monkeys. Several women and children who had come up, attracted by the sight of strangers, joined with the men in giving us a helping hand, and, in fact, I believe there cannot have been a single paw in the company that did not at one time or other during the descent clutch some portion of my clothing in the friendliest spirit. Holding on to one another, we proceeded in

a body, not always at a pleasant pace, down the dangerous cliff. Two or three times one of the natives or myself tripped and almost dragged the remainder of the party over the precipice, while the piercing yells and screams

TWO MEN SITTING DOWN WITH CHILDREN

of the women seemed to echo back for miles around. I was not sorry when we at last reached the small huts by the river which made up their village.

The habitations were squalid beyond measure. Constructed with a rough frame of tree-branches, fortified by wooden posts and rafters, roofed over with a thatch of dried grass, the majority of them measured about ten feet. They were built against the hill-side, a strong biforked pole in the centre of the structure supporting the roof, and were usually divided into two sections, so as to give

shelter, each of them, to two families. They contained no furniture, and but few utensils of the most primitive make. There were circular wooden bowls scooped out in the past by means of sharp-edged stones, and more recently by cheap blades, which were of Indian manufacture. For such cultivation as they were capable of these people used primitive earth rakes, and they also possessed coarse mallets, sticks, and net bags in which they kept their stores. Their staple food in former days was river fish, flesh of wild animals, and roots of certain trees; but they now eat grain also, and, like all savages, they have a craving for liquor. The interior of Raot habitations was so primitive and lacking of furniture that it hardly requires to be described, and the odors that emanated from these huts are also better left to the imagination of the reader.

A YOUNG MAN

Entering one of the dwellings, I found squatted round a fire of wood some women and men, the women wearing silver bangles and glass-bead necklaces, the men very little more than string ear-rings. Only one of the men had on as much as a diminutive loin-cloth, and the women had scanty dresses of Indian manufacture, obtained in Askote.

Scanning their features carefully, it struck me that in their facial lines many points could be traced which would make one feel inclined to attribute to them a remote Mongolian origin, modified largely by the climate, the nature of the country, and probably by intermarriage. In the scale of standard human races the Raots stood extremely low, as can be judged from the accompanying photographs.

The women, as will be seen, had abnormally small skulls with low foreheads, and, although they looked devoid even of a glint of reason, they were actually fairly intelligent. They had high cheek-bones and long, flattish noses, broad and rounded as in the Mongolian type. The chin was in most instances round, very receding, though the lips were in their normal position, thin, and very tightly closed with up-turned corners to the mouth. The lower jaw was extremely short and narrow, whereas the upper one seemed quite out of proportion to the size of the skull. Their ears were large, outstanding, and unmodelled, capable of catching sounds at great distances.

The men had better heads than the women, underdeveloped, yet comparatively well-balanced. They had higher and broader foreheads, similar though shorter noses, chins not quite so receding, the whole lower jaw extraordinarily narrow, but the upper lip, as with the women, huge and out of all proportion.

Undoubtedly the Raots are not a pure race, and even among the few I came across variations so considerable occurred as to puzzle one in tracing their origin. They invariably possess luxuriant coal-black hair, which never attains more than a moderate length. It is not coarse in texture, but is usually so dirty that it appears coarser than it really is. They have very little hair on their bodies except in the armpits, and their mustaches and beards hardly deserve the name.

The men generally part the crop on their head in the middle, so that it flows on either side of the skull, just covering the ears, and I found the same strange custom that I observed years ago among the Ainu of Yezo, of shaving a lozenge-shaped portion of the scalp in the centre of the forehead directly above the nose. The women,

using their fingers as a comb, draw their hair to the back of the head and tie it in a knot.

The bodies of the better specimens I saw were slight and agile, with no superfluous fat or flesh. Supple to a degree, yet solid and muscular, with well-proportioned limbs, and skin of a rich tinge between bronze and terra-cotta color, these savages, dirty and unclothed as they were, certainly appealed to the artistic side of my temperament, particularly on account of their very majestic deportment. I noticed their regular breathing, which they usually did through the nose, keeping their mouths tightly closed, and also one very curious peculiarity about their feet—viz., the length of the second toe, protruding considerably beyond the others, and giving them no doubt the power of using their toes almost as we should our fingers. The palms of their hands were almost without lines, the finger-nails flat, and their thumbs stumpy, with the last phalanx curiously short.

If the Raots to-day have adopted some articles of clothing and ornament, besides altering their diet to a certain extent, it is due entirely to the Rajiwar of Askote, who, taking a great interest in the tribes he rules over, provides them in a patriarchal way with all sorts of necessaries of life. Very few Raots have of late years visited Askote, as they are of a retiring nature and seem contented with their primitive abodes in the forests of Chipula, which they claim as their own. Their only occupations are fishing and hunting, and they are said to have a predilection for the flesh of the larger Himahlyan monkey, although from my own observation I should have said that they would eat almost anything they could get. It has generally been assumed that the Raot women are kept in strict seclusion and hidden from strangers, and I cannot better prove the absurdity of this than by reproducing in

these pages one of several photographs of the Raot women, for which they posed at my request without the slightest objection from the men. They are generally believed to be chaste, and my photographs prove, I think, that whatever charm they may possess for the Raot men, their peculiar beauty offers but little temptation to others.

They are rapidly diminishing in numbers, chiefly no doubt on account of constant intermarriage. I was assured that the women are not sterile, but that there is enormous mortality among the young children. They bury their dead, and for several days afterwards offer food and water to the spirit of the departed.

RAOT WOMEN OF THE FOREST

I was unable to ascertain what their marriage ceremonies were like, or if they had any to speak of, but it appeared that there was a considerable family feeling among couples living maritally together. They are superstitious, and hold in curious awe the spirits of the mountains, the sun, the moon, fire, water, and wind. Whether this amounts to a definite form of worship I cannot say: I certainly saw no signs of the offering of prayers or sacrifices.

The Raots claim to be the descendants of kings, and they refuse allegiance to any one. They will neither salute you nor bow to you.

"It is for other people to salute us. Our blood is the blood of kings, and though for choice we have for cen-

turies retired to the jungle, we are none the less the sons of kings."

After a while, and when I had spent some considerable time among them, these royal savages seemed uncomfortable and apprehensive. I had turned over, examined, drawn or photographed every household article I had seen, had measured every one, male and female, who consented to be measured, and paid them the stipulated money. As I was about to leave, the gray-haired man approached me again.

"You have seen the home of the Raots. You are the first stranger who has done so, and you will suffer much. The gods are very angry with you."

"Yes," rejoined another savage, pointing at the ravine, "whoever treads along that track and is not a Raot will be afflicted by a great calamity."

"*Kush paruani, Sahib*" (Never mind, sir), interrupted the guide, "they are only barbarians; they know no better. I have myself never been here, so I suppose I shall also come in for my share."

"You, too, will suffer," said the old Raot, with self-assurance.

The Raots stood round me silently as I packed up the camera, and I felt that they looked upon me as a man whose fate was settled. They did not acknowledge my farewell, and, had I been in the least superstitious, might have made me thoroughly uncomfortable with their solemn, stolid gravity.

But it all came back to me with horrible intensity later on, when I was suffering the agonies of hell, and when I seemed to relive in every moment the experiences of my whole former life.

CHAPTER V

A PILGRIM FROM MANSAROWAR LAKE — THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS — A SAFEGUARD AGAINST THEM — TIBETAN ENCAMPMENTS — THE RAJIWAR — A WATERFALL — WATER-MILLS

HAVING returned to Askote from my excursion, I saw while going round the town with Jagat Sing, in a low stone shed by the side of the palace, the tall, gaunt figure of a man emerging from a cloud of smoke.

"Who is that?" I inquired of my companion.

"Oh, that is a fakir returning from a pilgrimage to the sacred lake of Mansarowar in Tibet. Many of these fanatics pass through here during the summer on their religious journeys."

THE RAJIWAR OF ASKOTE, HIS BROTHER AND SON

My curiosity drew me towards the weird individual. He was over six feet in height, and his slim body had been covered with ashes, giving the dark skin a tinge of ghastly gray. I asked him to come out into the light. His masses of long hair had been plaited into small tresses which were wound round his head in the fashion of a turban — the *Tatta*. The hair, too, had been whitened, while the long, thin beard had been dyed bright red. His eyes were sunken, and, apparently to add to the ghastly

and decidedly repulsive effect, his forehead and cheeks were plastered with a thick white paint. He seemed half stupefied, and had very little to say for himself. As can be seen by the illustration, he was scantily clothed, but he wore the *Kamarjuri*, or fakir's chain, about his loins, and he had a bead bracelet round his arm above the elbow.

FAKIR RETURNING FROM MANSAROWAR

His waist was encircled with a belt of wooden beads, and a necklace of plaited hair ornamented his neck. He spent his days rolling himself in ashes and enduring self-imposed bodily privations, with a view to attain a state of sanctification.

Rumors had reached me of some curious superstitions prevalent among these mountain folk.

"Tell me," I said to Jagat Sing, "are there 'spirits of the mountains' in these ranges? And do the people really believe in them?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young fellow, "there certainly are a number of them, and they are often very troublesome, especially to certain people. They are seldom known, however, to kill any one."

"Then they are not quite so bad as some human beings," I replied.

"Well, sir, they are very bad. They seize sleeping people by the throat with claws like iron, sitting on the chests of their victims."

"Does not that sound more like an attack of indigestion?"

"No, sir. The ghosts of the mountains are the spirits of people that have not gone to heaven. They are to be found in swarms at night in the forest. The people are terrified of them. They haunt the mountain tops and slopes, and they can assume the semblance of a cat, a mouse, or any other animal; in fact, they are said to frequently change their appearance. Where no man can tread, among rocks and precipices, or in the thick jungle, the spirits seek their retreat, but often they abandon their haunts to seek for men. The person who becomes possessed generally remains in a semiconscious condition and ejaculates mad cries and unintelligible words. There are men who profess to know charms to draw them out. Some remedies for that purpose are commonly used by the natives with more or less success. A grass called *Bichna* (nettles) has the faculty of frightening the spirits away when applied on the body of the sufferer, but the most effective remedy is to make pretence to beat with a red-hot iron the person possessed. The spirits seem to fear that more than anything else."

"Do the spirits ever speak?" I inquired, interested in the curious superstitions of these hill men.

"No, sir, not often, nor usually directly, but they do it

through people who are possessed by them. It is they who tell many strange tales of the spirits. One curious point about them is that they only seize people who are afraid of them. If defied they vanish."

"Do the natives adopt any special method to protect themselves from these mountain demons?"

"Fire is the only sure protection. Any one sleeping near a fire is safe, and as long as there is a flame blazing the spirits keep away."

"Do you know any one who has seen them?"

"Yes. A chaprassi called Joga tells of having been compelled to travel at night through a forest; he heard a voice calling him by name. Terrified, he stopped, and for some moments his voice failed him. At last, trembling all over, he replied, and instantly a swarm of spirits appeared and challenged him to do them harm. Joga ran for his life, and the demons vanished. Spirits have been known to throw stones at passers-by."

"Have you ever seen a spirit, Jagat Sing?"

"Only once. I was returning to the palace late in the evening when up the steep road I perceived a woman's figure. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I walked up, and as I passed the face of the strange being appeared black, inhuman, and ghastly. I staggered when I saw the weird apparition approach, my blood ran cold with fear. I struck a mighty blow with my stick, but, behold! the cane whirled through the air and hit nothing. Instantly the ghost vanished."

"I wish, Jagat Sing, that you could show me some of these spirits; I would give anything to make a sketch of them."

"You cannot always see them when you want, sir, but they are always to be avoided. They are evil spirits, and can do nothing but harm."

TIBETAN ENCAMPMENTS

Leaving Askote (4600 feet) by the winding road through a dense forest, I crossed by a suspension-bridge the Gori River at Gargia (2450 feet). The track was along the low and unpleasantly hot valley of the Kali River, a raging stream flowing with indescribable rapidity in the opposite direction to that in which I was travelling. It formed the boundary-line between Nepal and Kumaon. Huts and patches of cultivation were to be seen on the Nepalese side, whereas on our side we came upon deserted and roofless winter dwellings of Shokas (usually but not correctly called Botiyas) and Tibetans, who migrate to these warmer regions to graze their sheep during the colder months of the year. The Shoka summer residences are at greater elevations, mostly along the highways to Tibet and nearer the Tibetan boundary. On arriving at the Kutzia Daramsalla a messenger brought me the news that the Rajiwar, whom I had missed seeing at Askote, was now here for the purpose of making offerings to certain deities. He would call upon me at 3 P.M.; so, having some time to spare, I went to bathe in the deliciously cold though, as I found, dangerously rapid stream. Swimming was out of the question, and even an immersion bath was attended with a certain amount of risk. The current caused me to lose my footing, and I soon found myself washed with great force against some rocks thirty or forty yards down stream. I came out of the water *minus* a few patches of skin on my knees and shins, and while drying myself in the sun received a deputation of the *Patan* (head village man) and other natives, conveying with their most respectful salaams gifts of milk, *kielas* (bananas), *kakri* (gigantic cucumbers), and nuts. These hill fellows impressed me as being of a far superior standard to the Hindoos of the plains. They were lightly yet strongly

built, and showed evidence of both character and dignity. With their fair complexion and luxuriant black hair and mustache they resembled Spaniards or Southern Italians. They lacked entirely the affected manner and falseness of speech and demeanor so common among the natives who are constantly in contact with Europeans.

Below the Daramsalla, near the water-side, was a large Tibetan encampment of some twenty or thirty tents which had all originally been white, but were now black with smoke. In these were men, women, and children, with all their paraphernalia; and the first thing that attracted my eye in each tent was the quantity of shiny brass bowls strewn upon the ground, the entire energy of the tent-owners seemingly being spent in keeping these utensils clean and bright, to the utter neglect of their other property. Walls of sheep-loads were erected either inside the tent or directly outside, covered in the latter case with cloths in order to protect them from the rain.

Punctually at 3 P.M. the Rajiwar arrived, carried in a *dandy*, and followed by his brother, who sat in a mountain dandy. The Rajiwar's son and heir rode a splendid gray pony. I went to assist the old Rajiwar to alight, as for some years he had been paralyzed. We shook hands heartily, and I led him into the Daramsalla (2875 feet), where in default of furniture we all sat on packing-cases. His refined, well-cut features, his attractive manner, and the soft, dignified voice in which he spoke clearly indicated a man of superior blood and uncommon ability. His modesty and simplicity were delightful.

"I hope that your health is good and that you have not suffered too much on your journey. I was grieved not to be in Askote to receive you. Are your dear parents alive? Have you any brothers and sisters? Are you married? I would much like to visit England. It

must be a wonderful country, and so much do I admire it that I have given my nephews a British education, and one of them is now serving the Maharanee (Queen) Victoria as Political Peshkar."

I answered his questions as best I could with the aid of a Hindustani dictionary, expressive gestures, and quick

THE RAJIWAR AND HIS BROTHER IN DANDIES

sketches. He spoke of many of our latest inventions with marked interest and intelligence.

He seemed greatly struck with my scientific instruments, but he and his people were more particularly attracted by my rifles, revolvers, and other weapons, especially the .256 Mannlicher, sighted to 1000 yards.

The Rajiwar pressed me to return with him to Askote, where he offered to give me tiger, bear, and leopard shooting. Tempting as the invitation was, I could not accept it, for my plans would lead me in the opposite direction. His visit lasted for more than three hours, and I was pleased to feel that we parted great friends.

On the road to Dharchula, along the low-lying valley, the heat was unbearable, although the sun was near the

horizon. We came upon a waterfall falling from a great height over a series of umbrella-like stalactites covered with moss. The last rays of the sun shone on the dropping water, brilliant and sparkling as a shower of diamonds. Several small rainbows added to the beauty of the scene. I rested some time in this cool and beautiful retreat. There were birds singing and monkeys playing among the trees. Farther on, where the river bends, there are two large caves hollowed in the rock; the smoke-blackened ceilings prove that these are used as camping-grounds by travelling Shokas and Hunyas (Tibetans). Large black-faced, white-bearded monkeys swarmed everywhere, frankly and gladly mischievous. They throw or roll stones down upon the passers-by, often causing accidents, the track being rather narrow and sheer above the river.

Previous to arriving at the spot where the Tsuagar flows into the Kali River one meets with many Tibetan, Humli, and Rongba encampments.

I camped at Kalika (3205 feet) by the side of a gigantic tree with boughs spreading well over the road, the chaprassis and men erecting a comfortable *chöpper* of mats, foliage, and branches.

I was anxious to get through the hot valley with the greatest possible speed, so, notwithstanding that we had halted very late at night, I roused my men at 3 A.M. and again set forth on the march. Here and there along the road we passed deserted winter dwellings of Shokas, nearly all with broken thatched roofs. Some, however, were roofed with slate, the distinctive mark of residence of the Darma Shokas.

The primitive Shoka water-mills were curious. By a very ingenious contrivance the water of a stream propelled a heavy cylindrical stone revolving on the top of

another. The grain fell slowly from a magazine above into a hole pierced in the centre of the upper wheel, and, finding its way through a channel between the two cylinders, was ground into fine flour.

Dharchula (3550 feet), the largest Shoka winter settlement, is situated on a fine stretch of flat land some hundred feet above the river; the village consists of twelve long rows of roofless houses very similar in size and shape. Four larger buildings at the extreme limit of the settlement attract notice. One of these is a Daramsalla. The others, two high stone buildings, are a school, hospital, and dispensary belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and under the careful supervision of Miss Sheldon, M.D., Miss Brown, and that wonderful pioneer, Dr. H. Wilson. A bungalow of the same mission is built higher up on the hill-side.

Between the two spots where from Nepal the Lachu and the Shakta join the Kali was Dubart (3700 feet), and from thence one gradually rose to 4120 feet at the Relegar River, also a tributary of the larger stream. Having crossed the Rankuti River, I ascended still higher by zigzag walking, slowly leaving behind me range after range of mountains beyond the valley of the river; while on the Nepal side, beyond the three nearer ranges, snow peaks of great height and beauty stood out against the sky-line. The highest point on the road was 5450 feet, after which we descended to 5275 feet at the Khela Daramsalla, which we did not reach till late at night.

Near Khela, on the top of a high mountain, stood a tall quadrangular rock not unlike a tower. The natives say that a mere touch causes it to shake and revolve, but this belief is not general, for others deny that it ever moves. I could not spare the time to go and obtain the facts, nor could I obtain reliable information from any

one who had had actual experience. So far as I could see with the aid of my telescope, the rock seemed to be standing firmly on a very solid base. To my regret, also, I was unable to visit the curious hot sulphur springs on the Darma Ganga, and the strange cave in which much animal life is lost owing to the noxious gases rising from the ground. I gathered from various reports that this cave or grotto is packed with skeletons of birds and quadrupeds who have unknowingly entered this chamber of death.

CHAPTER VI

HIGHWAYS AND TRADE ROUTES—THE DARMA ROUTE—THE DHOLI RIVER—A ROUGH TRACK CONNECTING TWO VALLEYS—GLACIERS—THREE RANGES AND THEIR PEAKS—ALTITUDES—*DARMA*, *JOHAR*, AND THE *PAINKHANDA* PARGANAS—THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE—NATURAL BOUNDARIES

THERE are two principal highways from Khela to Hundes—one by the valley of the Dholi or Darma River, the other along the Kali River and over the Lippu Pass.

The trade route *via* Darma is less frequented than the one by the Lippu, but it is nevertheless of considerable importance, inasmuch as a certain portion of the trade of Southwest Tibet with India is carried on through the medium of the Darma Shokas. It consists mainly of borax, salt, wool, skins, cloth, and utensils, in exchange for which the Tibetans take silver, wheat, rice, *satoo*, *ghur*, lump candied sugar, pepper, beads of all kinds, and articles of Indian manufacture. For a mountain track, and considering the altitudes to which it rises, the Darma way is comparatively good and safe, notwithstanding that in following upward the course of the Dholi River the narrow path in many places overhangs deep ravines and precipices. There are many Shoka villages and settlements on the banks of the stream, the most important ones being the Nyu, Sobala, Sela, Nagling (9520 feet), Bahling (10,230 feet), Sona and Tuktung (10,630 feet), Dansu and Yansu, where there is a bridge. On the northeast bank is Goa, facing Dakar, and farther

up, at an elevation of 10,400 feet, the Lissar, a rapid tributary with muddy water.

The Dholi springs from a series of comparatively small glaciers northeast of a range forming a branch of the higher Himahlyan chain, and extending in a southeasterly direction as far as the point where the two

DARMA SHOKAS AND TIBETANS

streams meet. It receives, on its precipitous descent, many small snow-fed tributaries, those from the Katz snow-fields and the Nui glacier being the most important. Its way lies in a tortuous channel amid rocks and ravines, first tending towards the southeast, then due south, and last southwest down to the point where it is joined

by the Lissar, coming from the northwest along a line almost parallel on the opposite watershed of the range.

Tyang, Sipu (11,400 feet), and Marcha (10,890 feet), are the three most important Shoka villages on the Lissar.

From Marcha there is a track connecting the valleys of the Lissar and Gori. You ascend the high mountain range west of the Lissar by skirting the northern edge of the Nipchung Kang glacier and keeping south of the Kharsa glacier, and, on a route that is unpopular on account of its constant difficulties and perils, you pass, as you descend in a westerly direction, the Tertcha glacier. South of the Shun Kalpa glacier you reach first Ralem and then Sumdu, which is situated on a tributary of the Gori River, itself a tributary of the Kali. The rugged, barren chain of mountains separating the Gori from the Lissar extends in a general direction from south-southeast to north-northeast up to the Ralfo glacier, and there turns in a curve northwest among a succession of perpetual snow-fields and glaciers. The glaciers to the northeast and east of the range outnumber those on the west, but there is one of importance called in its different sections the Kala Baland, the Shun Kalpa, and the Tertcha. There are, along the fifteen most northerly miles of the range, south of the point where it joins the Himahlyan chain, other glaciers of considerable size and importance, but I was not able to ascertain their names, excepting that of the *Lissar seva*, the most northern of all, forming the source of the Lissar. The inter-Lissar-Gori range is of considerable geographical importance, not only because it forms the boundary between the two parts of Bhot called Darma and Johar, but also because of the magnificent peaks reaching in the Bambadhura, an elevation of 20,760 feet, and in a higher unnamed peak, southeast of

it, 21,470 feet. There are also the two Kharsa peaks, the one northwest of the glacier bearing its name being 19,650 feet, the one southwest of it slightly over 20,900 feet, and south-southwest one peak 21,360 feet, another 21,520 feet, and farther still, north of the Telkot glacier, the highest of all, 22,660 feet. In a southeast direction there are peaks 20,700 feet, 20,783 feet, and 21,114 feet high. At the point where the ridge turns south the elevations become lower, the two highest being 19,923 feet and 19,814 feet, the latter being situated at the point where a smaller range branches off to the southeast, the principal range running south for the next eleven or twelve miles, with no very remarkable elevations. In the side range there are peaks of 18,280 feet, 17,062 feet, 14,960 feet, respectively.

In latitude 29° 59′ 10″ N. and longitude 80° 31′ 45″ E. the range again separates into two secondary ridges, one extending southeast, the other southwest, and in turn both these are again subdivided into minor hill ridges, along which no summits are found surpassing 13,000 feet, except the Basili, 13,244 feet.

The Bungadhura Mountain (9037 feet), in close proximity to Khela, terminates the southeasterly division of the range, separating the Pargana of Darma from that of Askote. The actual boundary-line, however, does not follow the higher mountain range as far as the Kali River, but swerves to the south along the ridge overlooking the valley of the River Relegar. These mountains are called the Mangthil.

There is, west of the above ridge, a second and even more important chain, running out parallel to it from the backbone of the Himahlyan great mountain system. This second ridge contains the highest mountain in the British Empire, Nanda Devi (25,660 feet), with its second peak

Lithographed by E. J. Brooksbank, Edinburgh

(24,380 feet), also Trisul (23,406 feet), East Trisul (22,360 feet), and Nanda Kot (22,530 feet). This range and its ramifications divide the valleys of the Gori River (the Pargana of Johar) from the most western portion of Bhot, the Painkhanda Pargana.

The well-known Milam and Pindari glaciers are one on the eastern, the other on the southwestern side of this range. The Milam highway to Tibet, frequented by the Johari traders, traverses over the Kungribingri Pass (18,300 feet), and the Uttadhura (17,590 feet), directly south-southwest of it, into Hundes.

The Pargana Painkhanda, a region equally Alpine, similarly covered with vast stretches of perpetual snow and extensive glaciers, is in the northeast corner of Garwhal, bordering on Tibet, and along the Dhauli River; intersecting it, another trade route finds its way into Western Tibet by the Niti Pass. Leaving the course of the Dhauli at Jelam (10,100 feet), this track proceeds almost due east, rising to an altitude of 16,600 feet on the Niti, in latitude 30° 57′ 59″ N. and longitue 79° 55′ 3″ E., which is, from all accounts, a very easy pass, and quite free from snow during the summer months. The people of the Painkhanda Pargana use this pass as well as the other passes of Malla Shilanch and Tumzun, besides the Shorhoti, visited by H. R. Strachey some years ago, over which, however, only a small portion of the trade with Hundes is carried, for it is considered the most dangerous of the three. The cold and turbid waters of the Dhauli, swollen by dozens of equally foaming and muddy tributaries, become ultimately the sacred waters of the Ganges.

The three Alpine Parganas—viz., the Painkhanda, Johar, and Darma (Darma, Chaudas, and Bias)—are inhabited by races closely allied and akin to those of Tibet proper.

The region is collectively named Bhot, although that designation is more particularly applied by the natives of India to that portion of the country which includes Darma, Bias, and Chaudas, and which has for natural boundaries the Kali River to the southeast, separating it from Nepal and the great Himahlyan chain to the northeast, extending from the Lissar Peak in a general direction of about 115°.

A ramification leaving the main range at the Darma Pass stretches across from north-northwest to south-southeast separating the above-mentioned Darma Ganga from the Kuti River, along which I eventually travelled on my way to Tibet. The main elevations found on this ridge are 18,510 feet on the Darma Pass; northeast of the Rama glacier a peak 20,760 feet; the Gurma Mountain, 20,320 feet; and others south of them as high as 20,380 feet, 20,330 feet, 20,260 feet. East of the latter summit is one 20,455 feet.

CHAPTER VII

THE WORD *BHOT* AND ITS MEANING—TIBETAN INFLUENCE—TIBETAN ABUSES—THE EVER-HELPFUL CHANDEN SING—THE FIRST SHOKA VILLAGE—CHANDEN SING IN DISGRACE—WEAVING-LOOM—FABRICS—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE name *Bhot*—pronounced Bod, Pote, Tüpöt, or Taipöt—by which this inter-Alpine region is called, means Tibet. In fact, *Tibet* is probably merely a corruption of *Tüpöt*. These lofty "pattis" of Darma, Bias, and Chaudas nominally form part of the British Empire, our geographical boundary with Nari Khorsum or Hundes (Great Tibet) being the main Himahlyan chain forming the water-shed between the two countries. In spite of this actual territorial right, I found at the time of my visit in 1897 that it was impossible not to agree with the natives in asserting that British prestige and protection in those regions were mere myths; that Tibetan influence alone was dominant and prevailing, and Tibetan law enforced and feared. The natives invariably showed abject obsequiousness and servile submission to Tibetans, being at the same time compelled to display actual disrespect to British officials. They were driven to bring the greater number of civil and criminal cases before Tibetan magistrates in preference to having them tried in a British court.

The Tibetans, in fact, openly claimed possession of the "pattis" bordering on Nari Khorsum; and the more obviously to impress our natives with their influence as superior to British, they came over to hibernate on our side, and made themselves quite at home in the warmer valleys

and in the larger bazaars. They brought their families with them, and drove before them thousands and thousands of sheep to graze on our pasture-lands; they gradually destroyed our forests in Bias to supply Southwestern Tibet with fuel for the summer months. For this they not only paid nothing, but our native subjects had to convey the timber over the high passes without remuneration. Necessarily such unprincipled task-masters did not draw the line at extorting from our natives, under any pretence, money, food, clothes, and everything else they could possibly levy. Some were known to travel yearly as far south as Lucknow, Calcutta, and Bombay.

So much for the gentleness of the Tibetans—a hermit nation living in a closed country!

Chanden Sing, ever anxious to be polite and helpful, would not hear of my carrying my own sketch and note books, as had always been my custom, but insisted on doing so himself.

"*Hum pagal neh!*" (I am no fool!) said he, with an expression of wounded feelings. "I will take great care of them."

We started up the steep road, having first descended to the level of the River Dholi, 800 feet lower than Khela, crossing by a wooden bridge. The zigzag up the mountain-side seemed endless. Here and there a cool spring of crystal water quenched our thirst, welcome indeed on that tedious ascent in the broiling sun. Six miles above Khela we had risen to 7120 feet, and from this point the incline became less trying. Still we rose to 7450 feet two miles farther on, where, under the shade of some magnificent old trees at Pungo, I halted for lunch. We had entered the first inhabited village of the Shokas, usually but erroneously called Botiyas, and were now in that part of their country called Chaudas.

A pleasant surprise awaited me. A smart-looking lad in European clothes came boldly forward, and, stretching out his hand, shook mine for some considerable time in a jovial and friendly fashion.

"I am a Christian," said he.

"I should say that you were by the way you shake hands."

"Yes, sir," he proceeded. "I have prepared for you some milk, some *chapatis* (native bread), and some nuts. Please accept them."

"Thank you," I said. "You do not seem to be a bad Christian. What is your name?"

"Master G. B. Walter, sir. I teach in the school."

A crowd of Shokas had collected. Their first shyness having worn off, they proved to be polite and kind. The *naïve* nature and graceful manner of the Shoka girls struck me particularly on this my first introduction to them. Much less shy than the men, they came forward and joked and laughed as if they had known me all their lives. I wished to sketch two or three of the more attractive.

"Where is my book, Chanden Sing?" I inquired of my bearer.

"*Hazur hum mallum neh, Sahib*" (I do not know, sir), was his melancholy answer as he searched his empty pockets.

"Ah! you villain! Is that the care you take of my notes and sketches? What have you done with them?"

"Oh, sahib, I drank some water at the Dholi River. I had the book then in my hand. I must have left it on a stone when I stooped to drink water from the stream," the wretched man explained.

It is hardly necessary to say that Chanden Sing was promptly despatched to the spot he had named, with strict orders not to appear before me again without the book.

I spent two or three pleasant hours in having the primitive Shoka weaving-looms, the processes of spinning and cloth manufacture, explained to me. As can be seen from the following illustration, the weaving-looms of the Shokas are in every way similar to those used by the Tibetans proper, and are quite simple in construction.

SHOKA WEAVERS

The warp is kept at great tension, and the cloth-beam on which the woven tissue is rolled rests on the woman's lap during the process of weaving. There are no treadles in the Shoka loom, by which the two sets of warp threads are alternately raised or depressed between each time that the transverse thread is passed, and all work is done by hand. The transverse thread is beaten firmly home by means of a heavy prismatic piece of wood. The material used in weaving is yak, or sheep's wool, either in its natural color or dyed in the primary colors of red and blue and yellow

and one secondary only, green. Blue and red are used in the greater and equal proportion; then green. Yellow is very parsimoniously used. The thread is well twisted and is subjected to no preparation before spinning, leaving thus a certain greasiness in the closely woven material that renders it waterproof.

Shoka women are very adept at this ancient art: they use several sets of heddles, and patiently sit out-of-doors day after day weaving most intricate and artistic patterns. These colored tissues, if we except the simpler ones with blue ground and lines for women's garments, are usually very narrow (about seven inches in width), whereas the less elaborate ones, such as the white material of which men's clothes are made, average sixteen inches.

The patterns in these many-colored materials are woven from memory, and do not contain curves or circles, but are entirely composed of lines and angles, combinations of small lozenges and squares separated by long tri-colored parallel lines, forming, so far as weaving is concerned, the main Shoka ideas of decoration and ornament. The fabrics are extraordinarily strong. The narrow colored cloth of better quality is used mostly for making bags in which money and food are carried; the coarser kind for the double sheep-loads.

The more talented of the Shoka young women show much ingenuity in carpet, or rather rug, making. They have copied the idea from old Chinese rugs which have found their way here *via* Lhassa, and though upon close examination it is true they differ considerably in quality and manufacture, they are pleasing enough to the eye. These rugs are woven upon coarse thread matting, the colored material being let in vertically. A soft surface is obtained, not unlike in general appearance to that of Persian carpets, but not quite so pleasant to the touch.

These small rectangular rugs are offered in the houses of Shoka gentlemen to guests to sit on, and are also used to render the Tibetan saddles less uncomfortable.

As time went on I became very anxious as to the missing book, for it contained all my notes of the journey. The thought of its being deposited on a rock washed by a rapid stream, into which it might easily slip and be carried away, kept me in a state of suspense. At last a staggering figure approached; it was Chanden Sing, waving the book triumphantly in the air. He had run the distance of many miles down to the river and back so quickly that when he reached me he was utterly exhausted. He handed me the book, and once more we started, followed by Walter and the whole community, down the steep incline to the river. At this place some of the Shokas seized my hands and placed them on their foreheads, at the same time making deep bows. Others embraced my feet, while the women folks bade me the usual Hindustani "*Acha giao!*" (Go well!).

After some time had been wasted, or at least spent, in receiving these odd salutations, I persuaded them to retrace their steps, and they left me.

CHAPTER VIII

PRAYER BY WIND-POWER — PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES — A NIGHT OF MISERY — DRYING UP — TWO LADY MISSIONARIES — THEIR VALUABLE WORK — AN INTERESTING DINNER-PARTY — AN "ECCENTRIC" MAN'S TEA-PARTY

To reach Shosha I had to climb a further three miles, which proved almost as steep as the previous ascent to Pungo.

SHRINE AND FLYING PRAYERS

A curious custom of praying by wind-power, probably borrowed from the Tibetans, prevails among the Shokas. The Tibetans, with a more intense religion than the Shokas, use for this purpose not only the wind but even water to propel their praying-machines. Let me explain these simple mechanical contrivances for prayers. One or more rags or pieces of cloth, usually white, but on occasions red or blue, are fastened and hung by one end to a string stretched across a road, a pass, or a path. On crossing a pass for the first time Shokas invariably cut a strip of cloth and place it so that it will

flap in the breeze. Also when materials for a new dress are purchased or manufactured, it is customary for them to tear off a narrow strip of the stuff and make a flying prayer of it. As long as there is motion in it there is prayer, so that the natives tie them very fast to sticks, poles, or branches of trees; and certain shrubs and trees in weird, romantic spots on the mountains are covered with these religious signs. Moreover, on the top of nearly every Shoka dwelling a vast number of similar little flags can be seen, as well as near their shrines and at the outer gates of a village.

I put up at the Titela Daramsalla, one mile above Shosha village. The weather had been threatening for several days, and a steady downpour came upon us during the evening. Work had been accumulating daily. I decided to develop the large number of plates I had taken on my journey, a job hateful beyond measure when you are on the move. Having duly unpacked all the developing-dishes and prepared the different solutions, I set to work to make the shelter completely dark. The next important item required was water, and of this there was plenty in that wretched shanty. I had just developed half a dozen negatives, and was delighted at the excellent results, when, in consequence of the storm having grown more violent, the rain began dripping on my head through the leaky roof of the Daramsalla. To move all the trays of developers, baths, and fixing solution would have been a nuisance; besides, I was too interested in my work to be put out by such small trifles, so I patiently stood this new discomfort. I shifted my position continually, merely with the result that the rain dripped alternately on my back, my legs, or my shoulders, according to my position. It fell in torrents, and the roof over me was so leaky that I might as well have been out in the open. I was sitting

in a pool of water, and could not lay my hands upon anything that was not drenched. Fortunately my boxes and cases were water-tight, or all the instruments and plates would have been damaged.

Annoying as it was, I had to give up work. The best thing to do was to go to sleep. Easier said than done. My bedding and blanket were soaked. The attempts to lie under a waterproof sheet failed, for I felt suffocated, so I passed the cover to my servant, who, rolling himself in it, was soon in the arms of Morpheus. Tired and disgusted, I crouched myself up and eventually fell asleep. I woke up in the morning with a biting pain in my toes. I had been lying face downward, and had involuntarily stretched my legs during the night. I discovered to my horror that one foot rested in the developing-bath and the other in the fixing solution, which I had forgotten to empty out of the large celluloid trays.

The morning was spent in drying up things in the sun, including our clothes, while we, clad in a *doti* (large loin-cloth used by the natives of India), squatted down in the warmth in order to restore our saturated skins to their natural condition.

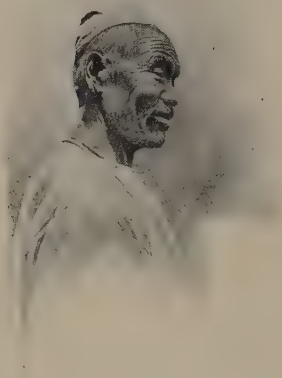
I was in the mean time interviewed by many Shokas, applying for medicines and wishing to sell their native wares.

A pretty girl, from whom I bought a curious set of neck hangings made of musk-deer teeth, wished to be cured of the *goître*, a complaint too common, alas! on these hills. Then a child was brought with a nasty tumor in a state of suppuration inside his left ear. Others wished to be cured of pains in the stomach and liver, which are very general among them, owing to their abuse of liquor.

Upon hearing that two lady missionaries lived a mile

and a half farther on, at Sirka, I gave myself the pleasure of calling upon them. They possessed a nice bungalow at an elevation of 8900 feet above sea-level, by the side of which was another structure for the accommodation of converts and servants. Lower on the hill-side they had built a dispensary and hospital.

I was received with the utmost courtesy by Miss Sheldon, M.D., and Miss Brown, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. I have in my lifetime met with many missionaries of all creeds in nearly every part of the globe, but never has it been my luck before to meet two such charming, open-minded, and really hard-working ladies as the two who now so kindly received me.



WRINKLED SHOKA

"Come right in, Mr. Landor," said Miss Sheldon, with her delightful American accent, and she shook hands with me in a good, hearty fashion.

The natives had praised to me the charity and helpfulness of this lady. I found this more than justified. By night or day she would never refuse help to the sick, and her deeds of kindness which became known to me are far too numerous to detail in these pages. Perhaps her most valuable quality is her perfect tact—a quality I have found none too common among missionaries. Her patience, her kindly manner towards the Shokas, her good heart, the wonderful cures she wrought among the sick, were items of which these honest mountaineers had everlasting praises to sing. A Shoka was telling me that it was not an uncommon thing for Miss Sheldon to give away all her own food supplies,

and even the clothes from her back — courting for herself discomfort, yet happy in her good work.

With it was combined a charming modesty. No word about herself or her actions ever passed her lips. A pioneer in these parts, she evidently must have encountered much difficulty in the beginning. At present her good influence over the Shokas is very considerable.

LAL SING TOKUDAR AND HIS BROTHER

The same can be said of Miss Brown, who was in every way a worthy comrade of Miss Sheldon.

They have both, in a comparatively short time, become fully acquainted with the Shoka language, and can converse in it as fluently as in English, this fact alone endearing them greatly to the natives.

They were kind enough to ask me to dinner. "It is Sunday," said Miss Sheldon, "and we shall have all our Christians dining with us. You will not mind, I am sure."

I assured her that nothing would interest me more.

I arrived punctually at the hour appointed, and on the veranda of the bungalow were laid some nice clean mats, upon which we all sat cross-legged in native fashion. We

three Europeans were provided with knife and fork, but all the natives helped themselves with their fingers, which they used with much dexterity. There were among the converts some Hindoos, some Shokas, some Humlis, and a Tibetan woman. All counted, I suppose there were about twenty, and it would be impossible to find a better-behaved set of Christians anywhere. They ate heartily, and only spoke when they were spoken to.

"I doubt whether I have ever dined with so many good Christians," said I, jokingly, to Miss Sheldon. "It is delightful."

"They would much like to hear some of the experiences of your travels, if you would be kind enough to tell them. That is to say, if you are not too tired and do not mind."

Interpreted by Miss Brown, I related some of my adventures in the country of the Ainu. Rarely have I had such an interested audience. When the story ended they all salaamed me, and an old veteran Gourkha, one of the converts, took my hand and shook it warmly.

"You must not mind, Mr. Landor; you see, we treat our Christians like ourselves,"* quickly interrupted Miss Sheldon.

"Oh no, I do not mind," I replied. "On the contrary, I am glad to see it done."

I took my leave and asked the ladies to come to tea with me the next day. The afternoon came and they arrived, when, to my horror, it flashed across my mind that I had neither cups nor saucers nor spoons. I had some tea, but I had no idea in which box it was, and, to save my life, I could not lay my hands upon it. This

* N.B.—Anglo-Indians very rarely condescend to shake hands with the natives.

caused a frank and delightful remark on the part of Miss Sheldon to Miss Brown.

"Does not Mr. Landor remind you of 'that other' eccentric gentleman that came through here last year?"

The moment she had uttered the words Miss Sheldon saw what she had said, and we all laughed heartily.

"You know, Mr. Landor," put in Miss Brown, "we half foresaw that you would not be provided with these articles of luxury, and we brought our own cups and saucers."

The news was a great relief to me.

"Well, now, let me persuade you to take some delicious chocolate instead of tea."

"Very good, we would prefer it. We have not had chocolate for a long time."

A solid block of chocolate was produced weighing twenty-eight pounds, and Chanden Sing set to work to chip off bits with a stone—a primitive but effective method. In the mean time the kettle was boiling, while my two visitors made themselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances on pack-saddle cases.

The tea-party went off well, for the ladies, evidently suspecting the "eccentricity" of their host, had come provided not only with cups and saucers, but with spoons, cake, bread, butter, and biscuits!

CHAPTER IX

DISCOURAGING REPORTS—A STEEP ASCENT—HOW I CAME TO DESERVE THE NAME OF "MONKEY"—HARD AT WORK—PROMOTED IN RANK—COLLAPSE IN A GALE OF WIND—TIME AND LABOR LOST

THE weather again became rainy and cold. The reports that I received of the state of the roads farther up were not encouraging.

"The track is impassable," said an old Shoka who had just arrived from Garbyang. "The Lippu Pass, by which you wish to enter Tibet, is still closed, and there is much snow on it still. Then the Jong Pen of Taklakot, in Tibet having been left unpunished for his last year's attack on Lieutenant Gaussen, has now a strong guard of three hundred men to prevent foreigners entering the country. The *Dakus* (brigands) infesting the region of the Mansarowar Lake seem to be more numerous this year than ever."

I shall come in for a lively time, I thought to myself.

My next camp was at Shankula, 7450 feet above the sea-level. It was reached by going over a delightfully cool track, not unlike a shady path through a picturesque park, among tall cedars of Lebanon, beeches, and maples with here and there a stream or spring of water, and hundreds of black-faced, white-bearded monkeys playing and leaping from tree to tree.

I encamped by the river. The day was glorious. In front of me, northeast by east, stood, gigantic and majestic, some high snowy peaks. The valley was narrow, and the

remainder of the snowy range of mountains was hidden from sight. What a lovely subject for a picture! I was tempted to halt and get out my paint-box and sketch-book; and abandoning my lunch, which was being cooked, I climbed to the summit of a high peak in order to obtain a more extensive view. The ascent, first on slippery grass, then over slaty rocks, was by no means easy, nor devoid of a certain amount of danger; but so keen was I to get to the top that I reached the summit very quickly, leaving half-way down the mountain slope the two men who had followed me. In places near the top there were rocks to climb that stood almost perpendicular, and it was necessary to use hands as well as feet. It was not unlike climbing up a rough wall. I was nevertheless well repaid for my trouble. The view from that high point of vantage was magnificent, and I confess that I felt almost too ambitious when, having unslung my paint-box, I attempted to reproduce on paper the scene before me.

"I am a fool," said I to myself, "to try and paint that! What painter could do those mountains justice!"

I dashed off the picture, as usual, very hastily, but never was a rash venture rewarded with poorer result, and those eternal giants remained unpainted.

Disconsolate, I made my way down. It was more difficult even than the climb up. A false step, a slip, and it might have cost me my life, especially along the steep precipice, where I had to cling to anything projecting in the wall-like rock. I had gone four thousand feet higher than the camp, reaching an elevation of 11,450 feet above sea-level.

It was this performance, watched anxiously from my camp down below, as well as by the army of men belonging to the Deputy Commissioner of Almora, who was also here encamped, that won me the name among the

natives of "Chota Sahib," the "Langur," the "small sir," the "monkey," a name of which I have been proud ever since.

Some seventy-three miles from Pithoragarh the Shankula River enters the Kali, the course of the Shankula being roughly from north-northwest to south-southeast.

The track once crossed, the Shankula stream tends towards the southeast, and with a gentle incline rises to 8570 feet at Gibti, where I encamped somewhat above the Gala Daramsalla. I had gone through forests of maple, beech, oak, and rhododendrons, with a thick undergrowth of scrub and bamboo.

The Kali River, about two thousand feet down below my camp, marks the boundary between Nepal and Kumaon. From this high point the foaming stream can be seen for miles, winding between thickly wooded hills and mountains like a silver ribbon on a dark, reposeful background.

The march from my last camp was a very short one, so I had the greater part of the day left for work. Previously I had usually halted in Daramsallas (stone-walled shelters), and in default of these my men put up for me a neatly made "Chahna,"* or "chöpper," a hut of mats and branches of trees, in the construction of which the Paharis are wonderfully dexterous. I had also my small "mountain tent," a *tente d'abri*, quite comfortable enough for ordinary requirements.

It seems, however, that this style of travelling is not considered *comme il faut* by the officials of India. It is the number and size of one's tents, according to these authorities, that make one a greater or a smaller gentleman. I had put up my tent—three feet high, seven feet long,

* *Chahna*—Pahari. *Chöpper*, Dehsi—Hindustani.

and four feet wide — by the side of the two double-leaf eighty-pound tents of the Deputy Commissioner, but this official and his companions were far from pleased with this act of familiarity. For a double-tented sahib to be seen in company with another sahib whose bijou tent rose from the ground hardly up to one's waist was *infra dig*,

THE TENT

and a serious threat to the prestige of the British in India. I was therefore politely requested to move from my cosey quarters to a more dignified abode lent me by the one-eyed Lal Sing, a Tokudar* and brother of the Patwari.†

Being thus promoted in everybody's estimation except my own, I wrote and copied out my first article for *The*

* *Tokudar*—Head village man. † *Patwari*—Accountant for a Pargana.

Daily Mail, and, having done this, I dined and spent a pleasant evening with Mr. G.

The night was stormy; the wind shook my tent. I went to sleep wrapped in my solitary camel-hair blanket. Some hours later a sharp knock on my head woke me. It was the centre pole of the tent that had moved out of its socket and had fallen on me. This was followed by a rushing noise of canvas, and I found myself in a moment uncovered and gazing at the stars.

There were white things flying about in the air, and, to my horror, I discovered the leaves of my *Daily Mail* article scattered in the wind.

I jumped up, but of the ten or twelve foolscap leaves of very thin paper I only managed to recover two or three. The others soared gracefully to and fro in the air, and I suppose settled eventually in the Kali. This meant recopying the article next day, a tedious job when you are burning to get on.

The sun rose. The camp began to wake up. All were shivering with cold. I took my usual cold bath, surrounded by a half-frozen crowd of astonished onlookers, wrapped up in their thick woollen blankets, crouching round me with their chins on their knees.

The tent was recovered after a while, and soon all was ready to start.

CHAPTER X

THE *NERPANI*, OR "WATERLESS TRACK"—EXAGGERATED ACCOUNTS—A LONG SHOT—THE RESCUE OF TWO COOLIES—PICTURESQUE NATURE—AN INVOLUNTARY SHOWER-BATH—THE *CHAI* PASS

THE renowned *Nerpani*, or *Nerpania*, "waterless track," begins at Gibti. Very few travellers have been on this road, and by the accounts brought back many people have been prevented from imitating their example.

NERPANI ROAD

Personally I found the track far better than I anticipated. I have been on worse mountain roads, among less precipitous cliffs. From what I had heard it seemed as if the greater part of the road for several miles was supported on crow-bars fixed in the rock, but such is not the case. Here and there, however, are spots where tracks have to be trodden upon overhanging precipices; and where the perpendicular cliff did not allow of a road to be cut except at great expense, crow-bars have been more or less firmly planted horizontally in the rock, and a narrow path made over them with large slabs of stone. The drop from the path to the river is often from eighteen hundred to two thousand feet, and the path is in many places no wider than

six inches. But to any sure-footed traveller that would not constitute a real danger. The road is tedious, for the Nerpania cliff along which it has been constructed is subdivided into three smaller cliffs, separated in turn one from the other by ravines. It is thus troublesome to climb up and down some thousands of feet, each time along interminable and badly put together flights of steps, only to descend again on the other side. Some of the descents, especially the last to Gulamla, are precipitous; but with no nails in one's shoes and no stick in one's hand, there is really very little danger for people accustomed to mountaineering.

These are the main elevations on the road: Gibti, 8650 feet, 6750 feet, 7600 feet, 6700 feet, 7100 feet, 6600 feet from Gulamla. At bearings magnetic 350°, going close to the river-bed through a gorge, one obtains a fine view of a huge gneiss peak towering on the left side of the *Neganza*, or *Nejangas*, Mountain. This peculiar rock, shaped like a fortress, goes by the name of the Ladjekut Peak, and rises where the Nejangar River meets the Kali. Here we pitched our tents.

Towards sunset there was much agitation in camp over the appearance of wild goats on the other side of the Kali River in Nepal.

"Your rifle, sahib—your rifle!" shouted a chorus of impatient natives. "Quick, quick, your rifle!"

I seized my Mannlicher and followed the excited gang to a place some hundred yards away, where a large, boisterous crowd had collected to watch the game.

"Where are they?" said I, as I could not see anything.

"There! there!" they all screamed at the top of their voices, pointing to the summit of the opposite cliff, over four hundred yards distant.

"Oh, that is too far."

"No, no, sahib; please shoot," they all implored.

I put up the Lyman back-sight to four hundred yards, took aim, and fired. Down came rolling from rock to rock the poor wild goat, amid the frantic excitement of the crowd around me. It rolled down until it came to the shrub and vegetation, where its progress became slower. It fell on the small trees, and, bending them by its weight, it would drop a few seconds later on to a lower one. The trepidation on our side was intense. At last the graceful body struck across a bigger tree and swung on it for some minutes. The oscillation slowly ceased, and tree and goat became motionless. There our prey stuck fast.

Hatchets were immediately produced, and two tall trees hurriedly cut and felled. A bridge was being spanned to cross the dangerous cold and swift waters of the Kali. A tree was thrown across, and its point just about reached a high rock on the other side. Then, amid a dead silence, a coolie balanced himself over it. He had nearly reached the opposite bank when there was a crash. The tree broke, and the man was in the water, frightened and screaming pitifully, clutching a branch with convulsive fingers.

Another coolie went to his rescue, but the tree being now swung by the current, he also was pitched into the water. It was only after a terrible moment of suspense that our men had the common-sense to draw the tree back towards the shore. One and all joined in a supreme effort, and the two men were eventually saved.

Our way to the next camp was first through a high, narrow gorge. A beautiful waterfall on terraces faced us. From 6700 feet the road ascended to 7650 feet, then on flights of steps and in places over crow-bars the weary traveller descended to 7000 feet, where at Malpa

the road was for a space nearly level. The Malpa River, running from north to south, was crossed. On the Nepal side across the Kali the vegetation was luxuriant, while on the Kumaon side it was sparse and bare. Farther on, another beautiful waterfall.

THE NERPANI ROAD

The track now rose on a steep incline to 8120 feet among huge rocks and bowlders. What with the gigantic snow-peaks, the pretty waterfalls, the weird character of the country traversed, one got so interested in one's surroundings that one forgot all about any difficulty of climbing.

From barren hills and rocks the track suddenly became clayish and sandy, and in a series of zig-zags well shaded by *Tchuk*, *Utish*, and *Ritch* trees, with a

Lithographed by F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig (Germany).

THE NERPANI TRACK.

thick undergrowth of scrub wood and stunted vegetation, we found ourselves down as low as 6750 feet, ascending immediately after in a very short distance to 8100 feet to Camp Lahmari.

In olden times the path went over the highest part of the cliff, and it took a good walker the whole day to

THE NERPANI ROAD

reach from one spring of water to the next—hence the name of "waterless."

Here practically ended the *Nerpani* (waterless track), and an involuntary shower-bath soon awaited the passer-by, drenching him to the skin, unless he was provided with waterproof and umbrella. The spray descended from a great height for a length of some thirty or forty yards, the road being very narrow and very slippery, so

that progress was particularly slow. The name of the waterfall was *Takti*.

The track, if not more level, was nevertheless better after this to the sore-footed walker. It was less rocky, and devoid of the tiresome flights of steps.

On leaving Lahmari we immediately had a steep rise to 9600 feet. Then a drop of 400 feet, and we found

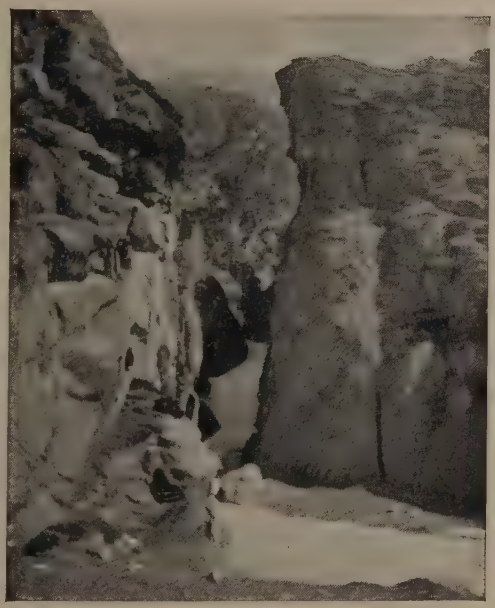
THE CHAI-LEK PASS

ourselves on the Buddi River, a tributary of the Kali. Just above the bridge was a magnificent waterfall, by the left side of which we found a kind of grotto hollowed out under a rock. The Shokas and Tibetans used it as a camping-ground.

To our right, high up on the cliff-side, was the picturesque village of Buddi (9300 feet), with its two and three storied houses. Below and over it in long zigzags

could be seen the track ascending to the top of *Chai-Lek*, or *Tcheto* Pass, as the Shokas call it. At bearings magnetic 170° we had the towering Namjun peak, so high that I was told it could be seen even from Almora and Ranikhet.

Then as we proceeded up the steep clayish track I could not, on looking back, help admiring the magnifi-



NARROW GORGE BETWEEN TWO MOUNTAINS

cent Kali valley, with its gigantic cliffs and gorges surmounted by lofty snow peaks. On that *Chai* Pass my two aneroids registered an altitude of 11,190 feet. I was now on a small, flat table-land. Darcy Bura, the richest Shoka trader from Buddi, had erected here a bargain-house for the purchase and exchange of borax, salt, wool, and other articles from Tibet. On the left side of the road a large cave in the rock had been walled and partly

roofed over for the use of wife-seekers from the villages of Buddi and Garbyang. These houses were called *Rambangs*, and were an old institution among the Shokas, of which I shall have occasion to speak at length later on. As everywhere else, a few high poles with flying prayers and a bell had been placed near the pass.

CHAPTER XI

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES — TIBETAN ATROCITIES ON BRITISH SUBJECTS—TIBETAN EXACTIONS—REVOLTING CRUELTY TO ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS — ASSAULT ON A BRITISH OFFICER — A SMART BRITISH ENVOY

My arrival at Garbyang was watched by hundreds of men, women, and children, all squatting on the edge of the flat mud roofs of their habitations, while a few dozen people followed me respectfully to my camping-ground beyond the village. A large tent had been put up for me by Pundit Gobaria's brother, who had been informed of my coming by Anti Ram Sah, my banker at Almora. Mr. G., Deputy Commissioner, arrived later.

I was very anxious to make immediate arrangements to enter Tibet, but all my efforts to obtain reliable followers were of little avail.

I heard to my regret, a day or two later, that the plan of my journey, which with so much trouble and care I had kept secret, had been divulged to the Tibetan authorities. Misfortunes never come singly! Against my will I had been advised to pay a certain sum at Almora, in exchange for which I received a letter of credit on Pundit Gobaria, a rich trader of Garbyang, who was to pay me the amount in silver. Unluckily, Gobaria was still absent in Nepal, and no one else could cash a check for the amount I wanted. This was tiresome — all the more so as I had counted on the money. I immediately sent a runner to Almora to have the sum in silver sent at once. This involved much publicity and considerable risk.

Also delay was inevitable. All the passes were closed and fresh snow was falling daily. It was just possible with much difficulty for a man to cross the Lippu Pass, but no baggage could be taken through. I made up my mind to remain a few days in Garbyang, and took this opportunity to have a large Tibetan tent manufactured to shel-

THE GATES OF GARBYANG

ter my future followers—if ever I could find any—and it might help me, I calculated, to become friendly with the natives, among whom I hoped to find some willing followers.

Dr. H. Wilson, of the Methodist Evangelical Mission, went to much trouble in trying to get together men for me, but, though his influence was and is considerable in Bias and Chaudas, his efforts were not crowned with suc-

cess. The Shokas know well how terribly cruel the Tibetans are. They have suffered at their hands more than once, and even of recent years the Government of India has had reported by its own officers cases of horrible tortures inflicted by the Tibetan authorities on British subjects captured by them on our side of the frontier. Some of the atrocities committed by the Lamas on British subjects are revolting, and it is a matter of great regret and indignation to the Englishmen who visit these regions to think that the weakness of our officials in Kumaon has allowed and is allowing such proceedings still to go on. So incapable are they, in fact, that the Jong Pen of Taklakot, in Tibet, sends over, "with the sanction of the Government of India," his yearly emissaries to collect Land Revenue* from British subjects living on British soil. The Shokas have to pay this tribute—and do so out of fear—in addition to other taxes and trade dues iniquitously exacted by the Tibetans.

On the slightest pretext the Tibetans arrest, torture mercilessly, fine, and confiscate property of British subjects on British territory.

At the time of my visit there could be seen, in Garbyang and other villages, British subjects (Shokas) who had been mutilated by the Tibetan authorities.

Even Dr. H. Wilson, who had erected a dispensary at Gungi (one march beyond Garbyang), was lately threatened with confiscation — and worse perhaps — if he did not immediately comply with the exactions of the Tibetans. He declined to do so, and reported the matter to the Government, relying on a good rifle in the house and his many servants. His determination not to be intimi-

* The sums are now collected by the Political Peshkar and handed over in Garbyang to the Tibetans.

dated seems to have given him temporary security, for the Tibetans are as cowardly, when they think themselves matched, as they are cruel.

Let me quote one example of cruelty which occurred as late as 1896. A Shoka trader, undeniably a British subject, had gone over the border, as is customary with them during the summer, to dispose of his merchandise in the Tibetan market. He and another Shoka, also a British subject, had a quarrel. Aware that the first Shoka was wealthy, the Tibetan authorities took this pretext to arrest him and impose upon him an exorbitant fine, besides, the additional punishment of two hundred lashes, to be administered to him by order of the Jong Pen. The Shoka remonstrated, on the plea that he had done no harm, and that, being a British subject, they had no right to so punish him. The Jong Pen saw his orders executed, and further commanded his men to cut off the wretched prisoner's hands. He was made over to two soldiers intrusted with the carrying-out of the sentence. They led him away to the place of punishment. The Shoka was of a powerful build and possessed courage. Though half dead and covered with wounds, he overcame his guardians and escaped. The alarm was instantly given and a large party of horsemen sent to capture him. They caught him up, and when at close range fired on him and wounded him in the knee, smashing the knee-cap. He was surrounded, pounced upon, beaten mercilessly, and, last but not least, all his fingers were one by one crushed into pulp between two heavy stones. In this condition he was dragged before the Lamas, only to be decapitated! Mr. Sturt, an able and just officer, who was then Deputy Commissioner at Almora, became acquainted with these facts, and, having fully ascertained their accuracy, reported them to the Government, strong-

ly advising immediate action against the Tibetans for this and other cruelties that were constantly taking place on our frontier. Though it was undeniably proved that the victim was a British subject, the Government of India took no steps in the matter.

The same year, 1896, Lieutenant Gaussen, who on a shooting-trip tried to enter Tibet by the Lippu Pass, was

MATAN SING CHAPRASSI

NARENGHIRI CHAPRASSI

surrounded by Tibetan soldiers, and he and his servants were seriously ill-treated. The British officer received a nasty wound on his forehead, and one of his servants, who behaved heroically, was so cruelly handled that to-day, two years later, I hear he is still an invalid.

Mr. J. Larkin, Deputy Collector at Almora, was then despatched to the frontier. No better man could have been sent. Firm, just, and painstaking, he became popular and much respected among the Shokas. He listened to their troubles and sufferings; he administered justice wherever possible. He refused audience to no one, and

during his flying visit became well acquainted with the country, the people, and all that went on. The poor Shokas felt much relieved, thinking that at last the Tibetan abuses would be put an end to. They were not mistaken, at least for a time. The Jong Pen of Taklakot was called upon to answer for his many misdeeds. He refused an interview. Mr. Larkin sent word across the border that he would have no trifling and that he must come, upon which the Jong Pen, with his officers and Lamas, crossed the snowy Lippu Pass. Trembling with fear and bending low to the ground, the Tibetans, with abject servility, entered the tent of our British envoy. The account of the interview, which I received in full from a Shoka gentleman who was present as interpreter, is amusing and curious, showing the mutability and hypocrisy of the Tibetans. In the long-run, and being well acquainted with the cowardice of his visitors, Mr. Larkin not only obtained redress on every point, but gave the Jong Pen and his officers a severe harangue. The result of the interview was that the collection of the Land Revenue should be put a stop to, and that Tibetan law should no more be administered on our side of the frontier.

Mr. Larkin's visit to Bhot was cut short by urgent orders to return immediately to Almora.

The following year (the year of my visit, 1897), Mr. G., Deputy Commissioner, undid much that the previous officer had accomplished. The Jong Pen, when summoned, declined to come, and sent over deputies in his place. The upshot of it is that Land Revenue is again paid by the Shokas to the Tibetan tax-collectors through the Peshkar.

I have mentioned these facts as representative of many, and to show how it came that the natives, who had never

had any protection from our Government, were disinclined, notwithstanding the temptations I offered them, to brave the dangers of Tibet. I, who later on suffered so much through being betrayed by Shokas, am the first to forgive and not to blame them. Though nominally our subjects, their actual rulers are the Tibetans, and we do nothing to protect them against the exactions and tortures of the intruders. Why, then, should we expect them to be faithful to us? The Shokas are not treacherous by nature, but they are compelled to be deceitful to protect their lives and their homes. Properly treated, these honest, gentle, good-natured mountaineers would assuredly become loyal and trustworthy subjects of her Majesty.

CHAPTER XII

TIBETAN THREATS—MY BIRTHDAY—RAVENOUS DOGS—A BIG DINNER—SHOKA HOSPITALITY

The Jong Pen of Taklakot, on hearing of my proposed visit, sent threats that he would confiscate the land of any man who came in my employ, besides menaces of "flogging" and subsequent "beheading" of myself and any one caught with me. Personally I paid little attention to these intimidations.

THE HOUSE WHERE I STAYED AT GARBYANG

Consulting the calendar one day — a thing I did with great regularity in these regions—I made out that it was the 1st of June, and I then remembered that the following day would be my birthday. Feasts were scarce in these high altitudes, and the prospect before me was that they would in the near future be even scarcer. It therefore occurred to me that I could not better while away a day at least of this weary waiting than by treating myself to a real big feast.

Chanden Sing was despatched round the village to

summon up to my tent all the local Bunyas (tradespeople). Rice, flour, eight pounds of butter (*ghi*), a large quantity of lump sugar, pepper, salt, and a fat sheep were purchased. The latter was forthwith beheaded, skinned, and dressed in the approved fashion by the faithful Chanden Sing, who was indeed a Jack-of-all-trades.

Unfortunately I am a careless house, or rather tent,

SHOKA HOUSE WITH STRANGE LADDER

keeper, and I intrusted my chaprassis with the job of stowing away the provisions, for which purpose a recess under the native low bedstead served to perfection, holding as it did the different-sized vessels, with the *bachri* (sheep) in pieces, and the rice, flour, butter, etc.

While this was being done I worked away hard at writing, and, getting interested, continued at it till an early hour of the morning; I got tired at last, and, wrapping

myself up in my blanket, I soon went to sleep next to a heap of stones piled up by the cautious Chanden Sing.

"Sahib," had been his warning, "there are many hungry dogs about. If they come, here are a few missiles ready for them," and he pointed at the ammunition.

"All right; good-night."

The wisdom of this was soon apparent, for I had not slept long when I was aroused by the hollow sound of lip-smacking, apparently arising from more than one mouth, accompanied by the movement of the stretched canvas bed on which I was lying. Jumping to my feet, I alighted upon a living mass of unwelcome guests; but before I even realized what had been going on, they had scampered away, the brutes! carrying between their tightly closed jaws a last mouthful of my dainties.

The ammunition at my disposal was quickly used up—a poor revenge, even when I heard the yell of a dog I happened to hit in the dark. On striking a match, I found the large brass bowls emptied, the rice and flour scattered all over the tent, and the sheep practically vanished.

I determined not to be done out of this piece of indulgence, which now seemed desirable beyond words, although I crawled back into my blanket, and found for a while oblivion in sleep. I was no sooner up in the morning than I planned a new banquet. But in the nick of time, Mr. G., who had gone a march farther, returned with his escort of policemen, *moonshees*, pundits, and chaprassis.

"Never mind, Landor," said he, kindly, when I had told him of my trouble, "you come and dine with me. These chaps shall get you up a special dinner in their own way."

My stores were put under tribute, instead of the native Bunyas, and we had a very excellent meal indeed. We

had Bovril soup and Irish stew, roast mutton, potted tongue, roast chicken, gigantic swan eggs poached on anchovy toast, jam omelette, chow-chow preserves, ginger biscuits, boiled rhubarb, and what not else—remembered by me with desperate longing in the near future, when any of these dainties would have been like manna from

SHOKA HOUSES

heaven. I must not forget, by-the-way, an excellent plum-cake of no small dimensions, crammed full of raisins and candy, which I had brought from Mrs. G. at Almora to her husband, and to which we, with blessings for her, did the fullest justice.

Thanks to Mr. G., and also to the fortunate coincidence of receiving a batch of letters from parents and friends, which reached me on that day by runner from Khela, I do not think that I could have spent a happier

birthday anywhere, and I knew well enough that these were to be the last moments of contentment—an end to the flesh-pots of Egypt. After this I should be cut off from civilization, from comfort even in its primitive form; and, to emphasize this fact, it happened that on the very morning following my birthday Mr. G. left and continued his journey to Almora.

The weather was cold and rain fell in torrents, the thermometer never being above 52° during the warmest hours of the day. My soaked tent stood in a regular pool of water, notwithstanding the double trenches round it, and several Shoka gentlemen had before asked me to abandon it and live in a house. They were all most anxious to extend to me hospitality, which I, not wishing to trouble them, and in order at all hazards to be entirely free and unhampered in my actions, courteously but firmly declined. Nevertheless, quite a deputation arrived on June 4th, renewing their request; but I was determined to have my way. In vain! They would not see a sahib under cold canvas while they themselves had comfortable homes. They held a consultation. Unexpectedly, and notwithstanding my remonstrances, my loads were suddenly seized and carried triumphantly on the backs of a long row of powerful Shokas towards the village. I had to follow *nolens volens*, and from that day on I grew through constant contact daily more convinced of the genuine friendliness and kind-heartedness of these people.

To prevent my coming back, they even pulled down the tent, and, wet as it was, carried it away. Zeheram and Jaimal, two leading Shokas, held my hands and patted me on the back as they led me with every sign of courtesy to my new dwelling.

This turned out to be a fine two-storied building with

nicely carved wooden door and windows colored red and green. So great was the anxiety and fear of these good people that I should turn back at this juncture, that some twenty outstretched hands seized me by the arms, while others pushed me from behind up a flight of ten or twelve steps into the house, where I found myself the guest of my good friend Zeheram. I was given the front of the first floor, consisting of two large clean rooms, with a very fair native bedstead, a table, and two or more *moras* (round cane stools covered with skin); and I had no sooner realized that I must stay than presents of sweets, preserved fruit, dried dates, and tea were brought for my acceptance—tea made in the Tibetan fashion with butter and salt in it.

Even if at first I had had slight apprehensions at the expression of such very unusual hospitality, these were soon dispelled, and I was proud to be assured by my host that I was the first Englishman (or, for that, European or American) who had been allowed to enter the living part of a Shoka house and partake of food in a Shoka dwelling. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and I was sorely tempted to tarry among them, so as really to get an insight into their mode of living, their customs and manners.

CHAPTER XIII

SHOKA HOSPITALITY—HOW I OBTAINED MUCH INFORMATION—ON A RECONNOITRING TRIP—A TERRIBLE SLIDE

THEY are, indeed, Nature's gentlemen, these worthy Shokas, and as such they did all in their power to make my stay among them pleasant. It was a contest between them as to who should entertain me first, and who should be the next. Invitations to breakfast and dinner literally poured in; and those convenient "sick headaches," "colds," and "previous engagements," so opportune in more conventional parts, were of no avail here. No card, no friendly note bade one to come and be merry. They generally arrived *en masse* to fetch me. Pulling and pushing played a not unimportant part in their urging, and to decline was thus out of the question. Indeed, I must confess there was but little inclination to decline on my part. When you arrived, your host spread out fine mats and rugs, of Tibetan and ancient Chinese manufacture, and often of great value. In front of a raised seat were displayed in shiny brass bowls the various viands and delicacies which constituted the meal. There was rice always; there were curried mutton, milk, and curd with sugar; then *chapatis*, made in Hindustani fashion; and *Shale*, a kind of sweet pancake made of flour, *ghi* (butter), sugar or honey; also *Parsad*, a thick paste of honey, burned sugar, butter, and flour, all well cooked together—a dainty morsel even for a jaded palate.

I was invariably made to sit on the raised seat, which I

did cross-legged, while the crowd squatted respectfully on the floor round the room, forming a semicircle with me in the centre. I generally ate with my fingers in their own manner, a courtesy they particularly appreciated; and although I must have seemed awkward to them at first, I soon acquired a sort of dexterity in manipulating hot food — meat and vegetables, for instance — with my

SHOKA CHILD BEING SMEARED WITH BUTTER

hand. The trick is not very difficult, but it requires practice. You gather up your five fingers downward in the dish, seizing a mouthful, and with a rapid circular twist of the hand you collect as much sauce as you can round the morsel you have caught. With a still more rapid movement, and before anything has time to drip between your fingers, you half drop and half throw it into your mouth.

I soon found that I could, during these cordial repasts, enlivened as they were by moderate libations of *chökti* and *syrap* (wine and spirit distilled from wheat), acquire considerable knowledge of anthropological and ethnological

interest, and gather also much valuable information about Tibet and its people. They became, in fact, in the few days I spent among them, confiding to such a degree, and looked upon me so much as one of themselves, that I soon obtained the run of the whole place. They came to confide their grievances and troubles; they related to me their legends and folk-lore. They sang to me their weird songs and taught me their dances. They brought me to their marriages and strange funerals; they took me to their sick men, women, and children, or conveyed them to me for cure. Thus, to my delight, and with such unique chances, my observations of a pathological, physiological, and anatomical character became more interesting to me day by day, and I have attempted to describe in a later chapter some of the things I was able to note.

THE MASTER OF A HIGH-SCHOOL, ALTITUDE 10,940 FEET

After lingering in Garbyang for several days, I paid off my two chaprassis, Matan Sing and Narenghiri, and they returned to Almora.

On June 6th I started on a journey towards the frontier, with a view to reconnoitre.

Crossing into Nepal territory below Chongur village,

and following upward the right bank of the Kali River in a direction of 320° (bearings magnetic), I reached Kanwa, a Shoka village on a high, cliff-like plateau under which meet the three rivers Kali, Taki, and Kuti. The Kali turns suddenly to 37° (bearings magnetic), while the Kuti River keeps a general direction of 325° (bearings magnetic).

GUNGI SHANKOM

Having crossed again into Kumaon, I struck camp at Gungi. Before entering the village, I passed Dr. Wilson's dispensary, not then completed. In the village the houses were decorated with long poles joined by strings, from which hung and flew gayly in the breeze hundreds of wind prayers. The dwellings were mostly of the ancient, pure Shoka architecture, and not so fine or so clean as those in Garbyang. The place was picturesque, clear-cut against the curious background of the dome-like mountain, the Nabi Shankom, a peak of uncommon beauty, with its gray and reddish striped strata. Near it on another mountain is the Gungi Shankom, a gigantic quadrangular rock of a warm yellow and reddish color, not unlike a huge tower. When I reached its foot, the sun was casting his last dying rays on it, and the picture was so magical that I was tempt-

ed to sketch it. As I sat there, the shadow of the coming night rose higher and higher on the mountain-side, tinting it violet blue, and above it the Gungi Shankom stood resplendent in all its glory like a tower of fire — till night descended, covering the mountain first, and little by little the Gungi Shankom itself. I shall not easily forget this sight.

I slept under my little *tente d'abri*, and found it delightfully cosey and warm.

At 10 A.M. the next day I raised camp. The elevation here was 10,940 feet. Interesting was the *Chiram*, a collection of tombs, five in number, made of slabs of white stone with poles placed vertically upon them, and from the summit of which hung flying prayers. The Kuti River to my left was wide and rapid. On the opposite bank the village of Ronkan (11,100 feet) made a pretty *vis-à-vis* to the Nabi village on our side of the stream, at the same elevation, and directly under the lee of the Nabi Shankom.

As I rose gradually along the river course the vegetation grew sparse, and in front of me there remained nothing but barren rocks and high snowy peaks. The spot where, from opposite sides, the Gunkan River and the Nail River throw themselves into the Kuti River is most picturesque. There are on the water's edge a few pine-trees, but above there is nothing but wilderness—rock and ice and snow.

I soon came upon much snow, and places where the track along the mountain-side was undiscoverable. Walking was tiresome enough on the loose shingle and shale, but it became worse when I actually had to cut each step into the frozen snow. The work was tedious to a degree, and the progress slow. After a while I noticed a series of lofty snow tunnels over the raging stream, which is

earlier in the season covered entirely by a vault of ice and snow. The higher I got the harder and more slippery grew the snow. The soles of my shoes having become soaked and frozen, made walking very difficult. At 12,000 feet, being about three hundred feet above the stream, I had to cross a particularly extensive snow-field,

ZAZZELA MOUNT, NEAR GUNGI

hard frozen and rising at a very steep angle. Some of my coolies had gone ahead, the others were behind. Notwithstanding the track cut by those ahead, it was necessary to recut each step with one's own feet, so as to prevent slipping. This was best done by hammering several times into the white sheet with the point of one's shoe until a cavity was made deep enough to contain the foot and to support one upright. It ought to be done carefully each time, but I fear I had not the patience for that. I thought I had found a quicker method, and, by raising my knee high, I struck the snow with my heel, leaving

my foot planted until the other one had by the same process cut the next step.

It was in giving one of these vigorous thumps that I hit a spot where, under a thin coating of snow, was hard ice. My foot, failing in its grip, slipped, and the impulse caused me to lose my balance. I slid down the steep incline at a terrific pace, accompanied in my involuntary tobogganing over ice and snow by the screams of my horror-

CHIRAM

stricken coolies. I realized that in another moment I should be pitched into the stream, which would have meant being carried under the long tunnel of ice to meet certain death beneath it. In those few seconds I found time to speculate even as to whether those stones by the water's edge would stop me, or whether the impetus must fling me past them into the river. I attempted to get a grip in the snow with my frozen fingers, to stem myself with my heels, but with no success, when I saw ahead of me a large stone rising above the snow. With desperate

INVOLUNTARY TOBOGGANING

tension of every nerve and muscle, I knew as I approached it, with the foaming water yonder, that it was my only hope. I consciously straightened my legs for the contact. The bump was tremendous, and seemed to shatter every bone in my body. But it stopped me, and I was saved only a few feet from the water's edge — miraculously, although fearfully bruised, with no bones broken.

My fingers were cut by the ice and bleeding; my clothes were torn. When I was able to stand, I signalled to the frightened and wailing coolies above to go on, and I myself proceeded along the watercourse until I found a spot from which I could regain the upper track.

SHOKA CHILD SMEARED WITH BUTTER, AND LEFT TO ABSORB BUTTER IN THE SUN

CHAPTER XIV

A PALAVER—TO SEE IS TO BELIEVE—DANGERS AND PERILS ON THE SNOW AND ICE—*THAR* AND *GHURAL*—STALKING—A TIRING CLIMB TO 16,000 FEET—THE COLLAPSE OF A SNOW BRIDGE

At Kuti I halted and summoned the leading natives to my tent. Would it be possible, I asked them, to get over the Lumpiya Pass or the still higher Mangshan? The first is a rarely frequented pass on the way to Gyanema, the other a high and most difficult pass by which it is possible, though not easy, to reach the Rakstal Lake by the jungle without going near a Tibetan settlement or encampment.

"No," was the decided answer from all the Shokas. "The snow is now too deep. Fresh snow falls daily. For another fortnight at least no human being can get across. To attempt it will mean losing one's life. At their best, during one month in summer, those two passes are arduous and dangerous. Now it would be mere folly to attempt their ascent."

With my distressingly sceptical nature I believe little that I do not see. I started next morning to observe for myself. My bearings were roughly northwest. Seeing me determined, several of the Kutial Shokas changed their mind and volunteered to follow me. They were of considerable help in many dangerous places. Here and there a few paces of narrow track were uncovered, otherwise we went long distances on frozen snow, over precipices down which it was almost fatal to look.

The lucky hair-breadth escape of the previous day contributed to make me lose confidence, not in myself, but in that white emblem of purity and innocence, in reality the most treacherous substance in creation. I soon found that wherever there was snow there was trouble. In spots where the snow was particularly hard frozen we

KUTI

dared not attempt to walk on the steep, slippery surface, and we had to descend to the river, which was here bridged over completely with ice and snow. Crossing, we would attempt progress on the other side, and, having proceeded with difficulty for a few hundred yards, would have to retrace our steps and try the first bank again. We thus crossed and recrossed the Kuti River more than half a dozen times, each crossing being preceded by a precipitous descent and immediately followed by a steep ascent. The

cracks in the ice by the water-side were constant and perilous, and we did not risk remaining near them longer than was necessary. In six or seven hours we had walked a distance of less than four miles. Leaving the Kuti River and following due north the course of a tributary, the Kambelshio, we crossed over to its farther bank and pitched our tents at an altitude of 13,420 feet.

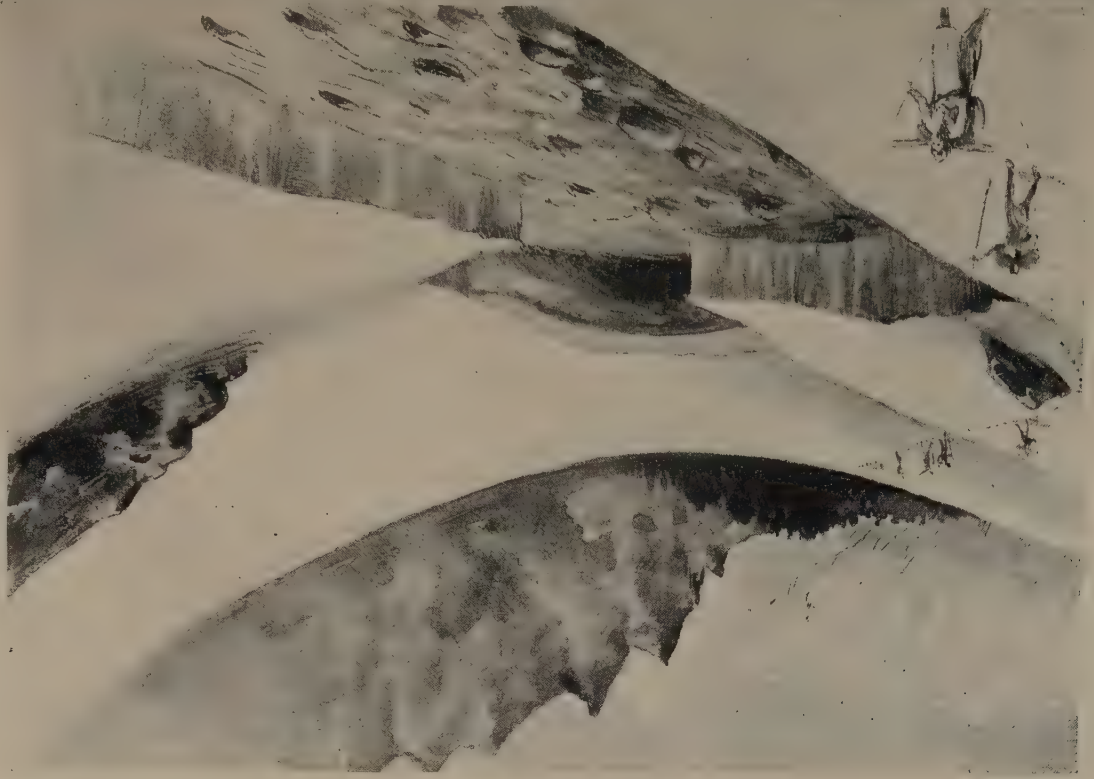
There remained a few hours of daylight when we arrived, and I employed them by going after *Thar*, or *Tehr*, and *Ghural** (Himahlyan chamois) a couple of miles farther. I rose to 15,000 feet on a needle-like peak towering over the spot where, in a narrow, picturesque gorge, the Tongzu pangti enters the Kuti River. The sources of the Tongzu pangti are about a thousand feet higher than the spot where it meets the Kuti River, and the stream has its birth from the melting snows, descending precipitously and at a very short distance into the larger river.

The rocks are here furred with saltpetre, and it is said to be a favorite spot for Thar.

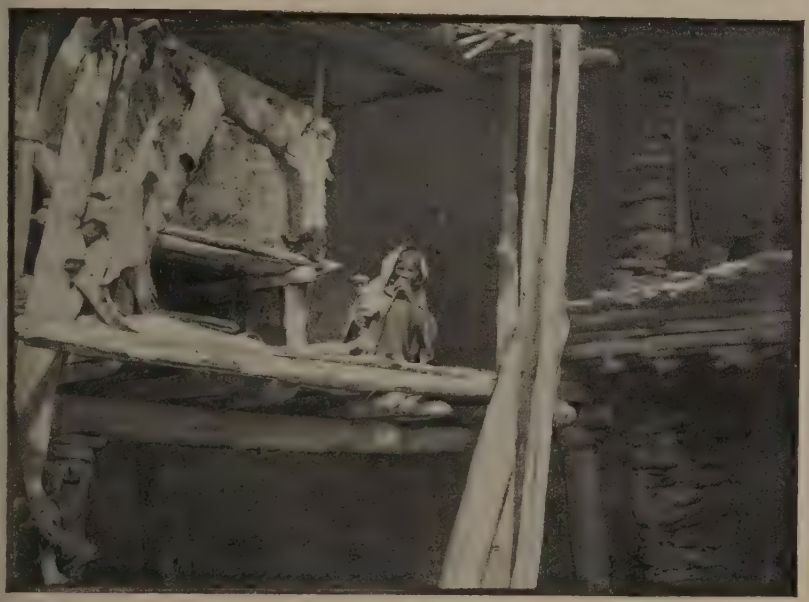
I enjoyed my trip so much that, rising with the sun, I started on the following morning to repeat my experience. Moreover, I wanted to climb to some high point, wherefrom I could make certain whether it was possible to proceed immediately across the Himahlyan range, or whether it was advisable to wait patiently until the snow

* The *Ghural* is the Himahlyan chamois, found at even comparatively low elevations. They are generally seen in herds, with the exception of the oldest males, which are usually met with alone. It is not uncommon to see as many as eight or ten together, especially during their feeding time, shortly after sunrise and an hour or two before sunset.

Thar, or Tehr (male), and Jahral (female), is the true and proper wild goat of the higher Himahlyan range. It is rarely found lower than 7000 feet, and often as high as 15,000 feet above sea-level. Those found at lower elevations do not possess quite such a luxuriant growth of hair, nor, I am told, are their curved horns quite so long. They climb about precipices and dangerous spots with the greatest ease.



had to some extent disappeared. I walked four miles from camp, reaching an altitude of 16,000 feet. The ascent was rather tiring. Having wounded a Thar, I went after it up a fatiguing snow-field at a speed too great to be comfortable at such a very high elevation. When I



OLD SHOKA WOMAN SMOKING

reached the top, I was out of breath and the Thar too far off for a second shot.

The view this high point commanded was stupendous. For miles and miles—and it seemed hundreds of miles—snow, snow, nothing but snow! There stood Jolinkan Mount rising above 19,000 feet. On either side of the Kuti River were peaks as high as 20,000 feet and more. Here and there the white sheet that covered the surrounding country seemed almost greenish. Those spots were glaciers, and I saw many of them, feeding as they

do the numerous streams flowing into the Kuti River. I returned to camp for lunch. It was useless to proceed and even more useless remaining still. I gave orders to raise the camp, and at 2 P.M. we were under way back to Kuti.

The day had been an unusually warm one, and the surface of the snow, so hard the previous day, was now soft and watery. Several of the snow bridges had already disappeared.

I had descended to the river preceded by some of my coolies. Two of them just in front of me were crossing over the stream on a thick and broad archway of ice. I was waiting for them to be safely across. When the men had nearly reached the other side they noticed a peculiar vibration underfoot. Scrambling away as best they could, they gave the alarm.

I drew back hastily. In the nick of time! for with a deafening roar like magnified thunder, echoed from cliff to cliff, down went the bridge. The huge pieces of ice, only a moment before forming part of the vault, were now swept away by the furious stream and thrown with tremendous force against the next bridge, which quivered under the terrible clash.

Three days' marching over the same route brought me back to Garbyang.

CHANDEN SING AND THE DAKU
ROLLING UP MY BEDDING

CHAPTER XV

AN EARTHQUAKE — CURIOUS NOTIONS OF THE NATIVES — A SHOKA TAILOR AND HIS WAYS — THE ARRIVAL OF SILVER CASH — TWO ROCKS IN THE KALI — ARROGANCE OF A TIBETAN SPY

On hearing that Dr. Wilson was now in Garbyang I went to call upon him. Squatted on soft Chinese and Tibetan mats and rugs, we were enjoying cup after cup of tea and devouring *chapatis*, when suddenly the whole building began to shake and rumble in the queerest manner, upsetting teapot and milk, and sending the *chapatis* roaming to and fro all over the room.

Leaving Dr. Wilson to save our precious beverage, I pulled out watch and compass to notice duration and direction of the shock. It was undulatory, very violent, and oscillating from south-southwest to north-northeast. The duration was exactly four minutes two seconds. The earthquake began at 5.20 P.M. and ended at 5h. 24m. 2s.

"It strikes me that it would have been wise to have gone out of the house," said I. "It is a wonder the building did not collapse. My cup is full of mud and débris from the ceiling."*

"I have saved the tea for you!" said the doctor, triumphantly, lifting in his muscular hands the teapot, which he had carefully nursed. He had soon discovered my devotion to the yellow liquid.

We were quietly going on with our refreshment when a band of excited Shokas broke into the room.

* The ceilings of Shoka houses are plastered with mud.

"Sahib! sahib! where has it gone?" cried they in a chorus, stretching their hands towards me and then folding them in sign of prayer. "Sahib! tell us where it has gone!"

"What?" rejoined I, amused at their suspense.

"Did you not feel the earth shake and quiver?" exclaimed the astounded visitors.

"Oh yes, but that is nothing."

A WELL-ATTENDED SCHOOL

"Oh no, sahib! That is the precursory notice of some great calamity. The 'spirit' under the earth is waking up and is shaking its back."

"I would rather it shook its back than mine," said I, jokingly.

"Or mine," added the doctor, lightly, much to the astonishment of our awe-stricken callers.

"Which way did it go?" repeated the impatient Shokas.

I pointed towards the north-northeast, and they gave a sigh of satisfaction. It must have proceeded to the other side of the Himahlyas.

THE EARTH-DEMON OF THE SHOKAS

It appears, according to the primitive notions of the Shokas, that inside the earth lives in a torpid condition an evil spirit in the shape of a gigantic reptile. The rumbling preceding an earthquake is, to the Shoka mind, nothing else than the heavy breathing of the monster previous to waking, whereas the actual shock is caused by the brute stretching its limbs. When fully awake the serpent-like demon darts and forces its way in one direction, compelling the earth to quake all along its subterranean passage, often causing by so violent a procedure great damage to property and loss of life, not to speak of the fear and terror which it strikes in man and beast should the capricious spirit by chance make a return journey to the spot below the earth's crust directly underfoot. It is curious and interesting, in analyzing these crude notions, to find that, independently of the cause attributed to its origin, the Shokas are aware of the fact that an earthquake "travels" in a certain direction. Moreover, common symptoms of the approach of a violent earthquake, such as depression and heaviness in the atmosphere, which they attribute to a feverish state of the giant reptile, are readily recognized by them.

On my return to civilization some months later I discovered that on the same day a violent shock was felt all over India, causing considerable damage, especially in Calcutta.

I had on first arriving in Garbyang ordered a tent, and the tailor who was intrusted with its manufacture had, after several days' intoxication, completed it. It was on the Tibetan pattern, with picturesque ornaments in blue. He had also been making me some Nepalese clothes, and these really turned out quite a success—no small wonder, considering the way he went to work. I had given him cloth and lining, which he took away with him, but he

never troubled to take my measure! He simply assured me that the suit would be ready on the following day. This was, of course, not the case, and on the next afternoon and for six consecutive days he placed himself in a state of hopeless intoxication under my window, singing and making comical salaams each time I, after the custom of the country, threw something at him to induce him to go away. On the seventh day I caught him and shook him by the ears, explaining that if the clothes were not ready before nightfall I would, in default of other tailors, sew them myself.

"I have a drop tóo much in me," confessed the amusing rascal. "I will go to sleep now. When I wake in the afternoon I shall be sober and will finish my work. Do not be angry, sahib. If only you drank yourself, sahib, you would know how lovely it is to be drunk." His philosophy did not agree with mine. But I felt sure that I had so far impressed him that he knew he must risk some personal violence if he delayed much longer. Sure enough, late in the evening he came with his work.

"How they will fit I do not dare to guess," I remarked to Dr. Wilson, "considering the condition the man has been in while making them, and taking into account that he never measured me nor tried them on. After all, Nepalese clothes should be tight-fitting all over."

Wonderful as it may seem, the clothes fitted like a glove. Clearly that man was a genius. Anyhow, he was intemperate enough to have been one.

One day I had gone for a walk along the deserted road from the village. I was about a mile and a half from the inhabited part when three men who had been fast approaching stood with blunt swords in front of me. They waved their blades clumsily, and shouted at the top of

their voices in an excited manner, "*Rupiya! Rupiya!*" (Rupees! Rupees!) Without thinking of the money that I had sent for and expected to receive, I took their attitude as a threatening demand for the cash I might have on me. They were really grotesque in their gesticulations, and I brusquely pushed by them and continued my constitutional. When they saw me depart they scurried away hastily towards Garbyang, and I gave the occurrence no further thought. On my return to the village, however, some hours later, a crowd of Shokas came up to me announcing that my money had arrived, and that the scared messengers, not daring to come near me a second time, had gone to Dr. Wilson's house. There I found a *peon* and two *chaprassis*, the three men I had met on the road. They had brought a sum of eighteen hundred rupees in silver, nearly all in two-anna and four-anna pieces (sixteen annas to a rupee), which I had sent for from my banker, Anti Ram Sah, at Almora, and which it had taken three men to carry, owing to its weight.

MY BANKER AND AGENT

After an easy explanation with these three very peaceful highwaymen, the silver was conveyed to my room, and the greater part of the night had to be spent in counting the diminutive coins and packing them up in rolls of ten rupees each.

Just below Garbyang in the Kali River were, among a mass of others, two large rocks in the centre of the stream. These two rocks were constantly watched by the Shokas. The Kali, though named after a small spring below its real source, is, like most of its tributaries, mainly fed by melting snows. The greater quantity of water descends from the Jolinkan, the Lumpiya, the Mangshan, the Lippu, and the Tinker passes. The first four are in Kumaon, the last in Nepal. It stands to reason that the warmer the weather the greater is the quantity of snow melting on the passes, and therefore the higher the level of the river. When the two rocks are altogether under water all the passes are known to be open.*

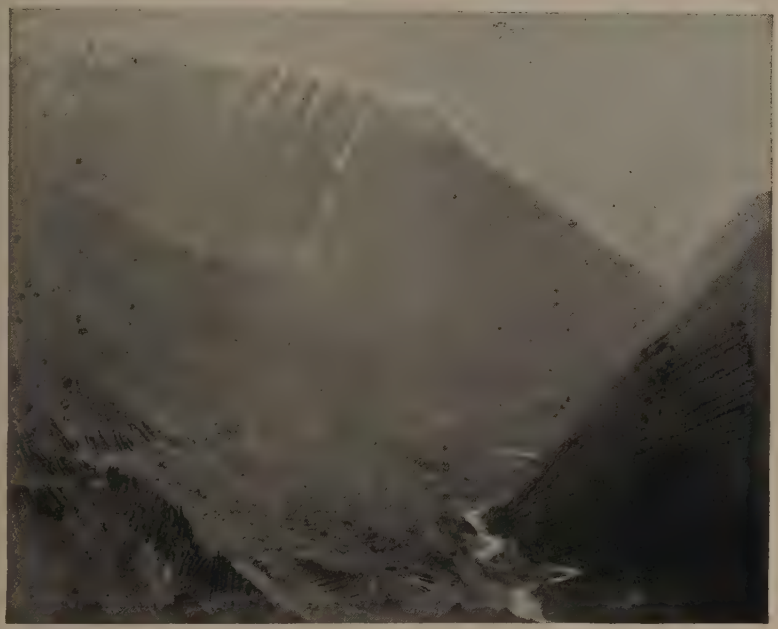
During the time I was in Garbyang I never had the luck to see this, but the level of the river was daily rising, and the time of tiresome expectation was certainly relieved by many amusing and a few awkward incidents.

Having once been informed of my plans, the Jong Pen of Taklakot, in Tibet, was kept fully acquainted with my movements. His spies went daily backward and forward with details about me. This my friends confided to me regularly. One of these emissaries, a stalwart Tibetan, more daring than the rest, actually had the impudence to enter my room and to address me in a boisterous tone of voice. At first I treated him kindly, but he became more and more arrogant, and informed me, before several frightened Shokas to whom he was showing off, that the British soil I was standing on was Tibetan property. The British, he said, were usurpers and only there on sufferance. He declared that the English were cow-

* N.B.—The Lippu Pass, the lowest of all, may be crossed with difficulty nearly all the year round.

ards and afraid of the Tibetans, even if they oppressed the Shokas.

This remark was too much for me, and it might anyhow have been unwise to allow it to pass unchallenged. Throwing myself on him, I grabbed him by his pigtail, and landed in his face a number of blows straight from



THE VALLEY OF GARBYANG

the shoulder. When I let him go he threw himself down crying, and implored my pardon. Once and for all to disillusion the Tibetan on one or two points, I made him lick my shoes clean with his tongue, in the presence of the assembled Shokas. This done, he tried to scamper away, but I caught him once more by his pigtail and kicked him down the front steps which he had dared to come up unasked.

Chanden Sing happened to be basking in the sun at the foot, and, seeing the hated foreigner make so contemptible an exit, leaped on him like a cat. He had heard me say, "*Ye admi bura crab*" (That man is very bad). That was enough for him, and before the Tibetan had regained his feet my bearer covered his angular features with a perfect shower of blows. In the excitement of the moment, Chanden Sing, thinking himself quite the hero, began even to shy huge stones at his terror-stricken victim, and at last, getting hold of his pigtail, to drag him round the yard—until I interfered and stopped the sport.

CHAPTER XVI

THE *RAMBANG* — SHOKA MUSIC — LOVE-SONGS — DOLEFUL SINGING — ABRUPT ENDING — SOLOS — SMOKING — WHEN MARRIAGE IS CONTEMPLATED — THE *DELANG* — ADULTERY — PUNISHMENT

One Shoka institution, surprising in a primitive people, but nevertheless, to my way of thinking, eminently sensible and advantageous, is the Rambang, a meeting-place or club where girls and young men come together at night for the sake of better acquaintance prior to entering into matrimony. Each village possesses one or more institutions of this kind, and they are indiscriminately patronized by all well-to-do people, who recognize the institution as a sound basis on which marriage can be arranged. The Rambang houses are either in the village itself, or half-way between one village and the next, the young women of one village thus entering into amicable relations with the young men of the other, and *vice versa*. I visited many of these in company with Shokas, and found them very interesting. Round a big fire in the centre of the room men and women sat in couples, spinning wool and chatting merrily, for every-

MOTEMA, A SHOKA BEAUTY

thing appeared decorous and cheerful. With the small hours of the morning they seemed to become more sentimental, and began singing songs without instrumental accompaniment, the rise and fall of the voices sounding weird and haunting to a degree. The Shoka men and women possess soft, musical voices, and the sounds which they utter are not simply a series of notes emitted

ON THE WAY TO THE RAMBANG

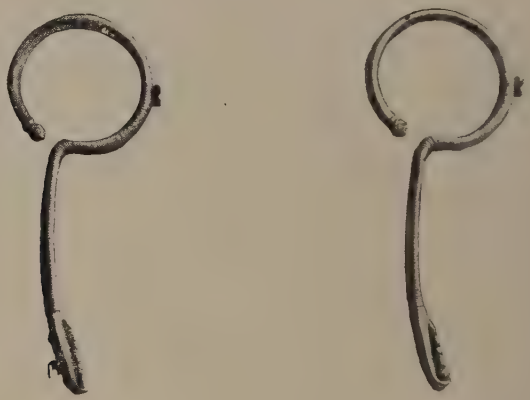
through the throat, but, as it were, the vibration of impressions coming from the heart and transmitted by means of their voices to others. Eastern in its character, the Shoka music is pleasing to the Western ear, not because it possesses quick progressions, flourishes, or any elaborate technicalities, but because it conveys the impression of reality and feeling. The responsive duets, sung by a young man and answered by a girl, pleased me

most. All their songs are plaintive, and contain modulations of the voice so mysteriously charming in effect, and so good in tone, that they really affect one profoundly. They only sing when the mood takes them; never with a view to please others, but always simply to give vent to their emotions. Their love-songs generally open with a sentimental recitative, and then change into actual singing, with frequent modulations from one key into another. The time is irregular, and though certain rhythmical peculiarities recur constantly, yet each performer gives to what he sings so strong a personality of execution as to make it almost an individual composition. Any one hearing Shokas sing for the first time would imagine that each singer was improvising as he went along, but on closer comparison it will be found that musical phrases, certain favorite passages and modulations in the voice, constantly recur not only in each song, but in all songs. They seem all of them based on the same doleful tune, probably a very ancient one, and only the different time in which it is given, and the eccentricities of the singer, give it a separate and special character. One characteristic of Shoka songs—as of so many other Oriental tunes—is that they have no rounded ending, and this, to my ears, rather spoiled them. A similar abrupt break is a feature of their dances and their drum-beating. The song suddenly stops in the middle of the air with a curious grating sound of the voice, and I could not obtain any entirely satisfactory explanation of this; the only answer

SHOKA EARRING

SHOKA EARRING

given me was that the singer could not go on forever, and that as long as he stopped it did not matter how he did it. Further, they considered an abrupt ending most suitable to music (or dancing), as it immediately brought you back to your normal state, should your mind have been carried away. One pleasant feature was that their songs were never sung in a loud tone of



SILVER EAR-RINGS OF TIBETAN ORIGIN, WITH CORAL BEADS

voice, nor did they aim at notes too high or too low for their voices, but kept themselves well within their compass.

The only difference between solos given by men and those sung by women was that the former showed more plaintiveness and sentimentality, and greater mutability of thought, whereas the latter were more uniform, more lively, and less imaginative in their representation of feelings. The words of the love-songs, nearly always impromptu, can hardly be set down in these pages. From our standard of morality, and away from their own special surroundings, they might seem almost lewd, while in their place they certainly did not impress me as of-

fensive. When singing, the Shokas usually raise the end of their white shawl or dress, and hold it by the side of the head.

Smoking was general, each couple sharing the same pipe. A few burning sticks of pine stuck in the rough

SHOKA WOMAN WEAVING

wall formed the only illumination, save the fire in the centre of the room slowly burning out. Signs of sleepiness became evident as morning came, and soon they all retired in couples, and went to sleep in their clothes on a soft layer of straw and grass. There they slept peacefully in a row, and I retraced my steps to my diggings amid a deafening barking of pariah dogs. At these gatherings every Shoka girl regularly meets with young men, and while she entertains the idea of selecting

from among them a suitable partner for life, she also does a considerable quantity of work with her spinning-wheel. Eventually, when a couple consider marriage advisable, the young man, dressed in his best clothes, proceeds to the house of his intended father-in-law, carrying with him a pot of *chökti* (wine), dried fruit, *ghur* (sweet paste), *miseri* (sugar-candy), and grilled grain. If the bridegroom is considered a suitable match, the parents of the girl receive the young man with due consideration, and partake heartily of the food and drink proffered by him. The marriage is there and then arranged, the bridegroom further disbursing to the father a sum of not less than five rupees and not more than one hundred. This is the etiquette of good Shoka society, and of all people who can afford it, the payment being called "milk-money," or money equivalent to the sum spent by the girl's relations in bringing her up. The marriage ceremony is simple enough. A cake called *Delang* is baked, of which the friends of the two families partake. If either the bridegroom or bride refuse to eat a share of the cake, the marriage is broken off; if they both eat some of the cake, and later any dissension arises between them, all those who assisted at the function are called as witnesses that the marriage took place. Often even this primitive ceremony of eating cake is dispensed with, and Shoka marriages begin and continue as happy and faithful unions, without any special form of service or rite to solemnize the tie.

They not only visit adultery on the guilty man himself by beating him, but the men proceed *en masse* to the house of his parents and denude it of all furniture, stores of grain, and merchandise. They confiscate the sheep, goats, yaks, and all their valuable saddles and loads, and present the whole proceeds to the man whose wife ha

been seduced — a recompense for the shame suffered. Frequently the unfortunate and innocent relations of the evil-doer are bound and even beaten to death by the villagers. These severe measures are resorted to in order to maintain a high standard of morality and honor, and

RAMBANG GIRLS WITH ORNAMENTS

there is little doubt that, primitive as these methods may seem, the good results obtained more than justify them. There are very few illegitimate births, with the exception of occasional Rambang children, and their arrival is a matter of such disgrace that they cannot be looked upon as seriously discrediting the social value of the Rambang.

CHAPTER XVII

FUNERAL RITES

DEPARTURE OF THE SOUL — CREMATION — AMUSEMENT OF THE DEAD MAN'S SOUL—THE LAY-FIGURE—FEASTING—DOLEFUL DANCE—TRANSMIGRATION OF THE SOUL—EXPENSIVE CEREMONIES—OFFERINGS BEFORE THE LAY-FIGURE — DANCING AND CONTORTIONS — MARTIAL DANCES—SOLO DANCES—THE ANIMAL TO BE SACRIFICED AND THE LAY-FIGURE—CHASING THE ANIMAL FROM THE VILLAGE—TEARING OUT ITS HEART—THE YAK DRIVEN OVER A PRECIPICE—HEAD SHAVING—A SACRED CAVE

The Shokas ascribe death to the departure of the soul from the body, and to this notion is due the curious reverence they show for the spirit or memory of their dead. I witnessed a funeral ceremony quaint enough to deserve record.

A man had died a painful death, the result of an accident. His friends were immediately sent for, and the corpse, having been smeared with butter (*ghi*), was dressed in his best clothes. They bent his body double before the rigor set in, and placed him on a hurriedly constructed wooden hearse. He was covered with a blue-and-gold embroidered cloth, and a white one over it. At sunrise the funeral procession left the house for the place of cremation. First came a row of ten women, their heads covered with a long strip of white cotton cloth, one end of which was tied to the hearse. Among these were the near relations of the deceased, including his wife and daughters, crying and wailing the words, "*Oh bajo! oh bajo!*" (Oh father! oh father!), the rest of them sobbing and making

great show of grief. The deceased having been somewhat of a favorite in Garbyang, the villagers turned out in force to render him this last tribute, and they took their places in the procession as it slowly wound down the cliff towards the river. The hearse was carried by two men, and each male Shoka following bore a log or bundle of

WEEPING WOMEN UNDER WHITE CLOTH

firewood. We reached the Kali. The body was temporarily laid on the bank of the stream, while all the men, with heads uncovered, collected large stones and pieces of wood. With the stones a circular crematory oven, five feet high, six feet in diameter, with an opening on the side facing the wind, was erected by the water-side. The wife and daughters of the departed, with their hoods turned inside out and with covered faces, squatted down meanwhile by the hearse, moaning and keeping a small fire

alight. When all preparations were made, the oven being heaped up with logs of wood, the body was untied from the stretcher and lifted by two intimates of the departed on to the funeral pile. All valuables were removed, his gold ear-rings, his silver locket and bracelets; and a large knife was used for some purpose or other which I could not

SHOKA FUNERAL PILE

quite see, except in slitting the lobes of the corpse's ears to remove his ear-rings more quickly. Branches of pine-tree were deposited on the body, and a large pot of butter was set by its side. A brass bowl of *chökti* (wine) was poured on the head, and then, in profound silence, fire was set to the pile.

A few white puffs showed that it had caught fire, and then a dense column of black smoke rose from it, filling the atmosphere with a sickening smell of singed hair and

burning flesh. The wind blew the smoke towards me, and I was enveloped in it for some moments, during which I could see nothing of what was going on, and I felt my eyes smart and my nostrils fill with the smoke and the stench. Gradually a tall flame, over twenty feet high, leaked out, consuming the body and showing me, as the atmosphere cleared, the Shokas down by the river washing their hands and faces to cleanse themselves of what they look upon as unclean—the contact with a corpse. Retracing their steps to the village, the women cried and moaned, carrying back to the house the clothes of the deceased and his brass bowls.

Reaching home, it was incumbent on them to provide lavishly for the amusement of the dead man's soul. A lay-figure crudely constructed of straw and sticks was attired by them in the clothes of the departed, and covered over with Indian fabrics embroidered in gold and red and blue, and a turban was stuck on the head, with a *panache* made of a branch of fir-tree. The *Kalihé* was at the side of the image. When the fire was extinguished, a visit was paid to the cremation spot by the relatives of the deceased, and such pieces of bone as the knee-joints, elbows, and the larger vertebræ of the spine, usually left undestroyed by the flames, were collected and deposited inside the clothes of the image. Wheat, rice, and flour were purchased in large quantities and cooked to provide food for the multitude of friends who remained the guests of the family during the whole time of the funeral. A sheep a day is usually killed and eaten on such occasions, and cask after cask of *chökti* (wine), *zahn* (a liquor distilled from barley, rice, and wheat), and *anag* (from fermented grain of various kinds) are emptied by the mourning crowd. The women folk of the dead man mourned round the effigy, resting their heads on it, crying and imploring the beloved

one to return to life. Other rows of women, with their hoods turned inside out in sign of mourning, danced gracefully in circles round the dressed-up figure, left the house by one door in the basement, described an arc in the open, and returned by another door, while men were dancing a doleful dance outside the house. Beating of

WOMEN DUSTING AND CARESSING THE LAY-FIGURE

drums went on the whole day — languid and sad at moments, excited, violent, and rowdy at others, according to the mood of the musicians and the quantity of liquor consumed by them. On each day of these proceedings, which lasted for three or four days, rice, baked wheat, and wine were placed before the effigy, until, when it was assumed that the soul of the dead had had a sufficiently amusing time, arrangements were made for its transmigration from the lay-figure into a live sheep or yak. If the deceased is a man, the animal chosen to represent him is a male; if a woman, a female; but no ceremony of this sort follows the

cremation of children under ten or twelve. In the case of the old man whose funeral I witnessed, a sheep was chosen, instead of the time-hallowed yak, the procuring of which from Tibet used to be a very costly business. The use of a sheep for these sacrifices is quite a recent innovation, brought into fashion by the greatest Shoka trader in

WOMEN DANCING ROUND THE LAY-FIGURE

Garbyang, called Gobaria, whose intention it was to put down the unnecessary waste of these ceremonies; but many pious Shokas, I was assured, are not satisfied with so small an offering as a single sheep, and slaughter two, or even more, on these occasions.

After several days' dancing and gorging in-doors, a crowd collects, to the sound of the drums, outside the habitation. The lay-figure is transported from the room either directly outside the dwelling or to some picturesque spot in the woods. This is generally on the fourth day.

Bowls with food are placed in front of it, and the dancing is begun, to a curious sentimental strain, with a graceful series of contortions, by girls and women waving large pieces of white material. The legs keep time with the arms, and each leg is alternately bent at the knee until it nearly touches the ground. The head is inclined to the right or left, and thrown backward or forward according to the beating of the drum. The circular motion in the dancing begins first very slowly, and the speed then increases by degrees, abruptly ending in odd and suggestive postures. During the intervals of dancing the relatives go round and round the lay-figure, dusting and fanning it with their white cloths.

In the afternoon the men join the performance, and though their dancing has practically the same characteristics and motions as the women's dance, it is usually so much more violent that it almost partakes of the character of a war-dance. They hold in their right hands a sword, in their left a circular shield, and some of the younger men show great skill in the rapid manipulation of their blades, twirling them round their heads and behind their backs. There are solos, duets, and trios, in which the drummer or drummers take part, and when the dancing is collective they head the procession, contorting their bodies and beating their drums with a stick on one side and the palm of the hand on the other.

The whole crowd is constantly regaled by the family with corn baked with sugar, roasted Indian corn, rice, sweets, *ghur*, and *miseri*, when the lay-figure is supposed to have had its fill. While the mob eat, the ladies of the house return to the effigy with quick beating of the drums, and again double themselves up in solemn lengthy courtesies. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most accomplished, were the solo male dancers, each performer

displaying his own particular genius. The drummer beats his drum whimsically — fast and slow alternately, with no rule—just as it pleases his fancy, and the dancer always keeps time with him in all his frenzies and eccentricities, so that his movements are sometimes so slow as

THE GOAT, WITH SOUL OF DECEASED, BEING FED

to be barely noticeable, and at others so rapid that his arms and legs can no longer be distinguished. I happened to witness no less than six funerals simultaneously in Garbyang, and a collective war-dance of as many as three hundred men. It went on during a whole day and the greater part of the following night, torches and a big bonfire burning.

Eventually, amid firing of guns, howls, yells, and deafening hissing of the assembled crowd, the animal to be

sacrificed is dragged before the lay-figure. Long colored ribbons are tied round its horns, and the ends left hanging by the side of its head. Sandal-wood is burned under the beast's nostrils, which is supposed to induce the soul of the departed to enter and establish itself in the animal. The clothes, the turban, the shield, the jewelry, are torn

GOAT, WITH SOUL AND CLOTHES OF DECEASED

from the figure's back and piled on to the goat, which is now the impersonation of the deceased. It is fed until it can hold no more, wine and liquor being poured down its throat, and large dishes of all possible delicacies being placed before it. The women relatives devote to it their tenderest affection, and shed tears over it in the conviction that it holds the spirit of their lost protector. Stuffed with food and stupefied by the alcohol, the beast submits, emotionless and immovable, to the wild caresses,

YAK DRIVEN OVER PRECIPICE

prayers, and salaams showered on it. Again the hissing, whistling, and yelling begin, and a rush is made for the animal, which is seized by the horns, the neck, the tail, wherever it can be caught hold of, and dragged, pushed, beaten, and at last chased out of the village, but not until

SENDING THE GOAT AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE

after the clothes, shield, sword, turban, and ornaments have been torn from its back. It is eventually handed over to the Hunyas or Jumlis or Humlis, who on these occasions benefit by the simplicity and superstition of the Shokas, and who throw it down, rip the body open, and pull out the heart, or twist it in the inside with a jerk that kills instantly. This method applies to sheep or goat.

When a yak is sacrificed, very much the same rites take

place up to the moment when the lay-figure is deprived of its clothing and the yak invested with it. It is similarly beaten and dragged about, and left on the top of some mountain, the crowd calling after it, "Go! go! We have feasted, fêted, and fed you. We have done all in our power for your welfare. We cannot do more. Go now."

TEARING OUT THE HEART OF THE GOAT

With this the yak, with the soul that has been driven into it, is left to its own devices, and as soon as the Shokas have departed is driven by the Tibetans over a precipice, it being against their faith to draw blood from a yak. In the fatal leap the animal is smashed to pieces, and the Tibetans, collecting the remains, gorge themselves with the prized meat of their cherished yak.

As a mark of reverence the Shoka men remove their caps not only while following the corpse to cremation,

but also during the feasting, the male relatives themselves even shaving their heads; and this practice is occasionally extended to the whole male community in the case of a particularly respected villager dying. The women remove their jewelry, and, as already noted, turn their hoods inside out.

When all is over, some restitution of his property is made to the dead, and odd articles, such as brass bowls or a gun or a shield or sword, are placed in a sacred cave, which none dare desecrate by entering to remove anything. These caves are high up on the mountainsides, and are said to be full of sacred offerings, which have accumulated there in the centuries.

CHAPTER XVIII

TOUCHING SHOKA FAREWELL—FEELINGS CURIOUSLY EXPRESSED—SOBS AND TEARS—THE START—A FUNERAL PROCESSION—DISTRESSED FATHER AND MOTHER—KACHI AND DOLA THE WORSE FOR DRINK—ANXIOUS MOMENTS—THE BRIDGE DESTROYER

The day of my departure came. It was after dark. Outside my dwelling a crowd of Shokas had assembled. I bade farewell to my host Zeheram and to his wife and children, who with tears in their eyes wished me God-speed.

KACHI AND HIS RELATIONS

"Salaam, sahib, salaam!" repeated Zeheram, sobbing and bringing his hand respectfully to his forehead. "You know, sahib, that a horse goes to a horse, a tiger to a tiger, a yak to a yak, and a man to a man. A man's house is another man's house, no matter whether the color of their skins differ or not. Therefore I thank Heaven that you have accepted shelter under my humble roof. You must have been uncomfortable, for all you sahibs are rich and accustomed to luxury. I am only a trader and a cultivator. I am poor, but I possess a heart. You, unlike

other sahibs, have always spoken kindly to me and to all of us Shokas. We feel that you are our brother. You have given us presents, but we needed them not. The only present we wish for is that, when you reach the end of your perilous journey, you will send us a message that you are well. We will all pray day and night for you. Our hearts are sore at your leaving us."

THE PATAN SUMMONING MY COOLIES FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE

This from the rough old boy, whom I had got really to like, was touching, and I told him I hoped I might some day be able to repay him for his kindness. When I descended the steps there was quite a crowd in the yard. Every one wished to bid me farewell. The men took my right hand in both theirs and brought it up to their foreheads, muttering words of grief at my leaving. The women gently caressed my face and bade me "*Niku tza*" (Go well—Farewell). These are the Shoka fashions of taking leave of friends who are departing for distant lands.

Led by the hand by a really grieving company, I moved towards the narrow, steep descent to the Chongur bridge, cut into the slope of the high cliffs of clay. On the way I called at Kachi's house, but he had gone ahead. A more mournful procession could not be imagined. The faint rays of a new moon gave an added melancholy to the scene, and that peculiarly impressive sound of sad steps, if I may thus express the pathetic cadence of people's gait when afflicted, made me feel as if I were attending my own funeral. I begged them to return to their homes, and one after the other they came to embrace my feet and to hold my fingers. Then, hiding their faces in the palms of their hands, they one by one made their way up the gray track cut into the lofty cliff, and, like phantoms, gradually becoming smaller and smaller, vanished in the distance. Still some twenty or thirty insisted on escorting me down to the stream. Farther on I came upon the excited figure of an old woman tearing her hair and crying pitifully. She threw herself at my feet, imploring me to take care of her son. It was Kachi's distressed mother. I comforted her as best I could, and also the desolate father (good old Junia), who was there with tears streaming down his cheeks, to bid me an affectionate farewell.

"Where is your son?"

"You will find him a little farther down, sahib."

I did—together with four other people lying on the ground all in a heap. One of them, who tried to stand up, called out, "Kachi, get up, here is the sahib," and then collapsed again on the top of the others. Neither Kachi nor the others gave any sign of life, and when I spoke to them I discovered that they were in a state of hopeless intoxication, arm-in-arm as they had fallen and slept.

By the side of Kachi was Dola, his uncle, supposed to be employed by me in the quadruple capacity of inter-

preter, carrier, Kachi's valet, and cook, in which latter art, after Shoka fashion, he was quite an adept, his fame having spread all over Bias. He was, therefore, a treasure not lightly to be abandoned, and yet, now that I wanted to act quickly and decisively, I had to weigh whether I should proceed with two of the most important characters in my play disabled. Should I, hampered by these semi-corpses, be able to pass unseen the watchful Tibetan guard at the Chongur bridge, only a few hundred yards farther on? I decided to try. Seizing one on each side under their armpits, I supported them and kept them erect. It was no easy job, and, I felt our speed increase at every step as I moved with my staggering mates down the steep and slippery track. We reached the bottom of the hill at a breakneck rate, and as the track was narrow along the water's edge, it was a wonder that we did not all three of us land in the river. As it was, in coming suddenly to a stop, my two men utterly collapsed again, and I was so exhausted that I had to sit down and rest.

Kachi Ram had a lucid interval. He gazed round and saw me for the first time that night.

"Sahib, I am drunk!" he exclaimed, with long pauses between each word.

"That is quite true," said I.

"We Shokas have this bad habit," he continued. "I had to drink *chökti* with all my relations and friends prior to leaving for this long journey. They would have been offended if I had not divided with each a cup of wine. I now see everything go round. Please put my head into cold water. Oh! the moon is jumping about, and is now under my feet!"

I complied with his request, and gave both his head and Dola's a good ducking in the freezing Kali River.

This had the unfortunate effect of sending them to

sleep so soundly that I thought they would never wake again. Some of the sober Shokas offered to carry the two helpless men on their backs. We were wasting valuable time, and the sky was getting clouded. When the moon had disappeared behind the high mountain, I went ahead to reconnoitre. All was darkness but for the glimmer of a brilliant star here and there in the sky. I

THE CHONGUR BRIDGE PREVIOUS TO BEING DESTROYED

crawled to the bridge and listened. Not a sound, not a light on the opposite bank. All was silence—that dead silence of nature and human life asleep. I stopped on the bridge. This structure spans the river, a huge bowlder in the centre of the stream serving as a pillar, and forms, in fact, two separate bridges joined on the opposite sides of this central bowlder. I walked cautiously across the first portion, stood to listen again on the rock

dividing the foaming waters, and tried to penetrate the obscurity. There was not a soul to be seen nor a sound to be heard. I went over the rock and proceeded towards the second half of the bridge, when I found to my horror that this second half of the bridge had been cut down. The entire section had collapsed, and with the exception of a long beam still swinging to and fro with one end in the turbid stream, and a plank or two, the whole material had been washed away.

I returned to my men.

"We must continue our way on this side of the river," I whispered to them. "The Tibetans have destroyed the bridge."

"The track is traced," they replied, "but it is impassable at night."

"Never mind; we must go. Come." And I headed the silent procession.

We went about a mile. Yet another dilemma. Kachi and Dola were still fast asleep. The others, tired and worn out with the fatigue of carrying them, wished to turn back. The sky was now clouded all over and rain was coming on.

I felt that it was useless to persist. Having seen the two drunken creatures laid flat under a shed and well covered with blankets, I therefore returned to Garbyang, with the intention of making a fresh start shortly before sunrise, when the drunkards would probably be fit to walk by themselves, and found shelter under the ever-hospitable roof of Dr. Wilson.

CHAPTER XIX

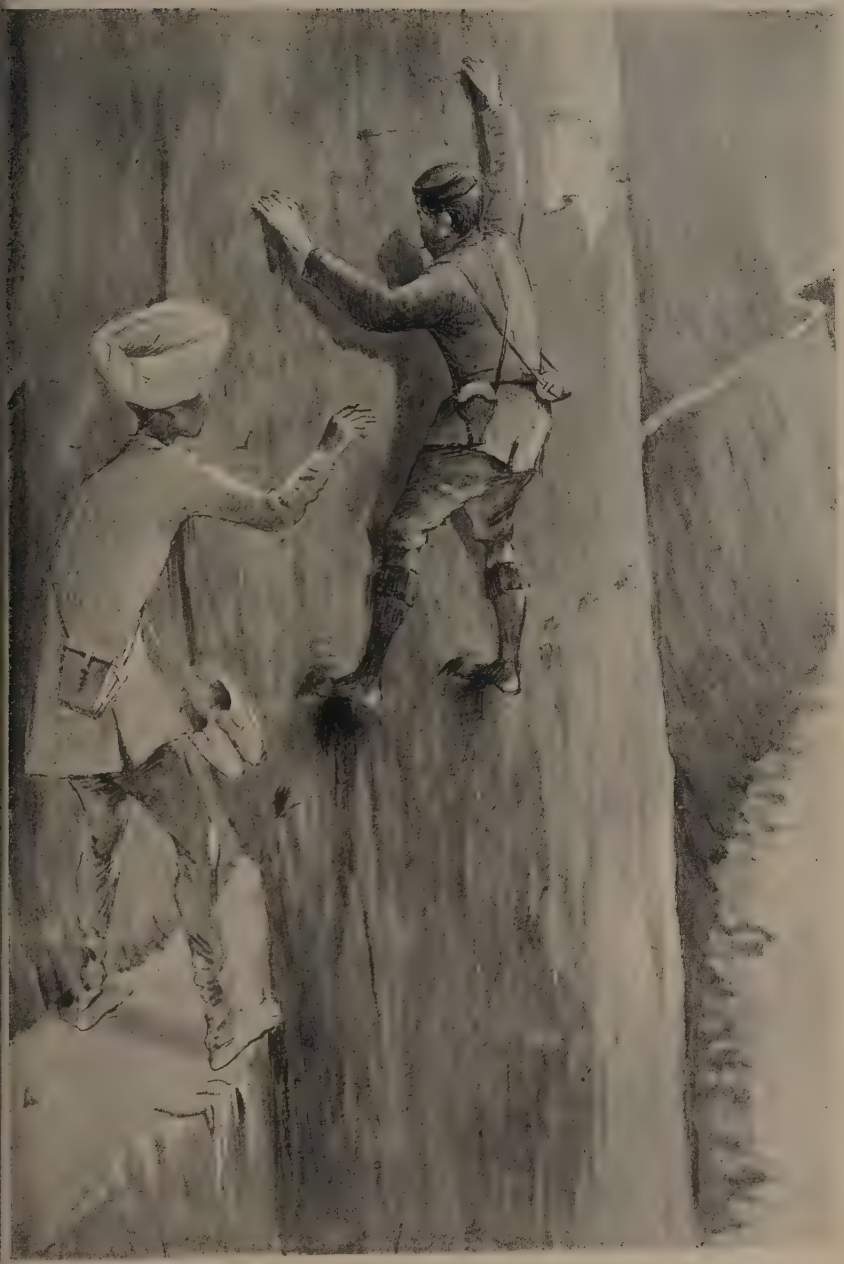
A DANGEROUS TRACK — PERILOUS PASSAGE — A CURIOUS BRIDGE OVER A PRECIPICE—PATHETIC SHOKA CUSTOM—SMALL MISADVENTURES—A GRAND RECEPTION—TEA FOR ALL TASTES

At 4 A.M., before the sun rose, I made a fresh and hurried start. I proceeded quickly to the spot where I had left the two drunken men. They had gone ahead.

Indeed, the track was a bad and dangerous one, over hanging precipices, and hardly wide enough to give standing room upon it. We came to a spot where the narrow path stopped. There was before us a perpendicular rock descending straight as a wall to the Kali River. The corrosive action of dripping water and melting snow, of which last there seemed to be a thick layer higher above on the summit of the cliff, had worn the face of the rock quite smooth. The distance across this vertical, wall-like ravine was not more than forty or fifty feet. On the other side of it the narrow track began again.

Owing to this and other dangerous places, this route is but very seldom used by the natives or by any one else. The road generally taken is on the opposite side of the Kali River, in Nepal territory. Nevertheless, a few Shokas possess bits of land on this bank of the stream, and it was by them that, in order to surmount the obstacle before which I now stood, the following expedient was devised in former years.

By letting down a man from above with ropes they



A PERILOUS PASSAGE

succeeded in making two rows of small hollows in the rock, along two parallel horizontal lines, the higher of which was about six feet or so above the lower. The holes were dug at intervals of three or four feet along each line, the upper ones to be caught on by one's hands, the lower ones to support one's feet, and none of the cavities are deeper than a few inches.

The transit seemed dangerous at any time, and impossible just then, because the drizzling rain which had set in had wet the rock and made it as slippery as glass, but I realized that the thing had to be risked, and at any cost. With an affected air of assurance I therefore took off my boots and went ahead.

I could not look about me, for I clung with my body to the wall, feeling my way with my toes and fingers. The cavities were, as a matter of fact, so shallow that progress was slow and troublesome. When the toes of the right foot seemed firmly planted in a receptacle, the right arm was made to slide along the rock until the fingers had obtained a firm grip in the cavity directly above the one in which the toes were. Then the entire body had to be shifted from left to right, bringing the left foot and hand close to the right extremities and suspending one's weight on the former, so as to render the right foot and arm ready to make the next move forward, and so on, till I reached the other side and alighted upon the narrow track, which was itself only five or six inches wide. Chanden Sing, having tied his shoes and mine over his shoulders, proceeded barefooted on the same hazardous enterprise. With none of the excitement of personal danger, the moments of apprehension while he groped his way with toes and fingers, half paralyzed with cold and fear, were to me worse even than those of my own passage. But he, too, got across safe

and sound, and after that the rest was comparatively easy.

It was necessary now to look out for signs of the two men, Kachi and Dola, who had preceded us. I was glad to find a little farther on fresh footmarks, undoubtedly those of the two Shokas. The track still ascended and descended nearly all along precipitous cliffs, and was everywhere dangerously narrow, with here and there bits on shaky crow-bars. At one spot the rugged formation of the cliff forced one suddenly to ascend to its very top and cross (on all-fours) a rude kind of bridge made of branches of trees spanned, not horizontally, but at an angle of sixty degrees over a precipice of several hundred feet. I found a white thread of wool laid over this primitive structure, in accordance with the custom of the Shokas at the death of relatives or friends away from their native village. The soul is supposed to migrate during the dark hours of the night and to return to the birthplace of the deceased. these white threads showing the way at dangerous places on the road.

Having lost the track more than once, we found ourselves down at the edge of the Kali and compelled to climb up some three hundred feet over sand and rolling stones to regain the path.

We arrived at last at Nabi. There I found my loads safe and sound, having got there by the better track on the Nepalese side previously to the Chongur bridge being destroyed by the Tibetans; also Kachi and Dola, who had got over and recovered from their drink. To make up, perhaps, for their past misbehavior, and probably to make me overlook or forget it, they seemed to have induced the natives to welcome me with particular cordiality. I was invited by them, with much show of hospitality, to spend the night in the village.

I was led with some ceremony to a primitive sort of ladder with very roughly carved steps, and shoved, with help from above and below, on to a flat mud roof. Here a tent had been pitched, the floor of which was covered with mats and rugs for me to rest on. I no sooner laid myself down than a string of men, women, and children arrived, carrying bowls with a particularly sumptuous meal of rice, *dhal*, meat, *Balab* (or boiled buckwheat leaves), curd, milk, broiled corn with sugar, *chapatis*, *shale*, sweets, native wine and liquor.

During the meal, tea was served in all sorts of fashions. There was Chinese tea and Indian tea, tea boiled with sugar and tea without it, tea with milk, and tea with butter and salt in it, pale tea and dark tea, sweet tea and bitter tea — in fact, tea until I, devoted as I am to it, wished that no tea-leaf had ever been picked and stewed in boiling water.

CHAPTER XX

DR. WILSON JOINS MY EXPEDITION FOR A FEW MARCHES — WHAT MISDEEDS A PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA CAN DO—WEIGHING, DIVIDING, AND PACKING PROVISIONS—TWO EXTRA MEN WANTED—THE LAST FRIENDLY FACES

I was examining a young woman who had badly injured and partly fractured a central vertebra of the spine, when Dr. Wilson turned up and gave the poor wretch the little relief possible in her condition, for which she had hoped in vain from me. He was welcome to me for many reasons besides the pleasure of being in his company. He had offered to join my expedition for a few marches into Tibet, and I was glad indeed to have him with me. We pushed on as soon as possible over the road between Nabi and Kuti, which I have already described. Our journey was quite uneventful, and the snow-bridges and snow-fields, so troublesome when I had first taken this road, had melted and altogether disappeared. Even at Nabi little happened. But I must just mention the following incident as illustrative of the curious suspicion and dislike I found everywhere of the photographic apparatus I carried with me.

I was on the point of leaving the place when a handsome Tibetan woman, whom I had not previously noticed, accosted me with hysterical sobs—inarticulate, but conveying a very clear impression of suffering.

"You have killed my child, and now you will kill my husband," she complained, when she was able to talk; and I then discovered that I had on my previous visit to Nabi

taken a snap-shot at a child perched on the top of a very heavy load that happened to be carried on the woman's back through my camp, and that when she complained I had appeased her, in the usual way, with a coin. She had conveyed her load to Kuti, and had slipped, on her way back with her child, at a spot not far from where I had had my slide, but, less fortunate than myself, had rolled

THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT CAUSED THE CHILD'S DEATH

right into the foaming stream. She managed to cling to the rock and was eventually saved, but the infant was washed from rock to rock by the current, and disappeared under a snow tunnel.

"Oh, sahib!" cried the woman, "if you had not before we started looked at us through *the eyes* (the twin lenses) of your *black box* (the photographic camera), I should not have lost my baby."

"And how about your husband?"

"Oh, you will kill him too."

"But I don't know your husband. Anyhow, I promise not to look at him with these eyes."

"It is not that, sahib, but he is going with you to Tibet. He is carrying one of your loads. You will all be killed."

She pointed him out to me—one of the strongest among the men I had, and the most anxious to accompany me. He was too good to lose, and I was certainly unwilling to renounce my claim to him on account of his good woman's tears. So I consoled her as best I could; promised to take good care of him, and under no circumstances to photograph him.

At Kuti, Dr. Wilson and I were busy for several hours weighing, dividing, and packing in equal loads the provisions I had purchased—fourteen *munds* in all (1120 lbs.) of flour, rice, red sugar (*ghur*), salt, red pepper (32 lbs.), *Dhal*, *miseri* (lump sugar), *ghi* (butter), and a large quantity of *satoo* (oatmeal), and broiled corn. There were, in addition, the preserved and tinned provisions which I had brought with me from London.

To give my carriers no cause for complaint, I allowed them to choose their own shoes, blankets, etc., and I did all in my power to humor them, because the loads threatened to be excessively heavy. In fact, I found that, even after dispensing with everything but what was absolutely essential, there was still ample to carry for at least two strong men. Every available Shoka had joined the party, and no inducement that I could offer brought me more volunteers. I was very unwilling to delay, and I was on the point of subdividing among the men I already had the two extra loads, when two stray shepherds turned up, half-famished and naked, with long, unkempt heads of hair, and only a coral necklace and a silver bangle by way of clothing. I quickly secured them, and although one was

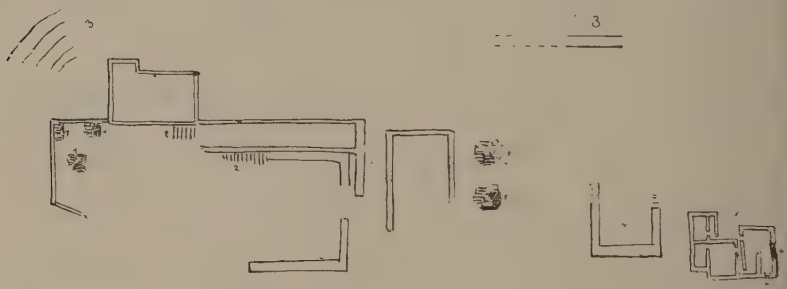
really only a boy, I decided to trust to luck and take Dr. Wilson's assurance that he looked tough enough and would be useful.

This brought my little force up to thirty strong, and now I was ready to start.

CHAPTER XXI

THE KUTI CASTLE—UNDER WAY—OUR FIRST DISASTER—A CHEERFUL AND A SULKY COOLIE—MANSING—A BRIGAND—A STRANGE MEDLEY OF FOLLOWERS—A CHARACTER—TAILORING—FIELDS OF STONES—TROUBLESOME RIVERS—THE JOLINKAN OR LEBUNG PASS—SENSE OF HUMOR—PLEASED WITH SMALL COMFORTS

BEFORE leaving Kuti, I went to see the curious and ancient castle perched on a small hill about three hundred yards south of the village. It is now in ruins, with the exception of a quadrangular tower called by the natives the Kuti Ker, but the foundations of the whole structure



PLAN OF KUTI CASTLE

1. Piles of stones. 2. Steps. 3. Outer wall. 4. Tower. 5. Blacksmith's house. 6. Windows.

can still be plainly seen. I made a plan, which is here reproduced, as it may be of archæological interest. The natives could give me no information regarding it, except that it was once a king's palace strongly fortified. A small house of several rooms by the side of the tower is said to have been the blacksmith's shop in which the arrow-heads and

swords for the king's soldiers were made. The tower is four yards square at its base, and built of stone. Judging by its shape and construction, and the curious windows, I am inclined to attribute this castle to Tibetan workmanship, for identical towers are seen in Tibet, even at Taklakot. The windows, or rather slits, on each floor of the tower were six inches square; those in the blacksmith's house were considerably larger. There were outer walls for the defence of the fort at places where the castle would have been most accessible. Quantities of stones piled up in heaps probably served as ammunition for the defenders of the fortress in centuries gone by.

When I returned to camp all was ready, and after endless trouble with some of my men, who were already uncertain as to whether they would accompany me on my journey or not, I eventually got under way in the afternoon. The Kuti village is the highest in Bias, being situated at an elevation of 12,920 feet.

The track was now comparatively free from snow and ice except here and there, where we had to cross extensive slopes covered with snow. On one of these we had our first disaster. A coolie fell who carried in his hand a large pot containing butter. He fortunately did not slide far down, but we had the bitter disappointment of seeing our precious pot roll into the water and disappear forever. We camped at an elevation of 13,050 feet. Late in the evening, as my men were collecting wood to keep up a huge fire round which we sat, my two coolies, who had remained at Kuti with instructions to follow, arrived with their respective loads. They were two strange characters. The one with a coral necklace was mournful and sulky, the other lively and talkative. They professed to be by caste Rajiputs.

"You see," exclaimed the cheerful coolie, "I am small,

but I fear nothing. When we cross into Tibet I shall go ahead with a pointed stick and clear all the Tibetans away. I am not afraid of them. I am ready to fight the whole world."

Knowing the value of this sort of talk on the part of natives, I shut him up and sent him away to fetch wood.

MANSING, THE LEPER, SHOWING HIS HANDS

The sulky fellow interested me more. He seldom uttered a word, and when he did he never spoke pleasantly; he was apparently immersed in deep thought, from which it seemed a great effort to draw his mind away. He looked painfully ill. Motionless and speechless, he would stare at a fixed point as if in a trance. His features were peculiarly refined and regular, but his skin had that ghastly, shiny, whitish tinge so peculiar to lepers. I waited for an opportunity to examine his hands, on which he sat to keep

them warm. It is there, in the contracted or dropping-off fingers, that one finds the first certain symptoms of that most terrible of all diseases, leprosy. I asked the man to come and sit nearer the blazing fire. He came and stretched out his open palms towards the flickering flame. Alas! my suspicions were but too correct. His fingers, distorted and contracted, with the skin sore at the joints, were sad and certain proof. I examined his feet and found the same symptoms there also.

"What is your name?" I inquired of him.

"Mansing," he said, dryly, becoming immediately again absorbed in one of his reveries.

The crackling fire was dying down when a stalwart Tibetan suddenly appeared, bent low under the heavy weight of a huge tree-trunk he was carrying on his back. He approached and threw the wood on the fire.

Here was another character! As strong as an ox, this servant of mine had queer antecedents. He was at one time a well-known bandit in the neighborhood of Lhassa. He was said to have taken many lives, and, finding his own in danger in his country, had come to settle on our side of the border, marrying different wives, whom he constantly beat and in turn banished from under his roof. It was owing to his latest family squabble that he came into my employ; his abnormal strength, valuable for carrying loads, was to me his only recommendation. In camp he went by the name of *Daku*, "the brigand."

In looking round to inspect my other followers, with whom I had hardly yet got acquainted, I was amused and interested at the strange medley of creatures forming my band. There were Humlis and Jumlis, with their luxuriant black hair tied into small tresses and a topknot over the head, like the Coreans. There were Tibetans, Shokas of Bias, Rongbas, Nepalese, Rajiputs, and Totolas, also

a Brahmin, two native Christians, and a Johari. Then Dr. Wilson. What a collection! What a chaos of languages and dialects!

An amusing feature of this odd crowd was that each particular caste looked down upon all the others. This from the very beginning occasioned separation during meal-time, and the camp was lively with as many burning fires in as many sheltered spots as there were castes of men following me. I was glad of this, as it seemed a sort of guarantee that they would never all join together to conspire against me.

Poor Mansing, the leper, was shivering with cold. He had been unable to purchase himself a blanket and shoes at Kuti. He had spent the money on tobacco instead. Dr. Wilson and I took pity upon him. The long evening was still before us, so I got out the cloth I had purchased at Kuti, and with scissors and needle we began to cut and sew a new set of garments for the poor wretch. The Doctor did the cutting and I the sewing. I cannot boast that a professional tailor would not have turned out a better fit, but for all general purposes the newly made clothes answered well enough. There was only one inconvenience in the single-breasted jacket. I had no buttons, and was therefore compelled to sew the coat on the man himself. It thus remained a fixture, and not only looked all right, but—which was our chief object—kept him warm.

We left camp at 5.30 the following morning. High mountains rose on either side of us, and we followed the Kuti River flowing here from west to east. At an elevation of 13,980 feet we crossed the Bitroguare River. On the other side of the Kuti River were high perpendicular cliffs of a vividly red-colored rock with blue horizontal stratifications, and towering over them a succession of very pointed peaks.

THE FUTU CASTLE

The action of ice on the rock was noticeable everywhere. As we went farther we came upon extensive fields of stones and bowlders brought down from the higher peaks by the ice, and in some places we found actual *moraines*. To our left stood a gigantic wall of stone like a natural impregnable fortress. Travelling in a direction of 320° (b. m.), and at elevations of 13,900 feet, 14,200 feet, 14,300 feet, we waded through three tributaries of the Kuti; then we came to a foaming, rapid, and deep river, which we had great difficulty in crossing. It was getting towards the middle of the day, and the stream, fed by the snows melting under the hot sun, was rising from moment to moment. Two of my coolies, whom I first sent in, reached the middle, where the water came up to their chins. They lost their footing and were temporarily helpless, and in some danger of being swamped, the loads which they carried on their heads being partly spoiled when we succeeded in recovering them. The other men got frightened by the time they were ready to cross. The river had risen so high that it was impossible to get to the other side except by swimming, and this was out of the question, on account of the loads. We therefore had to follow the stream upward for about a mile, when fortunately we found a somewhat dangerous yet passable snow bridge, over which the remainder of my men and goods effected a crossing in safety. We returned to our course on the Kuti, still passing between high, rugged mountains along an undulating plain averaging about 400 yards wide. Though at comparatively high elevations, there were large patches of brightly colored flowers—red, violet, white, and vivid yellow—which gave to the landscape a picturesque and constantly changing effect.

On reaching a small pass, 14,750 feet, the path branched to Darma by the Jolinkan towards bearings 260°, and over

the Lebung Pass. It is really only a goat track, exceedingly difficult and fatiguing, except in the month of August, when there is only a small quantity of snow, and it leads to the Dholi River about half a mile south of Khumling.

The Jolinkan River, rising from the snow-field to the east of the Lebung or Jolinkan Pass, had now to be

THE JOLINKAN OR LEBUNG PASS

crossed. The stalwart dacoit, ever ready to make himself useful, conveyed his load across, and, lifting me like a feather on to his back, saved me from plunging higher than my waist into the bitterly cold water, whereas he was covered up to his neck. The course of the Kuti turns now to 330° (b. m.). Going up and down small barren hills, round the foot of high mountains, we attained an altitude of 15,000 feet. Here, to the left of the track, and eighty feet above it, is a small and beautiful

lake, 500 yards long and 400 wide. Its waters, in which the high snowy peaks round it are reflected as in a silver mirror, find an outlet in a short but most precipitous river flowing with tremendous force into the Kuti. Soon after leaving this lake we came upon another small sheet of water, near which were thirteen peculiar piles or columns of stones, each one having been erected by the first Tibetan or Shoka who crossed the pass during the summer. A similar erection could also be seen perched on a large rock jutting out from the water of the larger lake. Though the sun was fast going down behind the mountains to the west, we pressed on, trying to make as much headway as we could towards the perpetual snows. We still travelled over undulating ground, and the marching was not heavy or difficult, save for the freezingly cold and very rapid streams we had to wade through. It was all we could do to get warm again after having been immersed in one, and before we had ceased shivering we had to wade through the next, and yet the next, so that one's chilliness increased, and the constant discomfort of cold became very trying. Much discontent prevailed among my carriers over the very long march, as their feet were numbed with cold. They nearly mutinied when I would not let them stop at a camp they had selected, but ordered them to proceed farther. A mile and a half from the point they had favored, we overlooked a large, flat basin of stones and gravel, about half a mile wide and three-quarters of a mile long, which had the appearance of having formerly been a lake. It was surrounded by high snowy peaks, and its bed lay at an altitude of 15,400 feet. It seemed as if the immense quantity of stones and pebbles carried by the river feeding it had raised its bed until it had caused the water to flow into the Kuti. When I saw it, the river formed an extensive delta

with as many as twelve arms, joining again within the basin into one single stream before throwing itself into the Kuti. Naturally we selected the wider expanse of water to ford, assuming that it would be shallower than the narrow ones. Once more that day I took off my lower garments and entered the cold water. It came direct from the snows, and its temperature was slightly above freezing-point. The sun had gone down, and there was a piercing wind. My feet, as I went in and out of the numerous branches of the stream, became so cold that I could hardly stand for the stinging pain; moreover, treading on sharp-edged stones under the water and knocking my frozen toes against them was at first very painful, but after a time they got so frozen that, though at each step the soles of my feet and toes were cut and bruised, I suffered no actual pain until after crossing five or six arms of the delta. Unable to balance myself any longer, I struggled as best I could out of the water and rubbed my feet violently, until slowly, and with intense pain, they came back to life.

It is curious how a little sense of humor helps on such occasions. To an onlooker not suffering as we were, the sight of our party crossing that dreadful delta would have been curious. The expression of disgust on all my men's faces, not to speak of my own, could not but have caused merriment. We carried our foot-gear on our shoulders; we struggled, stumbled, and splashed in the greenish water, and now one, then another, fell helpless through frost-bite on some island or other, until we were all disabled, and still only half-way through. In spite of our condition, worn out as we were, the soles and sides of our feet badly cut and bleeding, my men, so sulky at having been firmly balked in their wishes, became quite good-natured and amusing when I chaffed them over

their present troubles, and they saw that I was in the same plight. After endless rubbing, we restored a certain amount of circulation to our lower limbs, and proceeded to cross the next six arms of the delta. When, after an hour or longer of suffering, we were at last able to put on our foot-gear, we felt the happiness which comes from the knowledge of difficulties overcome. Never can I forget the great joy arising from what may seem a small comfort—a warm pair of socks! As I write these lines I live over again the particular pleasure of gently drawing them on, and it is impressed forever on my mind as a fitting reward for the hardships I had put up with.

We pitched our tents in a sheltered narrow valley to the northwest of the large basin. Altitude, 15,400 feet. Thermometer—minimum, 24°; maximum, 51°.

CHAPTER XXII

WANT OF FUEL—COOKING UNDER DIFFICULTY—MANSING LOST AND FOUND—SAVED FROM SUMMARY JUSTICE—TIBETAN VISITORS—WE PURCHASE SHEEP—THE SNOW-LINE—COLD STREAMS—THE PETRIFIED *CHAPATI* AND HUMAN HAND

One of the main drawbacks of travelling at these great altitudes was the want of vegetable fuel. There was not a tree, not a shrub to be seen near our camp. Nature wore her most desolate and barren look. Failing wood, my men dispersed to collect and bring in the dry dung of yak, pony, and sheep to serve as fuel. Kindling this was no easy matter; box after box of matches was quickly used, and our collective lung power severely drawn upon in fanning the unwilling sparks into a flame only a few inches high. Upon this meagre fire we attempted to cook our food and boil our water (a trying process at such an altitude), keeping our own circulation fairly normal by constantly required efforts. The cuisine that night was not of the usual excellence, and did but little credit to the cook. We had to eat everything half cooked, or, to be accurate, almost altogether uncooked. The night was a bitterly cold one, with a heavy fall of snow. When we rose in the morning it lay quite two feet deep around us, and the glare was painful to the eyes. I mustered my men. Mansing was missing. He had not arrived the previous night, and there was no sign of the man I had sent in search of him. I was anxious not only from my personal interest in his load (the fellow carried a load of flour, salt, pepper, and five pounds

CAMPING IN SNOW

of butter), but I was afraid that the poor leper might himself have been washed away in one of the dangerous streams. Even if this fear were groundless, he must, I felt, have suffered terribly from the cold, with no shelter and no fire. Bijesing, who had gone in search of him, had eaten some food before starting, and had taken blankets with him in case he could not return to camp during the night.

It was long after sunrise when, with the aid of my telescope, I discovered the two men coming towards us. They arrived an hour or so later. Mansing had been found sound asleep, several miles back, lying by the side of the empty butter-pot, the contents of which he had devoured. The discovery of this misdeed caused the greatest indignation in camp, for fatty matter and butter were much cherished by the natives, as being warmth-producing, when going over these cold passes. He was nearly the victim of summary justice at the hands of my angry men, and it was only with trouble that I rescued him from their clutches. To prevent a recurrence of the offence, I ordered the culprit to carry in future a heavy load of photographic plates and instruments, which I thought would not prove quite so appetizing.

Before starting I took my usual bath in the cold stream and rubbed myself all over with snow. I found this very invigorating, and when the reaction came I experienced a delightful glow of warmth, notwithstanding the thin clothes I was wearing.

While we were camping, a flock of some six hundred sheep appeared, and with them some Tibetans. As I had put up my Tibetan tent, they made for it, expecting to find some of their own countrymen, and their embarrassment was amusing when they found themselves face to face with Dr. Wilson and myself. Hurriedly removing

their fur caps, they laid them upon the ground and made a comical jerky courtesy, as if their heads and knees moved by means of a spring. They put out their tongues full length and kept them so until I made signs that they could draw them back, as I wanted them to answer some questions. This unexpected meeting with us frightened them greatly; they were trembling all over with fear, and after getting as much information out of them as they seemed to possess I took advantage of the opportunity to buy some of their fattest sheep. When the money was paid there was a further display of furred tongues, and more grand salaams ere they departed, while all hands on our side were busy trying to prevent our newly purchased animals from rejoining the flock moving away from us. On our next march these animals proved a great trouble, and we had to drag them the greater part of the way. Kachi, who had been intrusted with a very recalcitrant and strong beast, which I had specially promised my men for their dinner if they made a long march that day, found himself discomfited when he saw that the sheep had freed its head from the cord with which he was dragging it, and was cantering away full speed in the opposite direction. Now it is well known that at considerable altitudes running is a very painful operation for human beings, the rarefied air making the effect of such exertion almost suffocating. Yet Kachi, having overcome his first surprise, was soon chasing the escaped beast, and, urged by the cheers and shouts of my other men, who seemed much concerned over this new calamity, he succeeded, after an exciting chase, in capturing it by its tail, a feat easier to describe than to accomplish, for Tibetan sheep have very short, stumpy tails. Kachi fell to the ground exhausted, but he held fast with both hands to his capture, and eventually the animal was secured with ropes. This was

the sort of minor trouble with which we had to contend at almost every turn during our journey, and, although it may appear trivial, it was exasperating enough at the time.

On fairly undulating ground we gradually rose to a pass 15,580 feet high; then traversing a wide, flat land, we followed the Kuti River with its high snowy mountains to the west and east. The snow-line was at 16,000 feet;

THE SNOW-LINE AT 16,000 FEET

the snow below this level melts daily, except in a few shaded places. Red and white flowers were still to be seen, though not in such quantities as lower down, and I saw enamoured couples of small black and white butterflies.*

* N.B.—This same kind of butterfly I found at even greater elevations in Tibet.

After a while there was yet another bitterly cold stream to ford, two small lakes to skirt, three more deep rivers to wade, with cold water from the snows up to our chests; and then we had to make the best way we could through a large field of rocks and stones showing strong indications of iron, my compasses being at once affected, and becoming for a time quite unreliable owing to the deviation. A curious flat, circular stone, resting on the top of others, was pointed out to me as a wonder; the accepted legend of the Shokas being that, centuries ago, one of their countrymen halted by the side of this rock, and having baked a *chapati*, laid it upon the rock, proceeding to make others, when to his great astonishment, on raising his hand to take his first *chapati*, he found it had turned into solid stone, and had furthermore assumed gigantic proportions. A few feet farther on I was pointed out another wonder, a great human hand (as the Tibetans and Shokas call it), which is supposed to have belonged to the maker of the *chapati*. Not being satisfied with his first experience, he laid his hand on the rock, and there it remained, petrified, and, in this case also, increasing tenfold in size. I could see, with some stretch of the imagination, a certain resemblance to an enormous human hand, but the thing required more faith than observation.

Mile after mile we marched over sharp stones, wading through a second troublesome delta of eight arms fully a mile in width, across a flat basin of pointed pebbles and stones, until at last, to our great comfort, we came to smooth grass-land, a soothing comfort to one's torn feet.

Here the Kuti River ran through a large basin, not dissimilar to the one near which we had camped the night before, having also the appearance of lake formation, with high perpendicular rocks on the left, which gave one the

impression of a vast wall — a rugged and forbidding barrier. Proceeding northwest the basin became wider and the Kuti River turned to the northwest, while the Mangshan River, descending from the east, joined the first stream in the centre of the basin. In crossing the numerous branches of the two rivers we again experienced, with almost accentuated discomfort, the trials and weariness of the preceding day. The water was colder than ever, our feet were by this time in a dreadful condition, cut and bleeding, because it was constantly necessary to walk barefooted. Aching and benumbed, we stumbled on, in and out of water, always, it seemed, encountering sharp small stones. For us there could be no turning back, however; the pain had to be borne before the march was finished, and we won our camping-ground at last under the lee of the high chain of mountains to the north of us and on the northern bank of the Mangshan River. Directly in front stood the final obstacle, the stupendous backbone of the Himahlyas; once past this I should be on that high Tibetan plateau so accurately and picturesquely called "the roof of the world."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SCOUTS RETURN — A SMALL EXPLORING PARTY — THE MANGSHAN GLACIER

From Kuti I had despatched a sturdy Shoka, named Nattoo, to ascertain whether it was possible to cross the chain over the high Mangshan Pass, as in this case I should be enabled to get many marches into Tibet by the jungle without fear of being detected. I should thus get behind the force of soldiers which I was informed the Jong Pen of Taklakot had concentrated at the Lippu Pass to prevent my entering the country, and before they could have time to discover my whereabouts I should be too far ahead for them to find me. Nattoo arrived in camp almost simultaneously with ourselves and had a long tale of woe to relate. He had been half-way up the mountain. The snow was deep, and there were huge and treacherous cracks in the ice. As he was on his way up, an avalanche had fallen, and it was merely by the skin of his teeth that he had escaped with his life. This was to him an evil omen, and he had turned back without reaching the summit of the pass. He seemed scared and worn out, and declared that it was impossible for us to proceed that way. Unfortunately the thrilling account of the Kutial's misfortunes had a depressing effect on my men. What with the intense cold, the fatigue of carrying heavy loads at high elevations over such rough country, and the fearful rivers which they dreaded, and so many of which we had crossed, my carriers became absolutely demoralized at the

THE MANGSHAN GLACIER

thought of new hardships ahead, all the more when I assured them that I did not believe Nattoo, and that I should go and see for myself.

It was 4.30 in the afternoon, and therefore some time before sunset. There would be moonlight. I had on that day marched eight miles,* and though the soles of my feet were cut and sore I was not really tired. Our camp was at an elevation of 16,150 feet, a pretty respectable altitude, considering that the highest mountain in Europe is only 15,781 feet. Dr. Wilson insisted on accompanying me to the top, and Kachi Ram and a Rongba coolie volunteered to come as well. Bijesing, the Johari, got on his feet after some persuasion, and that completed our little exploration party. Chanden Sing, who was really the only man I could trust, was left in charge of the camp, with strict orders to punish severely any one who might attempt to turn back during my absence.

We set out almost immediately after reaching camp, following up-stream the course of the Mangshan River, which is boxed in between high cliffs, those south of it running in a direction of 100° (b. m.), those to the north converging to 130°, the two ranges eventually meeting in the glacier at the foot of Mangshan, about three miles east-east-southeast of our camp. There was no track, and the walking was extremely difficult and troublesome, over large slippery stones, between which one's feet constantly slipped and got jammed, straining and injuring one's ankles. Little trusting my followers, who seemed on the verge of mutiny, I did not care to leave behind in camp the heavy load of silver rupees (R. 800) sewn in my coat—which, by-the-way, I always carried on my person—as well

* It must be remembered that at high elevations the exertion of walking eight miles would be equivalent to that of marching about twice the distance at much lower altitudes.

as my rifle, two compasses (prismatic and luminous), two aneroids, one half-chronometer and another watch, and some thirty cartridges. The combined weight of these articles was considerable,* and I felt it especially during the first days of my march. On this particular afternoon it was almost too much for my strength. However, one gets accustomed to most things, and after a while I felt comparatively little discomfort in marching under it. I persisted in thus weighting myself simply to be on the safe side, so as to be always prepared in case my men revolted or abandoned me.

We proceeded up and down the series of hillocks, and in and out of the innumerable channels that the melting snow and ice had, with the aid of centuries, cut deep into the mass of rolling stones. At the point where the two ranges met there stood before us the magnificent pale-green ice-terraces of the Mangshan glacier, surmounted by extensive snow-fields winding their way to the summit of the mountain range. Clouds enveloped the higher peaks. The clear Alpine ice showed vertical streaks, especially in the lower part of the glacier, where it was granulated to a certain extent. The base, the sides, and top being covered with a thick coat of fresh snow, and my time being very limited, I was unable to make careful investigations to ascertain the recent movement and oscillations of this glacier. Judging by the nature of the stony tracts we had passed over, and also by the mounds, similar to those of a terminal moraine, which increased as we approached the glacier and its snow-covered fringe, I concluded that the glacier must have retreated considerably. The rocks and stones, as I have already mentioned, were shiny and slippery, which I attributed to the friction of

* See Appendix. Letter by Dr. H. Wilson.

the ice, and where the ice had extended over gravel this was greatly disturbed and scarred by innumerable channels, due, no doubt, to the mighty force of the moving ice, besides the constant action of melting snows during the summer. The slopes of the mountains on the north showed no indication of having been disturbed, but the range on the southern side had all the appearance of having been cut and excavated by the ice. Probably the large basins which I had crossed on my way from Kuti, and even the last one, facing our camp, were, after all, reservoirs formed by ancient moraines with alluvial deposits.

CHAPTER XXIV

SNOW AND TROUBLESOME *DÉBRIS*—THE DOCTOR'S SUFFERINGS—KACHI DISABLED—FURTHER TRIALS—A WEIRD APPARITION—DELIRIUM—ALL SAFE—THE DESCENT

The Mangshan River rises from this glacier, but we left the glacier (17,800 feet) to the right, and, turning sharply northward, began our ascent towards the pass. To gaze upon the incline before us was alone sufficient to deter one from attempting to climb it, had one a choice; in addition to this, the snow we struggled over was so soft and deep that we sank into it up to our waists. Occasionally the snow alternated with patches of loose *débris* and rotten rock, on which we were no better off; in fact, the fatigue of progressing over them was simply overpowering. Having climbed up half a dozen steps among the loose, cutting stones, we felt ourselves sliding back to almost our original point of departure, followed by a small avalanche of shifting material that only stopped when it got to the foot of the mountain.

At 19,000 feet we were for a considerable distance on soft snow, covering an ice-field with deep crevasses and cracks in it. We had to feel our way with great caution, particularly as there was only the light of the moon to depend upon.

Fortunately, as we rose higher, there were no more crevasses, but I began to feel a curious exhaustion that I had never experienced before. At sunset the thermometer which Kachi carried for me had descended forty degrees within a few minutes, and the sudden change in the tem-

perature seemed to affect us all more or less; but we went on, with the exception of Bijesing, who was seized with mountain sickness so violently that he was unable to proceed. The doctor, too, a man of powerful build, was suffering considerably. His legs, he said, had become like lead, and each seemed to weigh a ton. The effort of lifting, or even moving, them required all his energy. Although he was terribly blown and gasping for breath, yet he would not give in, and he struggled on bravely until we reached an altitude of 20,500 feet. Here he was seized with such exhaustion and pain that he was unable to proceed. Kachi Ram, the Rongba, and I went ahead, but we also were suffering, Kachi complaining of violent beating in his temples and loud buzzing in his ears. He also gasped and staggered dangerously, threatening to collapse at any moment. At 21,000 feet he fell flat on the snow. He was instantly asleep, breathing heavily and snoring raspingly. His hands and feet were icy cold, and I rubbed them. But what caused me more anxiety than anything was the irregular beating and throbbing of his heart. I wrapped him up in his blanket and my waterproof, and, having seen to his general comfort, I shouted to the doctor, telling him what had happened, and that I was going to push on as much higher as I could stand, the Rongba being now the only one of the party who was able to keep up.

A thick mist came on and enveloped us, which considerably added to our trials. Our efforts to get on after we left Kachi at 21,000 feet were desperate, our lungs in convulsion as if about to burst, our pulses hastened, our hearts throbbing (mine being ordinarily very regular) as if they would beat themselves out of our bodies. Exhausted, and seized by irresistible drowsiness, the Rongba and I nevertheless at last reached the top. It was a satisfaction

to have got there, to have reached such an altitude, although I had long realized the impossibility of getting my men over by this way. It served me also to ascertain the amount of snow on the other side of the range, which, when the fog lifted somewhat, I found to be greater on the northern slope than on the southern. Although almost fainting with fatigue, I registered my observations. The altitude was 22,000 feet, the hour 11 P.M., and there was a strong, cutting northeast wind. I had stupidly forgotten to take my thermometer out of Kachi's pocket when I left him, and was unable to register the temperature, but the cold was intense. The stars were extraordinarily brilliant and the moon shone bright for a while over the panorama around me, and, though it was a view of utter desolation, it had nevertheless a curious, indescribable fascination. Below me, to the south, were mountainous masses buried in snow, and to the southwest and northeast were peaks even higher than the one on which I stood. To the north stretched the immense, dreary Tibetan plateau with undulations and intricate hill ranges, beyond which a high mountain range with snow-peaks could just be perceived in the distance. I could see very little snow near by, except on the northern slope of the range I was standing on, and on the hill-tops which dotted the plateau.

I had barely taken it in, barely realized the wonder of nature asleep, when the mist again rose before me and I saw a gigantic phantom rising out of it. It stood in the centre of a luminous circle, a tall, dark figure in the folds of an enormous veil of mist. The effect was overwhelming, and it was only after some moments that I realized that the spectre wore my features, was a liquid presentation of my own proportions colossally enlarged; that I stood in the centre of a lunar rainbow, and that I was

gazing on the reflection of myself in the mist. As I moved my arms, my body, or my head, the ghostlike figure moved, and I felt myself irresistibly changing my postures —oddly and nervously at first, then with an awakening sense of the ridiculous in my actions—so as to make my image change and do as I did. I felt like a child placed for the first time in front of a mirror.

The colored plate given in this book represents a solar spectre with circular rainbow which I saw later on at a comparatively low altitude; the lunar effect differed from this in that the colors of the rainbow were but faintly distinguishable.

The Rongba had fallen exhausted, and I felt so faint with the awful pressure on my lungs that, despite all my efforts to resist it, I collapsed on the snow. The coolie and I, shivering pitifully, shared the same blanket for additional warmth. Both of us were seized with irresistible drowsiness, as if we had taken a strong narcotic. I fought hard against it, for I well knew that if my eyelids once closed they would almost certainly remain so forever. I called to the Rongba. He was fast asleep. I summoned up my last atom of vitality to keep my eyes open, but the wind blew hard and biting, with a hissing noise. How that hiss still sounds in my ears! It seemed like the whisper of death. The Rongba, crouched with teeth chattering, was moaning, and his sudden shudders bespoke great pain. It seemed only common charity to let him have the blanket, which was in any case too small for both, so I wrapped it tightly round his head and body. He was doubled up with his chin on his knees. This small exertion was quite sufficient to make me lose the tug-of-war in which I was pulling against nature. Just like the subject who, under hypnotic influence, feels his own will and power suddenly going from him, so I felt the

entire hopelessness of further struggle against the supernatural forces I was contending with. Falling backward on the snow, I made a last desperate effort to gaze at the glittering stars . . . my sight became dim and obscured. . . .

For how long this semiconsciousness lasted I do not know. "God! how ghastly! Doctor! Kachi!" I tried to articulate. My voice seemed choked in my throat. Was what I saw before me real? The two men, as if frozen to death by the side of each other, seemed lying on that vast white sheet of snow, motionless as statues of ice. In my dream I attempted to raise them. They were quite rigid. I knelt beside them, calling them and frantically striving to bring them back to consciousness and life. Bewildered, I turned round to look for Bijesing, and, as I did so, all sense of vitality seemed to freeze within me. I saw myself enclosed in a quickly contracting tomb of transparent ice. It was easy to realize that I too would shortly be nothing but a solid block of ice, like my companions. My legs, my arms were already congealed. Horror-stricken as I was at the approach of such a hopeless, ghastly death, my sensations were accompanied by a languor and lassitude indescribable but far from unpleasant. To some extent thought or wonderment was still alive. Should I dwindle painlessly away, preferring rest and peace to effort, or should I make a last struggle to save myself? The ice seemed to close in more and more every moment. I was choking.

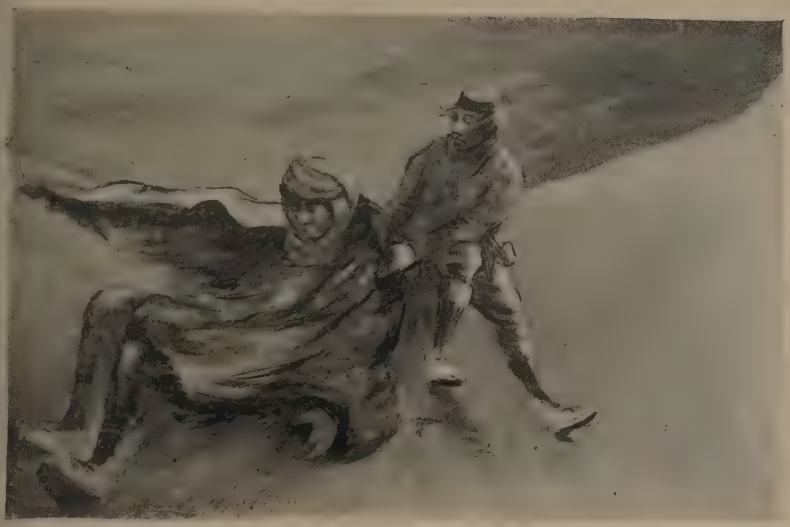
I tried to scream, to force myself through the suffocating weight on me. I gave a violent plunge, and then everything had vanished—the frozen Kachi, the doctor, the transparent tomb! Nothingness!

At last I was able to open my eyes, which ached as if needles had been stuck into them. It was snowing hard.

Lithographed by F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig (Germany).

THE SPECTRE AND CIRCULAR RAIN BOW.

I had temporarily lost the use of my legs and fingers. They were frozen. So violent was the shock of realizing how very near death I had really been that in waking up from the ghastly nightmare I became acutely alive to the full importance of instantly making my way down to a lower level. I was already covered with a layer of snow, and I suppose it was the frigid pressure on my forehead



"I ROUSED THE RONGBA"

that caused the dream. It is, however, probable that, had it not been for the hideous vision that shook my nerves free of paralyzing torpor, I should never have awakened from that spell-bound silence.

I sat up with difficulty, and, by rubbing and beating them, slowly regained the use of my lower limbs. I roused the Rongba, rubbed him, and shook him till he was able to move. We began our descent.

No doubt the satisfaction of going up high mountains is very great; but can it be compared to that of coming down?

Descending was dangerous, but not wearisome. The incline being extremely steep, we took gigantic strides on the snow, and when we came to patches of *débris* we slid ten or fifteen feet each step amidst a deafening roar from the huge mass of loose stones set in motion by our descent.

"Hark!" I said to the Rongba; "what is that?"

We waited till all was silence, and with hands up to our ears listened attentively. It was still snowing.

"*Ao, ao, ao! Jaldi ao! Tumka hatte?*" (Come, come, come! Come quickly! Where are you?) cried a faint, distressed voice from far down below.

We quickened our pace; having hardly any control over our legs, our descent was precipitous. The snowfall ceased and we became enveloped in a thick mist, which pierced into our very bones.

Guided by the anxious cries of the doctor, whose voice we recognized, we continued our breakneck journey downward. The cries got more and more distinct, and at last, to my great joy, we came face to face with Wilson, who, thank Heaven, was alive but almost helpless, as he said his legs were still like lead, and it was all he could do to move them.

Owing to his anxiety about us, he had been shouting for a long time, and, getting no answer, he became very uneasy, all the more so as he found he could in no way come to our help. He had quite given us up for lost.

We looked for and found Kachi. He had slept like a top, curled up in his warm blanket and my overcoat, and was now quite refreshed; so, all united again, we continued our race downward, exchanging our experiences and sensations. We had no very serious mishaps, and life and strength gradually came back to us again when we descended to lower elevations. The ascent from the glacier

at the bottom of the mountain to the summit occupied four and a half hours; the precipitous descent, without counting stoppages, only the ninth part of that time.

Over the same trying stony valley we reached camp during the early hours of the morning. The distance from camp to the altitude reached and back was over ten miles; therefore, during the twenty-four hours I had altogether gone eighteen miles (quite a record at such great altitudes). I may here also remark that, since breakfast at six o'clock the previous morning, I had taken no food of any kind, thus making an interval of twenty-three hours between one meal and the next. The anxiety of my men in camp was intense. They had lost all hope of seeing us again, and they were quite reassured when I told them that we would proceed later in the morning by the Lumpiya Pass, which was believed to be far easier.

In no time they had lighted a fire of dung, and after having had (at five o'clock in the morning) a handsome feed of rice, *chapatis*, extract of meat, and strengthening emergency food, we felt we were entitled to a well-deserved rest.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SOURCES OF THE KUTI RIVER — THE LUMPIYA GLACIER — THE SUMMIT OF THE RANGE—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TIBET—RUBSO FROZEN ALMOST TO DEATH — THE LUMPIYA PASS — TWO COOLIES IN DISTRESS

At 9 A.M. we were ready again to start. The thermometer registered 40° inside the tent, and the minimum temperature outside during the night had been 14°. We followed the Kuti River at the foot of the mountain-range, travelling in a direction of 298° (b. m.). On rounding a prominent headland, where the Kuti River flows through a narrow passage, we saw facing us on a mound fourteen stone pillars and pyramids with white stones on them and the customary flying prayers of cloth. It is from this point that the ascent to the Lumpiya Pass begins.

There are two sources of the Kuti Yangti, joining in a large basin; one comes from two extensive glaciers to the southwest, the other from a glacier directly under the Lumpiya Pass. The river at the junction of the two sources is not more than six yards across. Our route gradually ascended, going northwest first, then swinging away to northeast until we attained an elevation of 17,350 feet on a flat basin covered with deep snow. So far we had proceeded with no very great trouble or fatigue, but matters suddenly altered for the worse. Each coolie in the long silent row at the head of which I marched sank in the snow up to his knees, often up to his waist. They formed, undoubtedly, a picturesque sight in this lonely

H. Stone
LANDOR

region, the only bit of life in the picture, the white frozen sheet of snow throwing into strong contrast their faces wrapped tightly round with white turbans. Some wore fur caps with ear-flaps; all had long sheepskin coats and high boots of skins; many used snow spectacles; and as this procession, silent and grave, with loads on their backs, struggled higher and higher with piteous panting, you speculated apprehensively as to how many of them would ever return. Moving cautiously to avoid the many treacherous cracks, I made my way ahead with considerable trouble to a spot six hundred feet higher, where I halted for a while on a rocky island fairly clear of snow. As coolie after coolie arrived, breathing convulsively, he dropped his load and sat quietly by the side of it. There was not a grumble, not a word of reproach for the hard work they were made to endure. Sleet was falling, and the wet and cold increased the discomfort. There was now a very steep pull before us. To the left we had a glacier beginning in a precipitous fall of ice, about one hundred feet in height. Like the Mangshan glacier, it was in horizontal, ribbon-like strata of beautifully clear ice, showing no dirt bands. Perpendicular stripes of a darker greenish color could be observed arising from the unequal degrees of compactness of the ice; the strata showed almost horizontal, with no curvatures nor depressions in any part of them. The top, the base, and the sides of the glacier were in this case also buried in deep snow.

The doctor and I went ahead. In our anxiety to reach the summit, unable to discern the track, now covered by several feet of snow, we mistook our bearings, and with great fatigue climbed up an extremely steep incline. Here we were on a patch of the troublesome loose *débris*, on which we struggled for over half an hour until we reached

the top of the range, 18,750 feet, considerably higher than the pass itself. Four men had come with us, the others, to whom we signalled, bearing more to the west by another dangerous track skirting the glacier.

The wind from the northeast was piercing and the cold terrible. Under the lee of a large rock we found temporary shelter, and through my telescope scanned the Tibetan plateau spread out before us. From this high eyrie we obtained a superb bird's-eye view. Huge masses of snow covered the Tibetan side of the Himahlyas, as well as the lower range of mountains immediately in front of us, running almost parallel to our range. Two thousand feet below, between these two ranges, flowed, in a wide barren valley, a river which is afterwards called the Darma Yankti or Lumpiya Yankti. In the distance a flat plateau, rising some eight hundred feet above the river, and resembling a gigantic embankment of a railway line, could be seen extending for many miles; and far away to the north a chain of high blue mountains capped with snow, undoubtedly the Kangri chain with the Kelas peaks.

A painful incident had unfortunately happened to one of my followers—poor Rubso, a Christian convert, had fallen exhausted from cold and fatigue. He had been seized with cramp, and was lying in a semiconscious state, his teeth chattering and his features distorted and livid; his eyes were sunken and lifeless, and he showed signs of complete collapse. We hastily carried him under the shelter of a rock and rubbed him vigorously, in the hope of restoring his circulation. After more than half an hour of the greatest anxiety and exertion, to our intense relief he partially recovered and was able to proceed slowly with our help.

Having climbed the wrong path, we now had to descend to the pass, six hundred feet lower. We made our way

along dangerous rocks and *débris*. I was just clinging with my half-frozen fingers to a prominent rock, striving to get on the other side, when screams of distress from below struck my ears. Notwithstanding the unsafe position I was in, I could not help turning my head to see what had happened. On the steep incline of snow two coolies with their respective loads were sliding at incredible speed. They eventually reached the basin, where the angle of the descent being suddenly altered, it caused them to revolve several times on their own axes, the different bags, etc., forming their loads, flying about and being scattered in every direction. I gave a sigh of relief when I saw the men getting up. One coolie picked up one after the other the goods that had been intrusted to him, tied them together, got them on his back, and began the difficult ascent a second time. The other was crying and moaning, so that we could plainly hear him from our elevation. He seemed giddy. After a moment or two he staggered, fell back, and lay as if dead. Hastening over the slippery rocks, and then down precipitously on the loose *débris*, I gained the pass, 18,150 feet. Two reluctant men were immediately despatched to the relief of the coolie in distress. They first carried his load up, then him. After some time he too got over the severe shock and fright, and, though he was rather shattered and aching all over, I succeeded in persuading the man that nothing was the matter with him.

We then hurried down the steep declivity on the Tibetan side, to get away quickly from the bitterly cold, windy pass. Describing a wide arc of a circle, and then making straight down across several long snow-beds, we at last reached the river level and pitched our tents on snow at an altitude of 16,900 feet. There was no wood, no yak or pony dung, no lichens, no moss, and therefore nothing

with which we could make a fire. It seemed hard upon my men that, after such a toilsome day, they should be compelled to go to sleep without having had a good meal. They believe—and they are right—that eating cold food at such high elevations, with such low temperature, leads to certain death. They preferred, therefore, to remain without food altogether. Night came, and with it the wind, blowing in gusts and piling the grit and snow around our tents. During the nocturnal hours, with the hurricane raging, we had to turn out of our flapping canvases several times to make the loose pegs firmer. Fastening all the frozen ropes was very cold work. At 2 A.M. the thermometer was down to 12°. At 9 A.M., in the sun, it went up to 26°, and inside the tent at the same hour we had a temperature as high as 32°—freezing-point.

CHAPTER XXVI

MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINTS—BRIGAND OR SPY?—PASSES AND TRACKS—INTENSE COLD—NO FUEL—A HIGH, FLAT PLATEAU—FUEL AT LAST!—TWO SPIES IN DISGUISE—WHAT THEY TOOK US FOR

In a hurricane of grit and drenching rain we packed up our traps as best we could and again started on our way. I was slightly in advance, when, to my surprise, I noticed, some two hundred yards only from camp, a double line of recent footmarks in the snow. Those coming towards us were somewhat indistinct and nearly covered with grit, those going in the opposite direction seemed quite recent. After carefully examining these footprints, I felt pretty certain that they had been made by a Tibetan. Where the footprints stopped, marks in the snow showed that the man had at different points laid himself flat on the ground. No doubt we had been spied upon and watched. My own men had shown many signs of terror ever since we had crossed to this side of the Himahlyas, and were now all anxiously stooping low over these prints and speculating on their origin. Their excitement and fear were strange to watch. Some surmised that the man must be a *Daku*, a brigand, and that in the evening we should be attacked by the whole band; others maintained that the spy could only be a Sepoy sent by the Gyanema officers to watch our movements. In any case, this incident was held to be an evil omen, and during our march in a northwest direction along the bank of the river we continually saw the trail. The wildest specula-

tions and imaginations were rife. To the left of us we passed the valleys leading south to the Neway Pass; then a second to the Kats, 230° (b. m.). The bearings were taken from the mouth of the river descending from it and a tributary of the Darma Yangti.

Six miles from our last camp, at bearings 340°, was the Luway Pass.

We were travelling on flat or slightly undulating barren ground. We waded across another cold river with water up to our waists, and my men became so exhausted that one mile farther we had to halt at 16,650 feet.

The cold was intense, and again we had no fuel of any kind. A furious wind was blowing, with snow falling heavily in the evening. My carriers, half starved, ate a little *satoo*, a kind of oatmeal, but Chanden Sing, a Rajiput, could not, without breaking his caste, eat his food without undressing. It was two days since he had had his last meal, but rather than infringe the rules of his religion, or take off his clothes in such frigid regions, he preferred to curl up in his blanket and go to sleep fasting.

The doctor left the warmth and comfort of blankets to go and talk with the men, and get their views about weather prospects and the chances of our route. I preferred the comfort of such warmth as I could get in our tent, where the temperature was 28° Fahr., or four degrees below freezing. The snow was lying a foot deep, and it was still falling heavily. The carriers were all attempting to sleep, huddled as close as possible to each other for warmth; they refused to move, saying they would rather die, and we found it convenient to believe them, and get what warmth and sleep we could under blankets in the tent.

Two or three hours later the weather cleared. The

coolies, half starved, came to complain that they were again unable to find fuel to cook their food, and that they would leave me. The position of affairs was critical. I immediately took my telescope and clambered to the top of a small hillock. It was curious to note what unbounded faith the coolies had in this glass. It was evident that they believed, in a childlike fashion, that I could see through mountains with it. I came down with the reassuring news that one day's march farther would bring us to a fine supply of fuel.

They cheerfully hastened to pack up the loads, and set forth with unusual energy in the direction I had pointed out. We followed a parallel line to the high flat plateau on the other side of the stream, the slopes of which, in relation to the plain we were standing on, were at an obtuse angle of about 115°. The snow-covered plateau extended from southwest to northeast. Beyond it to the north could be seen some high snowy peaks, in all probability the lofty summits southeast of Gartok. At the point where the Luway joins the other three rivers there is a direct way to the summit of the table-land, along which it continues across the Himahlyas by the Luway Pass. To our right we were flanked by high, rugged mountains, with an occasional precipitous torrent. Six hours' brisk marching took us to a sheltered nook where a few lichens and shrubs were growing. If we had suddenly descended into the Black Forest of Germany or the Yosemite Valley, with their gigantic, century-old trees, our delight could not have been greater. As it was, the highest of these shrubs stood no higher than six or seven inches from the ground, while the diameter of the largest piece of wood we collected was smaller than that of an ordinary pencil. With feverish activity all hands went to work to root up these plants for fuel.

When night came, the same number of hands were busy cooking and transferring with alarming celerity such steaming food as was available from the different fires to the mouths of the famished coolies. Happiness reigned in camp, and all recent hardships were forgotten.

A fresh surprise was awaiting us when we rose. Two Tibetans disguised as beggars had come to our camp. They professed to be suffering from cold and starvation. I gave orders that they should be properly fed and kindly treated. On being cross-examined they confessed that they were spies sent by the officer at Gyanema to ascertain whether a sahib had crossed the frontier, and whether we had seen anything of him.

We had so many things to attend to in the morning, and it was so cold, that washing had really become a nuisance, and I for my part gave it up, at least *pro tem.* We were sunburned, and we wore turbans and snow-glasses, so the Tibetans departed under the impression that our party consisted of a Hindoo doctor, his brother, and a caravan of servants (none of whom had seen a sahib coming), and that we were now on a pilgrimage to the sacred Mansarowar Lake and Kelas Mount.

In the presence of the men we treated this as a great joke, but, all the same, Wilson and I anxiously consulted as to our immediate plans. Should we make a rapid march during the night over the mountain range to our right, and strike east by the jungle, or should we face the Gyanema leader and his soldiers?

We decided to meet them rather than go out of our way, and I gave orders to raise camp immediately.

CHAPTER XXVII

LAMA CHOKDEN—A TIBETAN GUARD—THE SACRED KELAS—REVERENCE OF MY MEN FOR THE SACRED MOUNTAIN—TRYING HARD TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH THE GODS—*OBOS*—WATER FLOWING TO US

We altered our course from north to northeast, rising to 16,600 feet, and leaving the high table-land to the west. We arrived at Lama Chokden (or Chorten), a pass protected by a Tibetan guard, who quickly turned out, matchlocks in hand, as we approached. They seemed a miserable lot, and not only offered no resistance, but actually begged for money and food. They complained of ill-treatment by their superiors, stating that they received no pay, and even food was only occasionally sent to them at this outpost. Their tunics were in rags; each man carried a sword stuck in front through the girdle. Here, too, we had more inquiries about the young sahib, as messengers on horseback had been sent post-haste from Taklakot to warn the Gyanema officer not to let him penetrate into Hundes* by the Lumpiya Pass, should he attempt it. Their description of my supposed appearance was very amusing, and when they said that if the sahib came they would have to cut his head off, I felt so touched by their good-natured confidence that I wanted to distribute a few rupees among them.

"Do not give them anything, sir," said Kachi and the doctor. "These fellows are hand and glove with the bands of dacoits; the latter will soon be told that we have

* Hundes—Tibet.

money, and we shall run great risk of being attacked at night."

I insisted on giving them a present.

"No, sir," cried Kachi, distressed; "do not do it, or it will bring us no end of trouble and misfortune. If you give them four annas, that will be ample."

Accordingly the officer in command had this large sum deposited in the outstretched palm of his hand, and, to show his satisfaction, he pulled out his tongue to its full length, waving both his hands at me for some minutes, and bowing clumsily at the same time. His fur cap had been previously removed and thrown on the ground. This was indeed a grand salaam, a ceremonious acknowledgment of a gift of something less than fourpence!

While the doctor remained in conversation with him, I happened to witness a very beautiful sight. To the north the clouds had dispersed, and the snow-capped sacred Kelas Mount stood majestic before us. In appearance not unlike the graceful roof of a temple, Kelas towers over the long white-capped range, contrasting in beautiful blending of tints with the warm sienna color of the lower elevations. Kelas is some two thousand feet higher than the other peaks of the Gangir chain, with strongly defined ledges and terraces marking its stratifications, and covered with horizontal layers of snow standing out in brilliant color against the dark, ice-worn rock. The Tibetans, the Nepalese, the Shokas, the Humlis, Jumlis, and Hindoos, all have a strong veneration for this mountain, which is believed by them to be the abode of all the good gods, especially of the god Siva. In fact, the ledge round its base is said by the Hindoos to be the mark of the ropes used by the devil (Rakas) to pull down the throne of Siva.

My men, with heads uncovered, their faces turned tow-

ards the sacred peak, were muttering prayers. With joined hands, which they slowly raised as high as the forehead, they prayed fervently, and then went down on their knees, with heads bent low to the ground. My brigand follower, who was standing close by me, hurriedly whispered that I should join in this act of prayer.

"You must keep friends with the gods," said the bandit; "misfortune will attend you if you do not salaam to Kelas; that is the home of a good god!" and he pointed to the peak with the most devout air of conviction.

To please him I saluted the mountain with the utmost deference, and, taking my cue from the others, placed a white stone on one of the hundreds of *Choktens* or *Obos* (stone pillars) erected by devotees at this spot. These *Obos*, or rough pyramids of stones, are found on the tracks traversing all high passes, near lakes—in fact, everywhere, but rarely in such quantities as at Lama Chokden. The hill in front, and at the back of the guard-house, was literally covered with these structures. Each passer-by deposits a stone on one of them—a white stone if possible—and this is supposed to bring him good-fortune, or, if he has a wish he desires accomplished, such a contribution will enhance the chances of its fulfilment.

The guard-house itself was of rough stone, mean and desolate, and in any country but Tibet would not be considered fit accommodation for pigs.

After going a mile or so farther, as the sun was fast disappearing we searched for a suitable spot to pitch our tents. There was no sign of any water, only the stony bed of a dried rivulet. We were discussing the situation, when a faint sound as of rushing water struck our ears. It grew louder and louder, and then we saw coming towards us a stream of limpid molten snow, gradually advancing over the bed of stones. Evidently the snow of the

mountains had taken all day to melt, and the water was only now reaching this spot. My dacoit was in a great state of excitement.

"Water flowing to you, sahib!" he exclaimed, with his arms outstretched. "You will have great luck! Look! Look! You want water for your camp, and a stream comes to you! Heaven blesses you. You must dip your fingers into the water as soon as it comes up to you, and throw some drops over your shoulders. Then will fortune attend you on your journey."

I readily fell in with this Tibetan superstition, and we all dipped our fingers and sprinkled the water behind our backs. Wilson, however, who took the matter quite seriously, said it was all nonsense, and would not give in to such "childish fancy."

Good-fortune would have meant much to me, but in the days to come this simple rite proved to have been futile! Certainly no good fairy watched over my steps, and often the thought of this ceremony came back to me with bitterness.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EXTENSIVE VALLEY — *KIANG*, OR WILD HORSE — THEIR STRANGE WAYS—THE GYANEMA FORT—APPREHENSION AT OUR APPEARANCE—A PARLEY—"CUT OUR HEADS!"—REVOLT AND MURDER CONTEMPLATED—HYPOCRITICAL WAYS OF TIBETAN OFFICIALS—HELP SUMMONED FROM EVERYWHERE—PREPARING FOR WAR

In front of our camp was a great stretch of flat alluvial land, which had been, to all appearance, at some remote time the bed of a large lake about ten miles long and fourteen wide. With my telescope I could see plainly to 40° (b. m.), at the foot of a small hill, the camping-ground of Karko. There were many tents, and my men seemed much reassured when by their shape and color we made them out to be those of the Joharis from Milam, who come over at this place to trade with the Hunyas.* To east-northeast we had a valley extending for many miles between two high ranges, and to the west and northwest were hills between us and the Darma Yangti, flowing there in a north-northeast direction. Beyond Karko to the north a stretch of water, the Gyanema Lake, showed brilliantly, and beyond it some comparatively low hill ranges. In the distance, more snowy peaks were visible.

On leaving camp we traversed the plain for six miles in a northeast direction, and then, on a course of 80° (b. m.), turned into a smaller valley well enclosed by hills, following it for a distance of three or four miles. This formed, as it were, an arm of the other large valley.

* Hunyas—Tibetans.

During our march we saw many large herds of *Kiang* (wild horse). These animals came quite close to us. They resembled zebras in shape and movement of body, but in color they were mostly light brown. The natives regarded their near proximity as extremely dangerous; for their apparent tameness is often deceptive, enabling them to draw quite close to the unwary traveller, and then with a sudden dash seize him by the stomach, inflicting a horrible wound with their powerful jaws. Their graceful and coquettish ways were most taking; we occasionally threw stones at them to keep them at a safe distance, but after cantering prettily away they would follow us again and come within a few yards. I succeeded in taking some very good negatives, which unfortunately were afterwards destroyed by the Tibetan authorities. I still have, however, some of the sketches I made of them. We climbed over another hill range, and descended on the other side into a grassy stretch of flat land, in the northern portion of which was a sheet of water. On a hill south of the lake stood the Gyanema Khar, or fort, a primitive tower-like structure of stones, with a tent pitched over it to answer the purpose of roof, supporting a flag-staff on which flew two dirty white rags. They were not the colors of Hundes, but only wind prayers. Lower down, at the foot of the hill, were two or three large black tents and a small shed of stones. Hundreds of black, white, and brown yaks were grazing on the green patches of grass.

The appearance of our party evidently created some apprehension, for we had hardly shown ourselves on the summit of the col when from the fort a gong began to sound loudly, filling the air with its unmelodious metallic notes. A shot was fired. Soldiers with their matchlocks were seen running here and there. They pulled down one of the black tents and hastily conveyed it inside the

fort, the greater part of the garrison also seeking shelter within the walls with the *empressement* almost of a stampede. When, after some little time, they convinced themselves that we had no evil intentions, some of the Tibetan officers, followed by their men, came trembling to meet us. The doctor, unarmed, went ahead to talk with them, whereas my bearer and I remained with the coolies for the double purpose of protecting our baggage in case of a treacherous attack, and of preventing my panic-stricken carriers from abandoning their loads and escaping. But matters looked peaceful enough. Rugs were spread on the grass, and eventually we all sat down. An hour's trying parley with the Tibetan officers, during which time the same things were repeated over and over again, led to nothing. They said they could on no account allow any one from India, whether native or sahib, to proceed, and we must go back. We on our side stated that we were doing no harm. We were pilgrims to the sacred Lake of Mansarowar, only a few miles farther. We had gone to much expense and trouble. How could we now turn back when so near our goal? We would not go back, and trusted they would allow us to proceed.

We treated them courteously and kindly, and probably mistaking this for fear they promptly took advantage of it, especially the Magbun,* or chief officer in charge of the Gyanema fort. His marked humility, of which at first he had made so much display, suddenly turned into arrogance.

"You will have to cut off my head," said he, with a vicious countenance, "or rather I will cut off yours, before I let you go another step."

* *Magbun* or *Magpun*—General-in-Chief.

"Cut off my head?" cried I, jumping on my feet and shoving a cartridge into my rifle.

"Cut off my head?" repeated my bearer, pointing with his Martini-Henry at the official.

"Cut off our heads?" queried angrily the Brahmin and the two Christian servants of Dr. Wilson, handling a Winchester and a couple of Gourkha *kukris* (large knives).

"No, no, no, no! Salaam, salaam, salaam!" poured forth the Magbun with the celerity of speech only possessed by a panic-stricken man. "Salaam, salaam," repeated he again, bowing down to the ground, tongue out, and depositing his hat at our feet in a disgustingly servile manner. "Let us talk like friends!"

The Magbun's men, no braver than their master, shifted their positions in a nonchalant manner so as to be screened by their superiors in case of our firing, and on second thoughts, judging even such a precaution to insure them but scanty safety, they one after the other got up, walked steadily away for half a dozen steps, to show it was not fear that made them leave, and then took to their heels.

The Magbun and the other officers who remained became more and more meek. We spoke and argued in a friendly manner for two long hours, but with no appreciable results. The Magbun could not decide of his own accord. He would consult with his officers, and he could give us an answer no sooner than the next morning. In the mean time he would provide for our general comfort and insure our safety, if we would encamp near his tent. This, of course, I well knew to be an expedient to gain time, so as to send for soldiers to Barca, north of the Rakstal Lake, as well as to all the neighboring camps. I frankly told him my suspicions, but added that I wished to deal fairly with the Tibetan authorities before resort-

ing to force. I reminded the Magbun again, and made him plainly understand, that we were merely peaceful travellers, and had not come to fight; that I was paying tenfold for anything I purchased from him or his men, and was glad to do so; but at the same time, let the hand beware that dared touch or twist a single hair of any one belonging to my party! The Magbun declared that he understood perfectly. He swore friendship, and as friends he begged us to stop over the night near his camp. By the Sun and Kunju Sum (Trinity) he gave a solemn oath that we should in no way be harmed. He took humble leave of us and retired.

The doctor and I had been sitting in front, next were Chanden Sing, the Brahmin, and the two Christians. The carriers were behind. When the Magbun had gone I turned round to look at them. Behold, what a sight! They one and all were crying miserably, each man hiding his face in his hands. Kachi had tears streaming down his cheeks, Dola was sobbing, while the Daku and the other Tibetan in my employ, who had for the occasion assumed a disguise, were concealing themselves behind their loads. Serious though the situation was, I could not help laughing at the demoralization of my men. We pitched our tents, and I had been sitting awhile inside one, registering my observations and writing up my diary, when Kachi crept in, apparently in great distress. He seemed so upset that he could hardly speak.

"Master!" he whispered. "Master! The Tibetans have sent a man to your coolies threatening them that they must betray you or die. They must abandon you during the night, and if you attempt to retain them they must kill you."

At the same time that this agent had been sent to conspire with my coolies, other envoys of the Magbun brought

huge masses of dry dung to make our fires, conveying to me his renewed declarations of friendship. Notwithstanding this, soldiers were despatched in every direction to call for help. I saw them start: one went towards Kardam and Taklakot; a second proceeded in the direction of Barca, and a third galloped to the west.

My carriers were evidently preparing a *coup de main* as I watched them through an opening in the tent. They were busily engaged separating their blankets and clothes from my loads, dividing the provisions among themselves, and throwing aside my goods. I went out to them, patiently made them repack the things, and cautioned them that I would shoot any one who attempted to revolt or desert.

While the doctor and I sat down to a hearty meal, which rumors in camp said would be our last, Chanden Sing was intrusted with the preparations for war on our side. He cleaned the rifles with much care, and got the ammunition ready, for he was longing to fight. The Brahmin, on whose faithfulness we could also rely, remained cool and collected through the whole affair. He was a philosopher, and never worried over anything. He took no active part in preparing for our defence, for he feared not death. God alone could kill him, he argued, and all the matchlocks in the country together could not send a bullet through him unless God wished it. And if it be God's decree that he should die, what could be the use of rebelling against it? The two converts, like good Christians, were more practical, and lost no time in grinding the huge blades of their *kukris* to the sharpness of a razor.

When darkness came a guard was placed, at a little distance off, all round our camp. It seemed likely that a rush on our tent with the help of my treacherous carriers

was contemplated, should an opportunity occur. One of us kept watch outside all through the night, and those inside lay down in their clothes, with loaded rifles by them. I can't say that either Dr. Wilson or I felt particularly uneasy, for the Tibetan soldiers, with their clumsy matchlocks, long spears, and jewelled swords and daggers, inspired us with more admiration for their picturesque appearance than with fear.

CHAPTER XXIX

ARRIVAL OF A HIGH OFFICIAL—THE BARCA TARJUM—A TEDIOUS PALAVER—THE TARJUM'S ANXIETY—PERMISSION TO PROCEED—A TRAITOR—ENTREATED TO RETRACE OUR STEPS—THIRTY ARMED HORSEMEN—A PRETTY SPEECH

QUITE early the next morning we were roused by the distant sound of tinkling horse-bells. On looking out of the tent I saw a long row of pack-ponies heavily laden, escorted by a number of mounted soldiers with match-locks and spears. It was evident that some high official was coming. This advance detachment consisted of his subalterns and his baggage. They took a long sweep far away from our tent and dismounted by the Gyanema fort. Other soldiers and messengers were constantly arriving in groups from all directions. The leader of one party, with a considerable escort of soldiers, was received with profuse salaams, and I concluded that he must be an important personage.

After some time a message was sent to us that this new-comer, the Barca Tarjum, practically a potentate equal in rank to a king under a protectorate, wished to have the honor of seeing us. We replied that we were having our breakfast and that we would send for him when we wished to speak to him. Our experience had taught us that it was advisable to treat Tibetan officials as inferiors, as they were then more subdued and easier to deal with. At eleven we despatched a messenger to the fort to say we should be pleased to receive the Tarjum. He came immediately with a large following, a picturesque figure

dressed in a long coat of green silk of Chinese shape, with large sleeves turned up, showing his arms up to the elbow; he had a cap similar to those worn by Chinese officials, and he was shod in heavy, long black boots, with large nails under the soles. His long, pale, angular face was remarkable in many ways; it was interestingly stolid, and, though somewhat effeminate, had rather fine features; unmistakable signs of depravity indicated his low class of mind and morals. Long hair fell in loose curls down to his shoulders, and hanging from his left ear was an ear-ring of large dimensions, with malachite ornaments and a pendant. In his nervous fingers he held a small roll of Tibetan material, which he used with both hands as a handkerchief to blow his nose inconsequently every time that he was at a loss to answer a question. The Tarjum and his men were profuse in their bows, and there was, as usual, a great display of tongues. These were, I noticed, of an unhealthy whitish color, caused throughout Tibet by excessive tea-drinking, a practice which ruins the digestion and furs their tongues.

We had rugs placed outside our principal tent, and the doctor and I sat on one, asking the Tarjum to sit on the one facing us. His followers squatted around him. It is a well-known fact that in Tibet, if you are a "somebody," or if you wish people to recognize your importance, you must have an umbrella spread over your head. Fortunately, the ever-prudent doctor had two in his possession; which two of our men held over our respective heads. The Tarjum himself was shaded under a parasol of colossal dimensions, held in position by his secretary.

In spite of the extravagant terms of friendship which fell from the Tarjum's lips, I was convinced, by close observation of the man's face that his words were insincere and that it would be unsafe to trust him. He never

looked us straight in the face; his eyes were fixed on the ground all the time, and he spoke in a despicably affected manner. I did not like the man from the very first, and, friend or no friend, I kept my loaded rifle on my lap.

After endless ponderous speeches, clumsy compliments, and tender inquiries after all relations they could possibly think of; after tiring parabolic sentences with fine sounds but no meaning; after repeated blowing of the nose and loud coughing, which always came on opportunely when we asked whether they had yet come to a conclusion as to what we should be allowed to do, at last, when my patience was nearly exhausted, our negotiations of the previous day were reopened. We argued for hours. We asked to be allowed to go on. They were still uncertain whether they would let us or not. To simplify matters, and hasten their decision before other reinforcements arrived, the doctor applied for permission to let only eight of us proceed to Mansarowar. He (the doctor) himself would remain at Gyanema with the remainder of the party as a guarantee of good faith. But even this offer they rejected, not directly, but with hypocritical excuses and delays, for they thought we would not find our way, and that if we did we should find it very rough and the climate too severe; that the brigands might attack us, and so on, and so on. All this was very tiresome, and there were signs even of a nasty side to their attitude. I decided to know what I was about.

Still holding the rifle cocked at safety on my lap, I turned the muzzle of it towards the Tarjum, and purposely let my hand slide down to the trigger. He became uncomfortable, and his face showed signs of wild terror. His eyes, until now fixed upon the ground, became first unsteady, and then settled fixedly, and with a look of distress, on the muzzle of my rifle. At the same time he

tried to dodge the aim, right or left, by moving his head, but I made the weapon follow all his movements. The Tarjum's servants fully shared their master's fear. Without doubt the poor fellow was in agony; his tone of voice, a moment before boisterous and aggressive, now dwindled into the humblest intonations imaginable. With much meekness he expressed himself ready to please us in every way.

"I see that you are good people," said he in a faint whisper, accompanied by a deep bow. "I cannot give, as I would like to do, my official sanction to your journey forward, but you can go if you wish. I cannot say more. Eight of you can proceed to the sacred Mansarowar Lake. The others will remain here."

Before giving his final decision he said that he would prefer to have another consultation with his officers.

We accorded this readily.

The Tarjum then presented the doctor with a roll of Tibetan cloth.

I had bathed, as usual, in the morning, and my Turkish towel was spread outside the tent to dry. The Tarjum, who showed great interest in all our things, took a particular fancy to its knotty fabric. He sent for his child to see this wonderful material, and when he arrived the towel was placed on the youth's back as if it were a shawl. I at once offered it to him as a present if he would accept it. There were no bounds to his delight, and our relations, somewhat strained a few minutes earlier, became now of the friendliest character. We invited the party inside our tent, and they examined everything with curiosity, asking endless questions. They were now quite jovial and pleasant, and even occasionally amusing. Tibetans have a craving for alcohol at all times, and they soon asked me if I had any to give them; there was nothing

they would like more. As I never carry any when travelling, I could not offer them any recognized drink; but, not wishing to disappoint them, I produced a bottle of methylated spirits (which I used for my hypsometrical apparatus). This they readily drank, apparently appreciating its throat-burning qualities, and asked for more. The Tarjum complained of an ailment from which he had suffered for some time, and the doctor was able to give him a suitable remedy, and all the other officers received small presents when they departed.

In the afternoon a messenger came from the Barca Tarjum. He had good news for us. The Tarjum wished us to understand that, "as we had been so kind to him and his followers, he regarded us as his personal friends; and as we were so anxious to visit the Mansarowar Lake and the great Kelas Mount, and had already experienced many difficulties and great expense in coming so far, he agreed to eight of our party proceeding to the sacred spots. It was impossible for him to give an official consent, but he repeated again that we could go if we wished."

This news naturally delighted me. Once at Kelas, I felt sure I could easily find some means of going farther.

On the same evening a traitor in our camp sneaked from under the tent in which my men were sleeping and paid a visit to the Tarjum. There is no doubt that he told him I was not the doctor's brother, nor a Hindoo pilgrim. He disclosed that I was a sahib, and that I was on my way to Lhassa. From what I heard afterwards, it seemed that the Tarjum did not quite believe his informant; but, fresh doubts arising in his mind, he sent a message during the night, entreating us to return the way we came.

"If there is really a sahib in your party, whom you

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have kept concealed from me, and I let you go on, my head will be cut off by the Lhassa people. You are now my friends, and you will not allow this."

"Tell the Tarjum," I replied to the messenger, "that he is my friend, and I will treat him as a friend."

In the morning we found thirty horsemen fully armed posted some hundred yards from our tent. To proceed with the demoralized crowd under me, and be followed by this company, would certainly prove disastrous, and I felt again that some ruse was a necessity.

Much to the astonishment and terror of the armed force and their superiors, the doctor, Chanden Sing, and I, rifles in hand, walked firmly towards the contingent of sepoys. After us came the trembling coolies. The Magbun and the Tarjum's officers could hardly believe their eyes. The soldiers quickly dismounted, and laid their arms down to show that they had no intention of fighting. We passed them without any notice. The Magbun ran after me. He begged me to stop one moment. Dola was summoned to interpret his elaborate speech. A pair of prettily embroidered cloth boots were produced from the loose folds of the official's coat, and he offered them with the following words:

"Though your face is sunburned and black, and your eyes are sore" (they were not, as a matter of fact, but I wore snow-spectacles), "your features tell me that you are of a good family, therefore you must be a high officer in your country. Your noble feelings also show that you would not have us punished for your sake, and now our hearts are glad to see you retrace your steps. Let me offer you these boots, so that your feet may not get sore on the long and difficult journey back to your native land."

It was neatly put, though the mode of reasoning was

peculiar. It was not to my interest to disillusionize the Tibetan as to my purpose, so I accepted the boots. The Magbun and his guard salaamed to the ground.

Without further parleying we left the Magbun, and, retracing our steps, proceeded in a west-southwest direction, as though we had decided to turn back and leave the country.

CHAPTER XXX

SPYING OUR MOVEMENTS — DISGUISED SEPOYS — A GLOOMY OUTLOOK — TROUBLESOME FOLLOWERS — ANOTHER MARCH BACK — AN AMUSING INCIDENT

We reached the summit of the hill and crossed to the other side. My men went on down the slope, but I remained, screened by a large stone, to observe with my telescope the folks at Gyanema. No sooner had my last man disappeared on the other side of the pass than the cavalrymen jumped into their saddles, and, raising clouds of dust, galloped after us. This was what I had expected. I hastened to rejoin my men. When down in the plain, I again took my telescope, and watched the sky-line of the hill we had just descended. Some thirty heads could be seen peeping over the rocks from among the bowlders. The soldiers had evidently dismounted and were spying our movements. I felt annoyed that they did not openly follow us, if they so wished, instead of watching us from a distance, so I sighted my rifle to eight hundred yards, lay down flat, and took aim at a figure I could see more plainly than the others.

The doctor snatched the rifle from my shoulder.

"You must not shoot," said he, with his usual calmness; "you might kill somebody."

"I only wish to teach those cowards a lesson."

"That is all very well. But every man in Tibet is so cowardly that the lesson would have to be constantly repeated," answered Wilson, with his perpetual wisdom.

I slung my rifle over my shoulder and made up my

mind to start some other time on the cyclopean task I had then so nearly begun.

When we had covered a mile or so of the plain, our phantomlike escort crossed the pass, and came full gallop down the hill. I gave orders to my men to halt, seeing which the soldiers also came to a dead stop. I watched them through the telescope. They seemed to be holding a discussion. At last five men rode full speed northward, probably to guard the track in that direction. Three men remained where they were, and the remainder, as if seized by panic, galloped frantically up the hill again, and disappeared over the summit.

We resumed our march. The three horsemen followed a course one mile south of ours, close against the foot of the hills, and, lying low upon their ponies' heads, they probably imagined that they were passing us unperceived. Seeing that our bearings were for our old camp at Lama Chokden, they left our line and rode ahead of us.

When in the evening we reached Lama Chokden, two shepherds came to greet us. Then another appeared.

"Our sheep are far away," said they. "We are hungry. We are poor. Can we stop near your camp and pick up the food that you will throw away?"

"Certainly," I replied. "But mind you do not pick up anything else."

These simple folk, thinking I should not know them, had left their ponies at the Lama Chokden guard-house, and, disguised as shepherds, they were now trying to ingratiate themselves with us, with the object of discovering our movements and plans. They were, of course, no other than the three sepoys from Gyanema.

At each step in our retreat towards the Himahlyas my heart became heavier and my spirits more depressed. I

was full of stratagems, but to think out plans and to carry them into effect were two different things.

How many times had not my schemes been upset? How often had I not had to begin afresh when all seemed ready and in perfect working order?—that, too, when I had plenty of good material at my disposal to work upon. Now things had changed altogether for the worse. My chances of success, notwithstanding my incessant struggle, were getting smaller and smaller every day. I could not but feel that there must be an end eventually to the capability and endurance of my followers and myself. It is hard enough to start on a difficult task, but when you are well started, and have already overcome many difficulties, to have to come back and begin again is more than galling.

The outlook was dark and gloomy; I stood face to face with apparent failure, and uncertain of the loyalty of my own men.

At this camp, for instance, the Daku (brigand), who had changed his disguise several times since coming in contact with the Tibetans, announced his immediate departure. The doctor, with his usual kindness, had already entreated him to remain, but without avail. We well knew that in this region, infested by dacoits, this man was only leaving us to recommence his late marauding habits. He would, in all probability, join some band, and without much doubt we might soon expect a visit during the darkest hours of the night. The Daku knew that I carried a large sum of money, and during the last two days his behavior had been more than strange. Had he come across some of his mates? or had he heard from the sepoys that they were in the neighborhood?

The Daku had a bundle of his blankets strapped on his back in readiness for immediate departure. My men, distressed at this new danger, came to report it to me.

I immediately sent for him. Speaking bluntly, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, he said, "I am going, sahib."

"Where?" I inquired.

"I have friends near here, and I am going to them."

"Very good, go," I replied, calmly taking up my rifle.

His load was off his shoulder in less time than it takes to describe the event. He resumed his work as usual. One or two other riotous coolies were brought back to reason by similar menaces.

I heard later that a band of brigands attacked a party near the frontier only two days after this occurred.

Another march back! How painful it was to me! Yet it was advisable. We went a few miles and encamped on the bank of a rapid stream, the Shirlangdu. From this point, with some difficulty and danger, it would be possible to climb over the mountain range during the night, and attempt to elude the spies and watchmen by crossing the jungle to Mansarowar. I made up my mind to attempt this. It seemed to add to the risk to have so large a following as my thirty men, so I decided that only four or five should accompany me. Going alone was impracticable, because of the difficulty of carrying sufficient food, or I would have by far preferred it. Nevertheless, if the worst came to the worst, I resolved to attempt this latter mode of travelling, and rely on the chance of obtaining food from Tibetans.

All the loads were made ready. Articles of clothing and comfort, niceties in the way of food, and extras in the way of medicines were left behind to make room for my scientific instruments.

Each pound in weight more that I dedicated to science meant a pound less food to take us to Lhassa. Everything that was not of absolute necessity had to be left.

TWO TIBETAN SPIES

Two Tibetan spies came to camp in the afternoon, in the disguise, as usual, of beggars. They asked for food, and exacted it. Their manner was unbearably insulting. This was a little too much for us, and Bijesing the Johari, and Rubso the Christian cook were the first to enter into an open fight with them. They punched and kicked them, driving them down a steep ravine leading to a river; then, assisted by other men in camp, showered stones upon them. The unfortunate intruders, unable to wade quickly across the rapid stream, received as fine a reception as they deserved.

This little skirmish amused the camp, but many of the Shokas and Hunyas in my service were still scared out of their wits. It was quite sufficient for them to see a Tibetan to crumble into nothing.

CHAPTER XXXI

AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED—A RESOLUTION—A SMART SHOKA LAD—THE PLUCKY CHANDEN SING PROPOSES TO ACCOMPANY ME—MANSING THE LEPER BECOMES MY SERVANT'S SERVANT

THE hour fixed for my flight was 9 P.M. Five men had been induced to follow me by the offer of a handsome reward.

At the hour appointed no single one of them had put in an appearance. I went in search of them. One man had purposely injured his feet and was disabled, another pretended to be dying, the others positively refused to come. They were shivering with fright and cold.

"Kill us, sahib, if you like," they implored of me, "but we will not follow you."

At 3 A.M. all attempts to get even one man to carry a load had proved futile. I had to abandon the idea of starting.

My prospects became more gloomy than ever. Another march back towards the cold and dreary pass by which I had entered Tibet!

"You are depressed, Mr. Landor," remarked the doctor.

I admitted the fact. Every step backward was to me like a stab in the heart. I had wished to push on at all costs, and it was only in consideration of my good and kind friend, the doctor, that I had reluctantly refrained from making my way by force. My blood was boiling. I felt feverish. The cowardice of my men made them absolutely contemptible, and I could not bear even to see them.

Immersed in my thoughts, I walked quickly on, and the rugged way seemed short and easy. I found a suitable spot for our next camp. Here, before me and on every side, stood high snowy mountains; there, in front, towered that same Lumpiya Pass by which I had crossed into Tibet with such high hopes. I detested the sight of it on the present occasion; its snowy slopes seemed to mock at my failure.

Whether it is that storms invariably come when one is depressed, or whether one gets depressed when storms are coming, I am not here prepared to say, but the fact remains that, before we had time to pitch our tents, the wind, which had been high all through the afternoon, increased tenfold. The clouds above were wild and threatening, and snow soon fell in feathery flakes.

"What are you going to do?" inquired the doctor of me. "I think you had better return to Garbyang, get fresh men, and make another start."

"No, doctor. I will die rather than continue this backward march. There will be a far better chance if I go alone, and I have resolved to start to-night, for I am convinced that I shall find my way over the range."

"No, no, it is impossible, Mr. Landor," cried the doctor, with tears in his eyes. "That must mean death to any one attempting it."

I told him that I was quite determined.

The poor doctor was dumfounded. He knew that it was useless to try to dissuade me. I went into the tent to rearrange and reduce my baggage, making a load small enough to carry on my back, in addition to the daily kit and instruments.

While I was making preparations for my journey, Kachi Ram entered the tent. He looked frightened and perplexed.

"What are you doing, sir?" inquired he, hurriedly. "The doctor says you are going to leave alone to-night, cross the mountain range, and go to Lhassa by yourself."

"Yes, that is true."

"Oh, sir! The perils and dangers are too great, you cannot go."

"I know, but I am going to try."

"Oh, sir! Then I will come with you."

"No, Kachi. You will suffer too much. Go back to your father and mother now that you have the opportunity."

"No, sir; where you go, I will go. Small men never suffer. If they do it does not matter. Only great men's sufferings are worth noticing. If you suffer, I will suffer. I will come."

Kachi's philosophy touched me. I ascertained beyond doubt that he meant what he said, and then decided to take him.

This was a piece of luck. Kachi Ram had five bosom friends among the young Shoka coolies. They were all friends of the Rambang, and in the evenings in camp they often used to join and sing weird songs in honor of the fair maids of their hearts, whom they had left on the other side of the Himahlyas.

Kachi hurried away in a state of feverish excitement. He was back in a few minutes.

"How many coolies will you take, sir?"

"None will come."

"Oh, I will get them. Will five do?"

"Yes," I murmured, incredulously.

My scepticism sustained a shock when Kachi returned, buoyant, saying in his peculiar English:

"Five Shokas come, sir. Then you, sir, I, sir, five coolies, sir, start night-time, what clock?"

"By Jove, Kachi," I could not help exclaiming, "you are a smart lad!"

"'Smart,' sir?" inquired he, sharply, hearing a new word. He was most anxious to learn English, and he had a mania for spelling. "'Smart!' What is meaning? How spell?"

"S-m-a-r-t. It means 'quick, intelligent.'"

"Smart," he repeated solemnly, as he wrote the newly acquired word into a book which I had given him for the purpose. Kachi was undoubtedly, in spite of some small faults, a great character. He was a most intelligent, sharp, well-meaning fellow. His never-failing good-humor and his earnest desire to learn and to be useful were quite refreshing.

My luck seemed to have turned indeed. A few minutes later my bearer, quite unaware that any one would accompany me, entered the tent, and exclaimed in a disgusted manner:

"*Shoka crab, sahib! Hunya log bura crab. Hazur hum, do admi jaldi Lhasa giao.*" (The Shokas are bad. The Hunyas are very bad. Your honor and I, we two alone, will go quickly by ourselves to Lhassa.)

Here was another plucky and useful man anxious to come. He professed to have no fear of death. He was the type of man I wanted. How true the poor fellow's protestations were I learned at a later date.

Chanden Sing was a man of strong sporting proclivities. His happiness was complete when he could fire his rifle at something, though he was never known to hit the mark. He had been severely reprimanded and punished by me only a few days before for wasting several cartridges on *kiang* (wild horse) three miles distant. Ordinary work, however, such as doing his own cooking or keeping my things tidy, was distasteful to him, and was invariably passed on to others.

Mansing the leper, being unfortunately of the same caste as Chanden Sing, became my servant's servant. The two Hindoos constantly quarrelled and fought, but at heart they were the best of friends. The bearer, by means of promises, mingled at intervals with blows, eventually succeeded in inducing his *protégé* to join in our new plan and face with us the unknown dangers ahead.

CHAPTER XXXII

"DEVIL'S CAMP"—A FIERCE SNOW-STORM—ABANDONING OUR TENTS—DANGERS AND PERILS IN PROSPECT—COLLECTING THE MEN—ONE LOAD TOO MANY!—ANOTHER MAN WANTED AND FOUND—A PROPITIOUS NIGHT—GOOD-BYE TO WILSON—THE ESCAPE—BRIGANDS

By eight o'clock in the evening I had collected all the men who had promised to follow me. They comprised my bearer, Kachi, and six coolies.

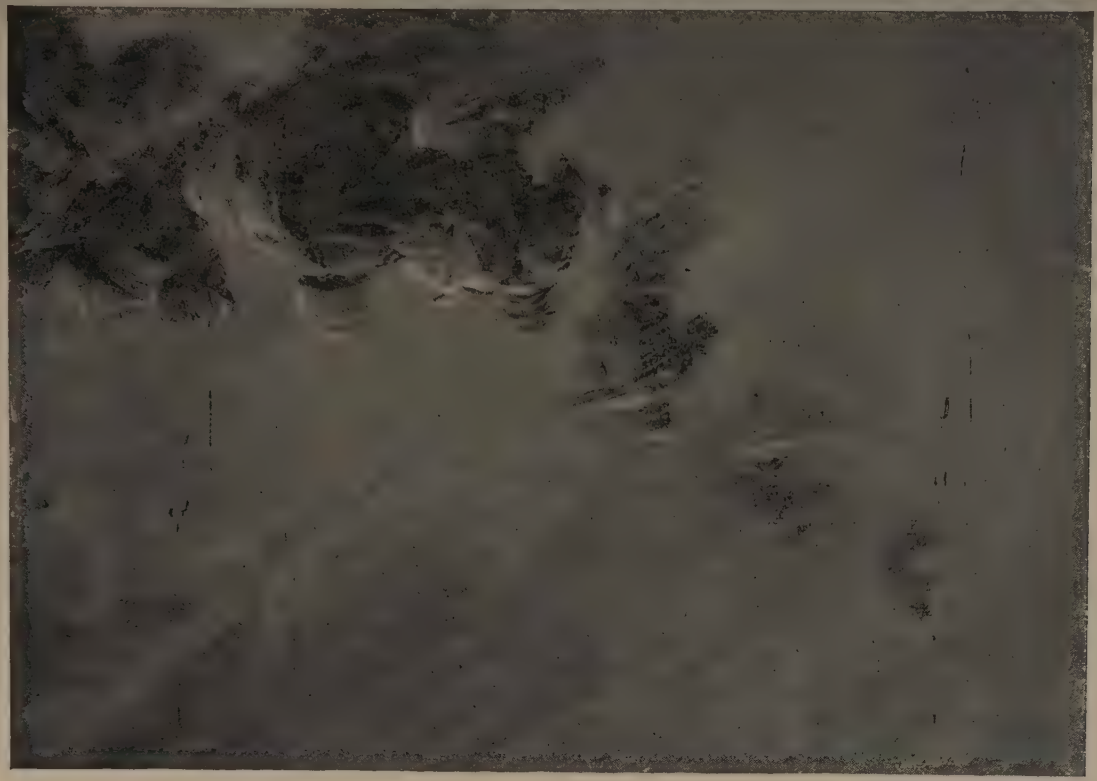
We named this camp "Devil's Camp," for diabolical indeed was the wind that shook our tents, not to speak of the snow blown into our shelters by the raging storm. During the night the wind grew in fury. Neither wood, dung, nor lichen for fuel was to be found. Our tents were pitched at 16,900 feet above sea-level, and to ascend to the summit of the range would mean a farther climb of two thousand feet. In such weather the difficulties of the ascent were increased tenfold, though for evading the vigilance of the Tibetan watchmen, who spied upon our movements, we could have no better chance than a dirty night like this. I arranged with the doctor that he was to take back to Garbyang all the baggage I had discarded and the men who had declined to follow me. He must display all our tents until in the afternoon of the next day, so as to let the Tibetans suppose that we were all under them, and give me time to make a long forced march before they could get on our track. Hard as it would be for us going forward, we would take no tent except the small *tente d'abri*, weighing about four pounds. We should, anyhow, be unable to pitch one for several days, for fear of

being detected by the Tibetans, who would be soon seen abroad in search of us. We should have to march long distances at night, keeping mostly on the summit of the range, instead of proceeding, like other travellers, along the valleys, and we must get what little sleep we could during the day, when we could hide in some secluded spot. The thought of seeing a fire had to be abandoned for an indefinite period, because, even in the remote contingency of our finding fuel at the great altitudes where we should have to camp, every one knows that a fire and a column of smoke can be seen at a very great distance, both by day and night. We pondered and discussed all these matters before we made a start, and, moreover, we were fully aware that, if the Tibetans could once lay their hands upon us, our numbers were too small to offer a stout resistance, and we might well give ourselves up for lost. In fact, taking things all round, I rather doubted whether the lives of my few followers and my own were worth more than a song from the moment of our leaving "Devil's Camp."

With this full knowledge of what we were undertaking, we may have been foolish in starting at all, but lack of determination cannot in fairness be credited as one of our faults.

The thoughtful doctor had brought with him from our last camp a few lichens, with which he was now attempting to light a fire, to cook me a few *chapatis* before leaving. Alas! four hours' hard work and an equal number of boxes of matches failed to produce the semblance of a flame.

At midnight I sent Chanden Sing and Kachi to collect the men. Two came trembling into the tent; the others could not be roused. I went myself and took them, one by one, to their loads. They were all crying like children.



It was then that I discovered that in the haste and confusion I had made one load too many. Here was a dilemma! Everything was ready and propitious for our flight, and a delay at this juncture was fatal. At any cost, I must have another man.

The moans and groans in the coolies' tent, when I went in search of one, were pitiful. You would have thought that they were all going to die within a few minutes, and that they were now in their last agonies, all because of the terror of being picked out to follow me.

At last, after endless trouble, threats, and promises, Bijesing the Johari was persuaded to come. But the load was too heavy for him; he would only carry half. To save trouble, I agreed I would carry the other half myself in addition to my own load.

We put out our hurricane-lantern, and at 2 P.M., when the gale was raging at its height, driving the grit and snow like spikes into our faces, when the wind and cold seemed to penetrate with biting force to the marrow of our bones, when, as it seemed, all the gods were giving vent to their anger by putting every obstacle in our way, a handful of silent men, half frozen and staggering, left the camp to face the blizzard. I ordered my men to keep close together, and we made immediately for the mountain-side, taking care to avoid the places where we supposed the Tibetan spies were posted.

We could not have selected a more suitable night for our escape. It was so dark that we could only see a few inches in front of our noses. The doctor, silent and with a swelling heart, accompanied me for a couple of hundred yards. I urged him to return to the tent. He stopped to grasp my hand, and in a broken voice the good man bade me farewell and God-speed.

"The dangers of your journey," whispered Wilson, "are

so great and so numerous that God alone can guide you through. When I think of the cold, hunger, and hardships you will have to endure, I can but tremble for you."

"Good-bye, doctor," said I, deeply moved.

"Good-bye," he repeated, "good—" and his voice failed him.

Two or three steps and the darkness separated us, but his touching words of farewell rang and echoed in my ears, as with sadness I remembered the loyalty and cheerful kindness of this good friend. The journey towards Lhassa had recommenced in grim earnest. In a short while our ears, fingers, and toes were almost frozen, and the fast-driving snow beat mercilessly against our faces, making our eyes ache. We proceeded like so many blind people, speechless and exhausted, rising slowly higher on the mountain range, and feeling our way with our feet. As we reached greater altitudes it grew still colder, and the wind became more piercing. Every few minutes we were compelled to halt and sit close together in order to keep warm and get breath, as the air was so rarefied that we could barely proceed under our heavy loads.

We heard a whistle, and sounds like distant voices. My men collected round me, whispered "*Dakus! dakus!*" (Brigands! brigands!) and then threw themselves flat on the snow. I loaded my rifle and went ahead, but it was vain to hope to pierce the obscurity. I hearkened. Yet another shrill whistle!

My Shokas were terrified. The sound seemed to come from straight in front of us. We slightly altered our course, winning our way upward slowly and steadily, until we found at sunrise we were near the mountain-top. It was still snowing hard. One final effort brought us to the plateau on the summit.

Here we felt comparatively safe. Thoroughly exhausted, we deposited our burdens on the snow, and laid ourselves down in a row close to one another to keep ourselves warm, piling on the top of us all the blankets available.

CHAPTER XXXIII

SOUTHEAST WIND—HUNGRY AND HALF FROZEN—LAKES AT 18,960 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL—COLD FOOD AT HIGH ALTITUDES—BURIED IN SNOW—MANSING'S SUFFERINGS—FUEL AT LAST

At 1 P.M. we woke up, drenched to the skin, the sun having thawed the thick coating of snow over us. This camp was at 18,000 feet. The wind from the southeast cut like a knife, and we suffered from it, not only on this occasion, but every day during the whole time we were in Tibet. It begins to blow with great fierceness and regularity at one o'clock in the afternoon, and it is only at about eight in the evening that it sometimes abates and gradually ceases. Frequently, however, the wind, instead of dropping at this time, increases in violence, blowing with terrible vehemence during the whole night. As we were making ready to start again, with limbs cramped and stiff, the sky again became suddenly covered with heavy gray clouds, and fresh snow fell. There was no possibility of making a fire, so we started hungry and half frozen, following a course of 70° (b. m.). We waded up to our waists through a freezingly cold stream, and, climbing steadily higher and higher for six miles, we at last reached another and loftier plateau to the northeast of the one where we had camped in the morning. The altitude was 18,960 feet, and we were surprised to find four lakes of considerable size close to one another on this high table-land. The sun, breaking for a moment through the clouds, shone on the snow-covered tops of

the surrounding mountains, silvering the water of the lakes, and making a beautiful and spectacular picture, wild and fascinating in effect.

Hunger and exhaustion prevented full appreciation of the scene; nothing could stand in the way of quickly finding a suitable place to rest our weak and jaded bodies, under the shelter of the higher hills round the plateau, or in some depression in the ground. I was anxious to push across the plateau, and descend on the northeast side to some lower altitude where we should more probably find fuel, but my men, half starved and fagged, could go no farther. Their wet loads were considerably heavier than usual, they panted terribly owing to the great altitude, and no sooner had we come to a partially sheltered spot between the larger lake and its most eastern neighboring sheet of water than they all collapsed and were unable to proceed. I was much concerned about them, as they refused to take any cold food, saying it would cause their death. I was really at a loss to see how they could recover sufficient strength for the next day's marching. Eventually, by personally pledging them that they would not die, I persuaded them to eat a little *satoo* and *ghur*. Unfortunately, no sooner had they eaten some of it, mixed with cold water, than nearly all were seized with violent pains in their stomachs, from which they suffered for the greater part of the night.

There is no doubt that experience had taught them that eating cold food at great altitudes is more dangerous than eating no food at all, and I regretted my ill-timed, if kindly meant, advice. One is apt to judge other people by one's self, and personally I never felt any difference whether my food was cold or hot.

Soon after sunset the cold was intense. It was still snowing hard, and our wet garments and blankets were

now freezing. I lighted a small spirit-lamp, round which we all sat close together and covered over with our frozen wraps. I even attempted to cook on the flame some concentrated broth, but, owing to the high altitude, the water was a long time losing its chill, apart from boiling, and when it was just getting tepid the flame went out, and I could afford no more spirits of wine to light it again; so the cooking had to be abandoned, and as the night grew colder and colder we huddled together under our respective blankets in a vain attempt to sleep. We had made a protecting wall with our baggage, and my men covered their heads and everything with their blankets; but I never could adopt their style of sleeping, as it seemed to suffocate me. I always slept with my head uncovered, for not only was it more comfortable, but I wished to be on the alert should we at any time be surprised by Tibetans. My men moaned, groaned, and chattered their teeth convulsively during the night. I woke many times with a bad pain in my ears from frost-bite; my eyes, too, suffered as the eyelashes became covered with icicles. Every time I tried to open them there was an uncomfortable feeling as if the eyelashes were being torn off, for the slit of the eye became fast frozen directly the lids were closed.

At last the morning came! The night had seemed endless. When I tried to raise the blanket in order to sit up, it seemed of an extraordinary weight and stiffness. No wonder! It was frozen hard, and as rigid as cardboard, covered over with a foot of snow. The thermometer during the night had gone down to 24°. I called my men. They were hard to wake, and they, too, were buried in snow.

"*Uta! uta! uta!*" (Get up! get up! get up!) I called, shaking one by one, and brushing off as much snow as I could.

"*Baroff bahut*" (There is much snow) remarked one as he put his nose outside his blanket and rubbed his eyes, smarting from the white glare around us. "Salaam, sahib," added he, as, having overcome his first surprise, he perceived me, and he waved his hand gracefully up to his forehead.

The others behaved in a similar manner. Kachi was, as usual, the last one to wake.

"Oh, Kachi," I shouted, "get up!"

"*Oh, bahiyoh!*" (Oh, father!) yawned he, stretching his arms. Half asleep, half awake, he looked round as if in a trance, muttering incoherent words.

"Good-morning, sir. Oh, much snow. Oh, look, sir, two *kiangs* there! What is 'kiang' in English?"

"Wild horse."

"'Wild' you spell w-i-l-d?"

"Yes.

Here the note-book was produced from under his pillow and the word registered in it.

Odd creatures these Shokas! The average European, half starved and frozen, would hardly give much thought to exact spelling.

Poor Mansing the leper suffered terribly. He groaned through the whole night. I had given him one of my wrappers, but his circulation seemed suspended. His face was gray and cadaverous, with deep lines drawn by suffering, and his feet were so frozen that for some time he could not stand.

Again the Shokas would eat nothing, for snow was still falling. We started towards the northeast. After a mile of flat we began a steep descent over unpleasant loose *débris* and sharp rocks. The progress was rapid but very painful. Scouring the country below with my telescope, I perceived shrubs and lichens far down in the valley to

the northeast, and also a tent and some sheep. This was unfortunate, for we had to alter our course in order not to be seen. We again climbed up to the top of the plateau and rounded unperceived the mountain summit, striking a more easterly route. Towards sunset we began our descent from the latter point, and we crossed the river with no great difficulty. Having selected a nicely sheltered depression in the ground, we pitched my little *tente d'abri* there, by the side of a pond of melted snow. With natural eagerness we all set out collecting lichens and shrubs for our fires, and each man carried into camp several loads of the drier fuel. In a moment there were three big fires blazing, and not only were we able to cook a specially abundant dinner and drown our past troubles in a bucketful of boiling tea, but we also managed to dry our clothes and blankets. The relief of this warmth was wonderful, and in our comparative happiness we forgot the hardships and sufferings we had so far encountered. With the exception of a handful of *satoo*, this was the first solid meal we had had for forty-eight hours. In those two days we had travelled twenty miles, each of us carrying a weight averaging considerably over sixty pounds.

We were at 16,500 feet, which seemed quite a low elevation after our colder and loftier camping-grounds. The reaction was quite pleasant, and for myself I contemplated our future plans and possibilities with better hope. The outlook had changed from our deepest depression to a condition of comparative cheerfulness and content.

CHAPTER XXXIV

DACOITS — NO NONSENSE ALLOWED — A MUCH-FREQUENTED REGION — A PLATEAU—THE GYANEMA-TAKLAKOT TRACK—A DANGEROUS SPOT —SOLDIERS WAITING FOR US — BURYING OUR BAGGAGE — OUT OF PROVISIONS—A FALL INTO THE GAKKON RIVER—A BRIGHT IDEA—NETTLES OUR DIET

In front of us, to the northeast, was a high mountain, then, farther towards the east, a narrow valley between two hill ranges, while at 238° (b. m.) a river passed through a picturesque gorge in the direction of the Mangshan Mountain.

It was necessary for me to proceed along the valley to the east, as we should thus save ourselves much trouble, time, and exertion, though there would be some risk of our meeting Tibetans, especially bands of dacoits, with whom this part of Nari Khorsum* is infested. We had, therefore, to proceed cautiously, especially as my Shokas seemed no less timid and afraid of these folks. We had hardly gone half a mile over the undulating country, and I had stopped behind my men to take some observations with my prismatic compass, when my carriers suddenly threw themselves flat on the ground and began to retreat, crawling on hands and knees.

"*Daku! Daku!*" (Brigands! brigands!) they whispered as I got near them.

It was too late. We had been seen, and a number of dacoits, armed with matchlocks and swords, came rapid-

* Nari Khorsum—name of that province.

ly towards us. It has always been my experience that, in such cases, the worst thing to do is to run away, for nothing encourages a man more than to see that his opponent is afraid of him. I therefore loaded my Mannlicher, and my bearer did likewise with the Martini-Henry. I gave orders to the Shokas to squat down by

SHEEP CARRYING LOAD

their respective loads and not stir an inch. We two strolled towards the fast-approaching band, now less than a hundred yards distant. I shouted to them to stop, and Chanden Sing signalled that they must go back; but they took no notice of our warnings, and came on all the faster towards us. Undoubtedly they thought that we were only Shoka traders, and looked, from experience, to find an easy prey. Making ready to rush us as soon as they got near enough, they separated with the obvious intention of taking us on all sides.

"*Dushu! Dushu!*" (Go back! Go back!) I cried

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angrily at them, raising my rifle to my shoulder and taking a steady aim at the leader. Chanden Sing followed suit with one of the others, and this seemed to have a salutary effect on them, for they immediately made a comical salaam and took to their heels, Chanden Sing and I pursuing them for some distance so as to get them well out of our way. Having occupied a prominent position on a small mound, we discovered that a short way off they had a number of mates and some three thousand sheep, presumably their last loot. We signalled that they must get away from our course, and eventually, driving their booty before them, they scurried off in the direction I indicated. When they were well clear of us, and my Shokas, who thought their last hour had come, had partly recovered from their fright, we proceeded on our journey, entering the narrow valley between the two hill ranges. That we were now in a much-frequented region could be plainly seen from the numerous camping-grounds alongside the stream. But our success of the morning had raised our spirits, and we stepped out cheerily, keeping to the left bank. A steepish climb brought us to a plateau at an altitude of 16,400 feet, from which we obtained a fine view of the snow range running from east to west from the Mangshan Mountain to the Lippu Pass, and beyond to the northeast the four lofty peaks of Nimo Nangil, 25,360 feet, 22,200 feet, 22,850 feet, 22,670 feet. The highest peaks were at 84°, 92°, 117° (b. m.). This plateau sloped gently, and was broken by many deep crevasses, conveying the water-flow down into the Gakkon River.

On the lower portion of this plateau, and then along the course of the river, a track ran from Gyanema to Taklakot *via* Kardam and Dogmar, and another seldom-frequented track to Mangshan, south-southwest of this

place. The edge of the plateau was 15,800 feet above sea-level, and the river 550 feet lower.

This was for us a very dangerous spot, since, no doubt, by this time the Tibetans must be aware that I had escaped and was well on my way into their country. I knew that soldiers and spies must be guarding all the tracks and searching for us. This thoroughfare, being more frequented than the others, was all the more insecure, and we had to display great caution in order to avoid detection. In Tibet, I may here note, the atmosphere is so clear that moving objects can be plainly seen at exceptionally long distances. I scoured the country with my telescope, but I could see no one, so we went on. However, my men considered it safer to descend into one of the numerous creeks, where we should be less exposed, but we had hardly reached the border of it when we heard noises rising from the valley below.

Crawling on our stomachs, my bearer and I peeped over the edge of the plateau. Some five hundred feet below was a Tibetan encampment, with a number of yaks and ponies grazing. Unnoticed, I watched them for some time. There were several soldiers, most probably posted there on the lookout for me. With my glass I recognized some of the Gyanema men. We deemed it advisable to find a spot where we could hide until night came. Then, making a détour, we descended to the river, 15,250 feet, scrambled across in the dark, and made our way up a narrow gorge between high cliffs until we came to a well-hidden spot, where I called a halt. Followed by my men, I climbed up from rock to rock on the cliff to our left, and found a small natural platform, sheltered by a huge bowlder projecting over it. This seemed a safe enough spot for us to stop. We dared not put up a tent, and we took the precaution of burying all our

baggage in case of a surprise during the night. Unhampered, we should at any moment be able to hide ourselves away from our pursuers or run before them, and we could always come back afterwards for our things if an opportunity offered itself.

And now, just as everything seemed to be running smoothly, I made a terrible discovery. At this stage of the journey, when it was important for me to move very rapidly, I found that we were out of provisions. This was indeed an unpleasant surprise, for before leaving the larger body of my expedition I had given orders to my men to take food for ten days. The doctor, who had been deputed to see to this, had assured me that the loads contained quite enough to last us over that length of time, and now for some unaccountable reason we had only sufficient food for one meagre meal. Moreover, I discovered that we had only a few grains of salt left.

"What have you done with it?" I inquired, angrily, as it immediately flashed across my mind that there had been foul play among my carriers. I had ordered each man to take half a seer (one pound) of salt.

"Yes, sahib, but we forgot to take it," said the men in a chorus.

After the terrible hardships and fatigue we had gone through, and the anxiety and difficulty of carrying on my surveying, photography, sketching, writing, collecting, etc., under conditions of unusual discomfort and risk, it was indeed a hard blow to me to see all my plans thus unexpectedly frustrated, for we were still three or four days' journey from Mansarowar, where I relied on getting fresh supplies. Having come thus far, should I be compelled now to go back or give in, and be captured by the Tibetan soldiers whom I had so successfully evaded?

Though not usually much affected by physical pain, I unfortunately suffer greatly under any mental stress. I felt quite ill and depressed, and, to add bodily discomfort to my moral sufferings, was the fact that I had slipped, while jumping in semi-darkness from stone to stone across the Gakkon River, and had fallen flat into about four feet of water. The wind was very high at the time, and the thermometer down to 26°, so that, sitting in my wet clothes to discuss our present situation with my men, I suddenly became so cold, shivery, and exhausted that I thought I was about to collapse altogether. My usual good spirits, which had done much towards carrying me so far, seemed extinguished; my strength failed me entirely, and a high fever set in, increasing in violence so fast that, notwithstanding my desperate struggle not to give in, I became almost delirious. With my teeth chattering and my temperature at its highest, I saw all my troubles assume an exaggerated form, and failure seemed inevitable. The more I ransacked my brain the more hopeless seemed our position, until, when I was almost in despair, an expedient suddenly flashed across my mind—an idea more adapted for romance, perhaps, than real life, yet not, I hoped, impossible to be carried into execution. Four of my men should go disguised, two as traders and two as beggars, into the Takla* fort, and purchase food from my enemies. We, remaining in camp, would in the mean time keep well hidden until they returned. I spoke to my followers, and, after some easily conceivable reluctance, four Shokas undertook to perform the daring duty. Discovery would mean to them the loss of their heads, probably preceded by cruel tortures of all kinds; so, though they eventually betrayed me, I cannot help giving

* Takla khar or Taklakot—Takla fort.

them credit for the pluck and fidelity they displayed in the present emergency.

During the night my men were extremely good to me. We did not sleep for fear of being surprised by the Tibetan soldiers, and we passed hour after hour listening to Shoka stories of brigands and Tibetan tortures, terrible enough not only to keep us awake, but to make every hair on our heads stand on end. Early in the morning, when it grew light, we gathered a quantity of nettles, which were to be found in profusion at this camp, and, having boiled them in different fashions, we made of them a hearty if not an appetizing meal. They did not seem very unpalatable at the time, only it was unfortunate that we had no more salt, for that would have added to the digestibility of our prickly diet. We supplied the deficiency by mixing with them a double quantity of pepper, and it was a relief to know that, while nettles existed near our camp, we should at least not die of starvation.

CHAPTER XXXV

ALL THAT REMAINED OF MY MEN'S PROVISIONS—THE PLAN TO ENTER THE FORT—APPEARANCE OF YAKS—A BAND OF BRIGANDS—ERECTING FORTIFICATIONS—CHANGES IN THE TEMPERATURE—SOLDIERS IN SEARCH OF US

THE food supply for my men was now reduced in all to four pounds of flour, two pounds of rice, and two pounds of *satoo*. This we gave to the four men who were to attempt to enter Taklakot, for their road would be long and fatiguing. For us there were plenty of nettles to fall back upon.

I carefully instructed the four Shokas how to enter the Tibetan fort one by one in their disguises, and purchase, in small quantities at a time, the provisions we required. When a sufficient amount was obtained to make a load, a man should immediately start towards our camp, and the others were to follow separately for a few marches, when at a given spot they would all four meet again and return to us. It was exciting work to prepare the different disguises and arrange for everything, and at last, after repeated good-byes and words of encouragement, the four messengers left on their perilous errand. All seemed very quiet round us, so quiet that I unburied my sextant and artificial horizon, and was taking observations for longitude as well as for latitude (by double altitudes, as the angle was too great to be measured at noon), when, to our dismay, a herd consisting of over a hundred yaks appeared on the pass north of our camp and slowly advanced towards us. Were we discovered? Were the

Tarjum's men coming, preceded by their animals? No time was to be lost; instruments and blankets were quickly cleared away and hidden, and then, crawling up towards the animals, who had stopped on perceiving us, we threw stones at them in order to drive them down the next creek. As luck would have it, we were just in time to do this, for from our hiding-place on the summit of the pass we could see, on the other side, a number of Tibetans following the yaks we had driven away. They passed only a couple of hundred yards below us, evidently quite unconscious of our presence. They were singing, and apparently looking for somebody's tracks, for they often stooped to examine the ground. Later in the afternoon I went to reconnoitre down the Gyanema road, and in the hope of watching, unseen, the Tibetans who passed on their way to and from Taklakot. I saw no soldiers, but a strong band of Jogpas (brigands), driving before them thousands of sheep and yaks, was an interesting sight. They all rode ponies, and seemed to obey their leader very smartly, when in a hoarse voice, and never ceasing to turn his prayer-wheel, he muttered orders. They went briskly along in fine style, women as well as men riding their ponies astride. The men had matchlocks and swords, and each pony carried, besides its rider, bags of food slung behind the saddle. I watched the long procession from behind some rocks, and felt somewhat relieved when the last horseman, who passed only some twenty yards from me, rode away with the rest of the caravan. I retraced my steps, and, judging that this camp was not quite so safe as I had at first supposed, I proceeded, with the aid of my men, to erect a rough intrenchment and wall round our platform, along the rock under which we lived. These bulwarks answered the double purpose of sheltering us from the sight of the Tib-

etans and of acting as fortifications in case of a night attack. All our things were buried a little way above our camp.

Another long, dreary day had elapsed. We had used our last grain of salt; and yet another day on nettles alone; and a third day and a fourth on the same diet! How sick we got of nettles! The days seemed endless as, lying flat on a peak above our camp, I remained hour after hour scanning with my telescope the long plateau above the Gakkon River in search of our returning messengers. Every time I perceived men in the distance my heart leaped, but on focusing them with my glass they turned out to be Jogpas (bandits), or Dogpas (nomad tribes of smugglers), or travelling Humlis or Jumlis, on their way to Gyanema and Gartok. And how many times did we not listen and then anxiously peep through the fissures in our fortifications when some unusual noise struck our ears! As time went on, and they did not put in an appearance, we began to entertain doubts as to their safety—or would they betray us and never return? Or, as was more likely, had they been caught by the Jong Pen (the master of the fort), and been imprisoned and tortured?

My bearer, who was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, declined to eat any more food, as he said it was better not to eat at all than to eat the same thing constantly. He swore he could fast for ten days, and he made up for want of food by sleeping.

My fortified abode was comfortable enough during the morning, when the sun shone on it, though often it got so warm that we had to abandon it in the middle of the day, when the thermometer registered as much as 120°, 122°, and even 124°. From 1 P.M. till 10 at night a bitter wind blew from the southeast, and seemed to get right into our bones; so cold was it that the temperature suddenly

BEHIND OUR BULWARKS

dropped down to 60°, and even lower, the moment the sun disappeared behind the mountains, and continued to fall as low as 40°, 34°, and 32°—the minimum during the night. One night we had a terrible gale and a snow-storm. Such was the force of the wind that our wall was blown down upon us as we slept in its shelter, and the hours we had dedicated to rest had to be spent in repairing the damage done. On the following morning we were gathering nettles for our meal, when we heard the distant tinkling of fast-approaching horse-bells. We quickly put out the fires, hid our things, and hastened behind our intrenchment. I seized my rifle; Chanden Sing loaded the Martini. A Shoka who was too far off to reach our fortified abode in time screened himself behind some rocks. In the nick of time! Half a dozen sepoys with matchlocks, to which were attached red flags, slung over their shoulders, were cantering gayly up the hill-side only a few yards in front of us. They were undoubtedly searching for me, judging by the way they looked in every direction, but fortunately they never turned towards the castle walls that concealed us. They were expecting, I presume, to see a large European tent in one of the valleys, and never even dreamed that we should be where we were. We covered them well with our rifles, but we had no occasion to fire. They rode on, and the sound of their horse-bells grew fainter and fainter as they disappeared behind the pass. To be sure, these horsemen could only be soldiers despatched by the Tarjum to guard this track. They were now probably on their way back to him, satisfied that the sahib was not to be found in that part of the country.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"TERROR CAMP"—TWO MORE MESSENGERS LEAVE CAMP—A TRIBE OF DOGPAS—A STRANGE SAHIB—OUR MESSENGERS RETURN FROM TAKLAKOT—THE ACCOUNT AND ADVENTURES OF THEIR MISSION—IN GREAT DISTRESS—TWO FAKIRS WHO SUFFERED THROUGH ME—FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES OFFERED FOR MY HEAD—THE SHOKAS WANT TO ABANDON ME—A PLOT—HOW IT FAILED

We named this spot "Terror Camp," for many and horrible were the experiences that befell us here. Another weary day dragged slowly to its close, and there was still no sign of the messengers' return. Two men volunteered to go into Kardam, a settlement some miles off, and try to obtain food from the Tibetans. One of them had a friend at this place, and he thought he could get from him sufficient provisions to enable us to go on a few days longer.

They started, disguised as pilgrims, a disguise not difficult to assume, for their clothes were falling to pieces owing to the rough marching we had done of late. They were away the whole day, and only returned late at night, having an amusing tale to tell. Meeting a tribe of Dogpas, they had boldly entered their camp, asking to purchase food. Unfortunately the Dogpas had not sufficient for themselves, and could not spare any. Incidentally my men were informed that *Lando Plenki*—the name the Tibetans had given me—had taken a large army of men into Tibet, and that great excitement prevailed at Taklakot as well as at other places, owing to the fact that the sahib had the extraordinary power of making himself invisible when the Tibetan soldiers were in his vicinity. He

had been reported as having been seen in many places in Tibet; soldiers had been despatched in all directions to capture him. His tracks had several times been discovered and followed, and yet he could never be found. Messengers had been hastily sent out from Taklakot to Lhassa (sixteen days' journey), and to Gartok, a great bazaar in West Tibet, asking for soldiers to assist in the capture of this strange invader, who was also said to have the power of walking on the water when crossing the rivers and of flying over mountains when he chose. When I recalled our struggles and sufferings in climbing over the mountains and in crossing the streams on our journey, this account of myself given by the Tibetans, and now repeated to me, struck me as almost cruelly ironical. Anyhow, I was pleased that the Tibetans credited me with such supernatural powers, for it could hardly fail to be an advantage in keeping them from getting to too close quarters with us.

Three more days had to be spent in a state of painful uncertainty and anxiety regarding the fate of our messengers to Taklakot. On the night of the 3d we had retired to our fortress in despair, fearing that they had been captured and probably beheaded. It was 10 P.M., and we were worn out and ready to turn in; our fire down below at the bottom of the creek was slowly dying out, and nature around us was still and silent, when I suddenly heard sounds of approaching steps. We listened, peeping through the fissures in our wall. Were these Tibbetans trying to surprise us in our sleep, or could they be our men returning at last?

We closely watched the gorge from which the sounds came, faint sounds of voices and of footsteps. Silent as we were, there were not wanting signs of the nervous excitement of my men. At last four staggering figures

crawled cautiously into camp, and we could not even then discern in the dim light whether these were our messengers or not.

"*Kuan hai?*" (Who is there?) I shouted.

"Dola!" replied a voice, and instantly we gave them a joyful and hearty greeting. But our happiness was not to last long. The men did not respond. They seemed quite exhausted and apparently terrified. I asked them to explain the cause of their distress, but, sobbing and embracing my feet, they showed great disinclination to tell me. Grave, indeed, was the news they brought, presaging much trouble in store.

"Your days are numbered, sahib," at last cried Dola. "It is impossible for you to get out of this country alive; they will kill you, and the Jong Pen of Taklakot says that he must have your head at all costs."

"Do not look so far ahead, Dola," I replied, trying to calm him, "but tell me first how you reached Taklakot."

"Oh, sahib, we followed your plan. We suffered much on the road, as the marches were long and severe, and we had very little food. We walked day and night for two days, keeping away from the track, and hiding whenever we saw any one. When we got near the Tibetan fort we saw at the foot of the hill a few tents of the Tinker and Chongur Shokas from Nepal. None of the Biassi or Chaudassi Shokas had been allowed to enter Tibet owing to the Jong Pen's anger with them regarding his claims for Land Revenue. There was a guard day and night at the river, and a sharp lookout was kept to stop and arrest anybody entering the country. Two fakirs, who were on a pilgrimage to the sacred Mansarowar, unaware of the dangers, had crossed over the Lippu Pass, and had proceeded down to Taklakot, where they were immediately seized and accused of being you, sahib, in disguise. As

the Tibetans were not quite certain as to which of the two was the real sahib, they severely punished both, beating them almost to death. What became of them afterwards we were unable to learn. Anyhow, the Tibetans subsequently found out that you had entered Tibet by another pass, and soldiers have been sent in every direction to look for you.

"No sooner did we appear at Taklakot," sobbed Dola, "than we were pounced upon, knocked about, and arrested. They cross-examined us closely. We professed to be Johari traders, who had run out of food, and had made for Taklakot to buy provisions. They beat us and treated us badly, until your friend Zeniram, the head village man of Chongur (in Nepal), came to our rescue and gave thirty rupees surety for us. We were then allowed to remain in his tent, guarded by Tibetan soldiers. We secretly purchased from him and packed the provisions, and at night Zeniram succeeded in decoying the soldiers that were guarding us into his tent, and gave them *chökti* to drink until they became intoxicated. One by one we four succeeded in escaping with our loads. For three nights we marched steadily back, concealing ourselves during the day for the sake of safety. Now we have returned to you, sahib."

Dola paused for a minute or two.

"Sahib," he continued, "we were told in Taklakot that over a thousand soldiers are searching for you everywhere, and more are expected from Lhassa and Sigatz,* whither the Jong Pen has hastily sent messengers. They fear you, sahib, but they have orders from Lhassa to capture you at all costs. They say that you can make yourself invisible when you like, and exorcisms are made and

* Sigatz, usually called "Shigatze" by English people.

prayers offered daily so that in future you may be seen and arrested. Once caught, they will have no pity on you, and you will be beheaded, for the Jong Pen is angry with you owing to the defiant messages you sent him from Garbyang. He has given orders to the soldiers to bring you back dead or alive, and whoever brings your head will receive a reward of five hundred rupees."

"I had no idea that my head was so valuable," I could not help exclaiming. "I shall take great care of it in the future."

As a matter of fact, five hundred rupees in Tibet represents a fortune, and the man possessing it is a very rich man.

But my men were not in a laughing mood, and they looked upon the whole affair as very serious.

I gave a handsome backshish to the four men who had brought the provisions, but that did not prevent all the Shokas declaring that the danger was so great that they must leave me there and then. Appeals are useless on such occasions, and so I simply stated that I should shoot any man attempting to leave camp. Having now provisions for ten days, I informed them that we must at once push on.

Sulky and grumbling, they left our fortified corner and went below to the creek. They said they preferred sleeping down there. I suspected them, however, and I sat up watching them and listening instead of sleeping. My bearer rolled himself up in his blanket, and, as usual, was soon asleep. The Shokas lighted a fire, sat round it, and with their heads close together held an excited council in semi-whispers. In the heated discussion some spoke louder than they imagined, and, the night being particularly still and the place well adapted for carrying sound, I overheard words which put me on the alert, for I soon con-

vinced myself that they were arranging to sell my head—yes, and to divide the money.

The men got closer together and spoke so faintly that I could hear no more. Then they each in turn placed one hand above the other along a stick, until the end of it was reached; each man then passed it to his neighbor, who went through the same form—a complicated manner of drawing lots, common among the Shokas. Eventually the man selected by fate drew from a load a large Gourkha *kukri* and removed its scabbard. A strange, almost fantastic impression remains on my mind of the moment when the men, with their faces lighted by the small flame of the flickering fire, all looked up towards my eyrie. The culminating-point of their treachery had come, and their countenances seemed ghastly and distorted, as seen from the fissure in the wall behind which I knelt. They listened to hear if we were asleep. Then all but one rolled themselves in their blankets, completely covering their heads and bodies. The one figure I could now see sat up by the fire for some time, as if absorbed in thought. Every now and then he turned his head up towards my fortress and listened. At last he got up, and with his feet smothered the fire. It was a lovely night, and as soon as the reddish flame was put out the stars shone again like diamonds in the small patch of deep-blue sky visible above my head.

I rested the barrel of my rifle on the wall, my eyes being fixed on the black figure down below. I watched as, stooping low, it crawled step by step the few yards up to my abode, pausing to listen each time that a rolling stone caused a noise. He was now only two or three yards away, and seemed to hesitate. Drawing back, and ready to spring up, I kept my eyes fixed on the top of

the wall. I waited some time, but the man was in no hurry, and I grew impatient.

I slowly got up, rifle in hand, and as I raised my head above the wall I found myself face to face with the man on the other side. I lost no time in placing the muzzle of my Mannlicher close to his face, and the perplexed Shoka, dropping his *kukri*, went down on his knees to implore my pardon. After giving him a good pounding with the butt of my rifle, I sent him about his business. The man lacked the qualities of a murderer, but I felt I had better see that no other disturbance took place during the night. It is true that two men attempted to crawl out of camp and desert, but I discovered this and stopped them in time. At last the sun rose, and the night gave way with all its troubles and anxieties.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A TIBETAN GUARD'S ENCAMPMENT — NATTOO VOLUNTEERS TO BE A GUIDE—TREACHERY AND PUNISHMENT OF THE SHOKAS—ALL WAYS FORWARD BARRED TO ME — EVADING THE SOLDIERS BY ANOTHER PERILOUS MARCH AT NIGHT—MANSING AGAIN LOST—A MARVELLOUS PHENOMENON—SUFFERINGS OF MY MEN—SEVERE COLD

On my last scouting journey up the hill above the camp I had espied by the aid of my telescope the encampment of a guard of Tibetans about three miles north of us, and I informed my followers of this fact.

In the morning, when we again dug up the main part of our baggage and made ready to start, one of the men, the Kutial Nattoo, came forward and professed to be able to guide us directly to the Mansarowar Lake. He seemed very anxious to undertake this task, saying that there would be no chance of detection by the route he knew, and consequently we might march during the daytime.

We started up the creek, led by this man, and I was astonished at the willingness with which the Shokas agreed to proceed. In a little time I felt convinced that he was deliberately taking us to the spot I most wished to avoid. On my remonstrating and stopping farther progress in that direction, the Shokas mutinied, and, depositing their loads, tried to escape, but my bearer quickly barred their way ahead in the narrow creek and I prevented their escape from the opposite side, so they had to surrender. Painful as it was to me, I had to severely punish them all, and while I took care that no

one should bolt, Chanden Sing took special pleasure in knocking them about until they were brought back to their senses. On being closely cross-examined they openly confessed that they had made a plot to hand me over to the Tibetan guard, in order to escape the horrors of torture by the Tibetans. This last act of treachery, coming after what had happened during the night, and from the very men whom I had just been more than lenient towards, was too much for me, and I used a stick, which Chanden Sing handed me, very freely on their backs and legs, Nattoo the Kutial receiving the largest share of blows, because he was undoubtedly the head of the conspiracy.

On climbing to a point of vantage, I now further discovered that, besides the guard we had to the north of us, both east and west our way was barred by Tibetan soldiers; and although it was not possible to get on during the day without being seen, I absolutely refused to go back south. I held a palaver with my men, who were apparently resigned, and they agreed to accompany me as far as the Maium Pass (on the road to Lhassa), which we reckoned to be some fifteen or eighteen marches. They further agreed to endeavor to obtain yaks and food for me, and I was then to dismiss them. From the summit of the hill I had climbed I had taken careful bearings, and when night came, aided by my luminous compass, I led my men high up along the mountain range at an average elevation of 1500 feet above the Gyanema-Taklakot track.

The night was dark and stormy, and we encountered much difficulty in our journey forward owing to the slippery ground, alternated with the ever-troublesome loose *débris* and shifting rocks. We could not see far ahead, and though we well knew from the angle of the slope

that we were travelling along a precipice, we could not distinguish anything under us except a peculiarly luminous streak, far, far down below—undoubtedly the river.

I could not explain this luminosity of the water, which did not seem to come from reflection of the light of stars or the moon, because the sky was very cloudy at the time. Moreover, the river had a curious greenish tint quite peculiar to itself, and closely resembling the light produced by electricity. In the more dangerous spots we had to proceed for long distances on all-fours, and even then we felt hardly safe, for we could hear the rattling of the stones rolling down the steep slope, and by this sound we could judge that we were proceeding over a precipice of extraordinary height. So difficult and painful was the walking that it took us four hours to go about three miles; and we felt so exhausted that from time to time we had to lie down and rest, shivering with cold, and our hands bleeding from cuts caused by the sharp stones. I mustered my men. Poor Mansing the leper was missing. When we last saw him he was moaning under his load, and he constantly stumbled and fell. Two men were sent in search, but after an hour's absence they failed to discover him. The faithful Chanden Sing and the Shoka Dola were then despatched, as I would not abandon the poor wretch if by any means he could be saved. After another hour of anxiety the two returned, bringing the unfortunate coolie with them. The poor fellow's hands and feet were badly cut, and the pain in the latter was so great that he could not stand erect. He had fallen fainting from exhaustion, and it was by a mere stroke of luck that in the darkness Chanden Sing stumbled against his senseless body. Apart from his life, his loss would have been a very serious matter for me, as he carried my bedding and photographic cameras.

Sleet and rain commenced to fall, and the cold was intense. We continued to climb steadily, Chanden Sing and I helping the poor leper along. The march soon became less difficult, as we were following a depression formed by the action of melting snows, and were sheltered from the piercing wind which had been hitherto driving the sleet hard into our faces. We slowly covered some three miles more, and during that time the storm passed away, leaving the atmosphere beautifully clear. When we reached the pass (over 17,000 feet), a curious optical phenomenon astonished us all. The larger stars and planets, of a dazzling brilliancy such as I had never in my life seen before, seemed to swing to and fro in the sky with rapid and sudden jerks, describing short arcs of a circle, and returning each time to their normal position. The effect was so weird that the first thing that struck me was that something had gone wrong with my vision, but my companions saw the same phenomenon. Another curious thing was that the stars nearer the horizon disappeared and reappeared behind the mountain range. The oscillations of the heavenly bodies nearer the horizon were less rapid, but the angle of the arc described measured almost double that traced by the stars directly above our heads. The oscillations of these, however, were very much more rapid, especially at certain moments, when the star itself could no more be discerned, and a continuous line of light appeared on the deep-blue background of the sky. This strange optical illusion, which began soon after the storm had entirely cleared away, lasted some time; then the vibrations gradually became less violent, and stars and planets eventually resumed their normal steadiness, and shone with great brilliancy and beauty. We crossed the pass, and halted directly on the northern side of it, for my men's feet were in such a condition that they could bear

the pain no longer. The minimum temperature was but 12°, and, as we had no tent, there was only a blanket between us and heaven. When we woke in the morning we found the thermometer had risen to 30°, but we were enveloped in a thick mist which chilled us to our very marrow. I had icicles hanging down my mustache, eyelashes, and hair, and my cheeks and nose were covered with a thin layer of ice caused by the respiration settling and congealing on my face.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

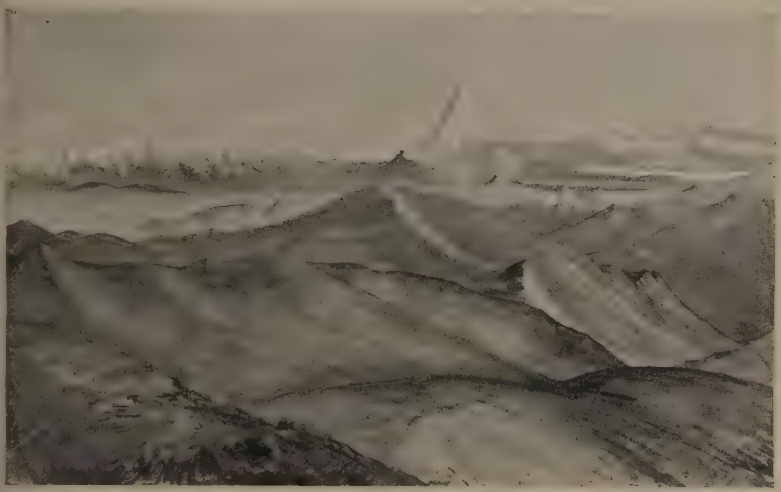
NIGHT MARCHING—THE LAFAN AND MAFAN LAKES—*TIZE*, THE SACRED KELAS—RHUBARB—BUTTERFLIES—A HERMIT LAMA—MORE DACOITS—SURROUNDED BY THEM—ROUTED

During our night marches, up and down mountain ranges of considerable height, we naturally had adventures and escapes far too numerous to relate here in exact detail, and I shall not give a full description of each march on account of the unavoidable monotony of such a narrative. In constant storms of grit and snow we crossed range after range, travelling during the night and hiding by day, camping at very great altitudes and undergoing considerable privations. I steered my men towards the Rakastal* Lake, and one day, having risen to 17,550 feet, we obtained a magnificent view of the two great sheets of water, the Lafan-cho and Mafan-cho, or Rakastal and Mansarowar lakes, by which latter names they are more commonly known by non-Tibetans.

To the north of the lakes stood the magnificent *Tize*, the sacred Kelas Mountain, overtopping by some two thousand feet all the other snowy peaks of the Gangri chain, which extended roughly from northwest to southeast. From this spot we could see more distinctly than from Lama Chokden the band round the base of the mountain, which, according to legend, was formed by the rope of the *Rakas* (devil) trying to tear down this throne of the gods.

* *Rakastal*—Devil's Lake, also very frequently pronounced Rakstal.

Tize, the great sacred peak, is of fascinating interest, owing to its peculiar shape. It resembles, as I have said, the giant roof of a temple, but to my mind it lacks the gracefulness of sweeping curves such as are found in Fujiama of Japan, the most artistically beautiful mountain I have ever seen. Tize is angular, uncomfortably angular, if I may be allowed the expression; and although its



OUR FIRST VIEW OF RAKASTAL

height, the vivid color of its base, and the masses of snow that cover its slopes give it a peculiar attraction, it nevertheless struck me as being intensely unpicturesque—at least from the point from which I saw it, and from which the whole of it was visible. When clouds were round it, toning down and modifying its shape, Tize appeared at its best from the painter's point of view. Under these conditions I have thought it very beautiful, especially at sunrise, with one side tinted red and yellow, and its rocky mass standing majestic against a background of shiny

gold. With my telescope I could plainly distinguish, especially on the east side, the defile along which the worshippers make the circuit at the base of the mountain, though I was told that some pilgrims actually march round it on the snowy ledge directly over the base and

RAKASTAL AND

just above the darker band of rock described before. On the southwest side can be seen, on the top of a lower peak, a gigantic Obo.

The peregrination round Tize usually takes three days, though some accomplish it in two days, and under favorable circumstances it has even been done in one day. It is usual for the pilgrims to say certain prayers and make

sacrifices as they proceed, and the more fanatical perform the journey serpentwise, lying flat on the ground; others, again, do it on their hands and knees, and others walking backward.

Tize, or Kelas, has an elevation of 21,830 feet, and

MANSAROWAR LAKES

Nandiphu, west of it, 10,440 feet; while northwest of the sacred mountain are visible other summits, 20,460 feet, 19,970 feet, and 20,280 feet. Animal life seemed to abound, for while I was sketching the panorama before me a snow leopard bounded gracefully past us. I had a shot or two at *thar*, and we saw any number of *kiang*. We found rhubarb, which seemed to be thriving, at so

high an elevation as 17,000 feet, and quantities of yellow flowers in the same locality and at the same elevation; and at 19,000 feet I netted two couples of small white-and-black butterflies. They seemed to have great difficulty in flying, and hardly rose more than two or three inches off the ground, flapping their wings irregularly; they seldom flew more than a few feet, and then remained motionless for long periods before they attempted to fly again. I had come across the same kind of butterfly at lower altitudes, 18,600 feet and 17,000 feet, and I invariably found them in couples.

On nearing the lakes the atmosphere seemed saturated with moisture, for no sooner had the sun gone down than there was a heavy dew, which soaked our blankets and clothes. We were at 16,550 feet, in a narrow, marshy creek, in which we had descended *à pic* from the last mountain range. From the summit of the range we had seen many columns of smoke rising from the neighborhood of the Rakastal Lake, and we judged that again we must proceed with great caution.

We cooked our food, and in the middle of the night, for greater safety, we shifted our camp on the summit of the plateau in a northeasterly direction, and continued our journey in the morning, high above the magnificent blue sheet of the Devil's Lake with its pretty islands.

"Sahib, do you see that island?" exclaimed the Kutial, pointing at a barren rock that emerged from the lake. "On it," he continued, "lives a hermit Lama, a saintly man. He has been there alone for many years, and he is held in great veneration by the Tibetans. He exists almost entirely on fish and occasional swan's eggs, and only in winter, when the lake is frozen, is communication established with the shore, and supplies of *tsamba* are brought to him, for they have no boats in Rakastal, nor

any way of constructing rafts, owing to the absence of wood. The hermit sleeps in a cave, but generally comes out in the open to pray to Buddha." During the following night, when everything was still, a slight breeze blowing from the north brought to us, faint and indistinct, the broken howls of the hermit.

"What is that?" I asked of the Shokas.

"It is the hermit speaking to God. Every night he climbs to the summit of the rock, and from there addresses his prayers to Buddha the Great."

"How is he clothed?" I inquired.

"In skins."

Late in the afternoon we had an amusing incident. We came to a creek in which were a number of men and women, hundreds of yaks and sheep, and some thirty ponies.

The Shokas became alarmed, and immediately pronounced the folks to be brigands. I maintained that they were not, and as Kachi expounded the theory that the only way to distinguish Dakus from honest beings was to hear them talk (the Dakus, he declared, usually shout at the top of their voices when conversing, and use language far from select, while well-to-do Tibetans speak gently and with refinement), I thought the only thing to do was to go and address the people, when by the tone of voice we would find out what they were. This, however, did not suit my Shokas, and we were placed in rather a curious position, for to proceed we must either pass by the Tibetan encampment, or we must march southward round a mountain, which would involve considerable trouble, fatigue, and waste of time. We waited till night came, watching, unseen, the Tibetans below us. As is customary with them, they retired at sundown to their tents. Leaving my men behind, I crawled into their

camp during the night and peeped into one of the tents. The men were squatting on the ground, round a fire in the centre, upon which steamed two vessels with stewing tea. One old man, with strongly marked Mongolian features, accentuated by the heavy shadows which were cast by the light of the fire above his angular cheek-bones and prominent and wrinkled brow, was busily revolving his prayer-wheel from left to right, repeating in a mechanical way the usual "*Omne mani padme hun*," words which come from the Sanscrit, and refer to the reincarnation of Buddha from a lotus flower, meaning, literally, "O God, the gem emerging from a lotus flower." Two or three other men, whose faces I could not well see, as they were stooping very low, were busy counting money and examining several articles of Indian manufacture, which undoubtedly had been seized from Shokas. It was fortunate that they had no dogs in this camp, for I, having discovered our best way to pass them unperceived, went back to my men and led them, in the middle of the night, through the camp itself. We proceeded for a mile or so beyond the encampment, and, having selected a well-sheltered spot where we could rest without fear of discovery, we laid down our loads and tried to get a few hours' sleep. Waking at sunrise, we were startled to find ourselves surrounded by a band of dacoits. They were our friends of the previous night, who had followed our tracks, and, mistaking us for Shoka traders, had now come for a little festive looting. On drawing near they were given a somewhat warm reception, and their instant retreat was more speedy than dignified.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SPIED AND FOLLOWED BY ROBBERS — JOGPAS' HOSPITALITY — HARES — TIBETAN CHARMS RESISTED — ATTEMPT TO SNATCH CHANDEN SING'S RIFLE OUT OF HIS HANDS — THE RIDGE BETWEEN RAKASTAL AND MANSAROWAR LAKES

We wended our way along a narrow valley towards the shore of the Devil's Lake, halting to cook our food about half a mile from the water's edge, and I took this opportunity to make observations for longitude and altitude with hypsometrical apparatus. Water boiled at 185° with temperature of atmosphere at 64°.

I had just repacked my instruments, and was lying flat in the sun, some distance away from my men, when I thought I saw something move. Jumping up, I beheld a stalwart Tibetan stealing along the ground only a few yards away from me, with the object, no doubt, of taking possession of my rifle before I had time to discover him. Unfortunately for him he was not quick enough, and all that he gained for his attempt was a good pounding with the butt of my Mannlicher. He was one of the Dakus we had seen in the morning, and no doubt they had followed and spied upon us all along. Having got over his first surprise, the dacoit, with an amusing air of assumed innocence, requested us to go and spend the night in his tent with him and his mates. They would treat us right royally, he said. Being, however, well acquainted with the hospitality of dacoits, we declined the invitation. The brigand went away somewhat shaken and disap-

pointed, and we continued our journey along the water-edge of the Devil's Lake (Rakastal), where hundreds of hares sprang from under our feet, several of which I killed with my rifle, using bullet-cartridges. There were

A DACOIT

signs all along that at some previous epoch the level of the lake must have been much higher than it is at present.

Marching during the day, we encountered many Tibe

tans, some of whom were Dogpas, others Jogpas. When they saw us approaching they generally bolted, driving their sheep or yaks in front of them. Nevertheless, we came upon two Tibetan women, very dirty, and their faces smeared with black ointment to prevent the skin from cracking in the high wind. They were dressed in long sheepskin garments, wornout and filthy, and their coiffures were so unwashed that they emanated a sickening odor. I ordered them not to come too near us, for although these females had no claims whatever to beauty — and, as far as I could see they possessed no other charm, one being old and toothless, the other with a skin like a lizard—they actually tried to decoy us to their tents, possibly with the object of getting us robbed by their men. My men seemed little attracted by the comical speeches and gestures with which they sought to beguile us, and I pushed on so as to be rid of this uncanny pack as soon as possible.

Four Tibetans, who attempted to snatch Chanden Sing's rifle out of his hand, received from him a battering that they were unlikely soon to forget, and after this we were fortunately left alone for the remainder of the day. In the evening Chanden Sing fired at a black wolf which came close to camp, and I discovered, about one hundred feet above lake-level, embedded in the mountain-side, a stratum of gigantic fossils, which, owing to their size and weight, I regretted to be unable to dig out and carry away.

Feeling almost certain that we were being spied upon all the time by the numerous Jogpas we had met, we attempted to dodge them by pretending to encamp before sunset. However, we only lighted a fine fire, and then escaped after dark, walking and stumbling for several miles, until we found a spot high on the hill-side where

we considered ourselves safe. Snow fell heavily during the night, and, as usual, we woke up with icicles hanging from our mustaches, eyelashes, and hair, notwithstanding which we really were quite happy and well.

It was my good-fortune to make quite sure from many points that, as can be seen from the illustration reproduced in these pages, the ridge between the Rakastal and Mansarowar lakes is continuous, and no communication between the two lakes exists. With the exception of a small depression about half-way across, the ridge has an average height of 1000 feet all along, a fact which ought in itself to dispose of the theory that the two lakes are one. I also further ascertained from the natives that there is no communication whatever between them, though the depression in the ridge makes it probable that at a very remote period some connection existed. The lowest point in this depression is over 300 feet above the level of the lake.

CHAPTER XL

MORE ROBBERS—THE FRIENDS OF TIBETAN AUTHORITIES—A SNAP-SHOT —A MEEK LOT—PREPOSSESSING FEMALE AND HER CURIOUS WAYS—THE PURCHASE OF TWO YAKS

Just before leaving the shores of the Rakastal I had a great slice of luck. It happened thus. We had been detected by another band of dacoits who were trying their hardest to overtake us. I had been spying them with my telescope as they rode in our direction. They were driving some twenty yaks in front of them at an unusually fast pace. The dacoits rode ponies. We were about a mile and a half ahead of them now, and close to the edge of the Devil's Lake. We saw them coming down the hill-side at a break-neck speed straight in our direction. It was evident that they were after us. My men became terror-stricken when I gave the order to halt.

The band of dacoits approached and left the yaks in charge of two women. When they galloped in a line towards us, my men, with the exception of Chanden Sing and Mansing, were paralyzed with fright.

They were now a hundred yards off. With loaded rifle in one hand and my camera in the other, I advanced to meet them, knowing that, with their old-fashioned matchlocks, it takes them a considerable time to light the fuse and fire a shot. Moreover, it is almost an impossibility for them to fire on horseback, their weapons being heavy and cumbersome.

I focused them in my twin-lens photographic appa-

ratus, and waited till I had them well in the field. I snapped the shot when they were only thirty yards away, vaulting over their ponies in the act of dismounting. The camera, having done its work, was quickly deposited on the ground, and the rifle shouldered. I shouted to them to put down their weapons, and to give force to my request I aimed at them with my Mannlicher.

A meeker lot of brigands I do not believe could be found, though people of that kind are often brave when it is easy for them to be courageous. Their matchlocks were unslung from their shoulders with remarkable quickness and flung to the ground, and their jewelled swords were laid by the side of their firearms. They went down on their knees, and, taking off their caps with both hands, put out their tongues in sign of salute and submission, and I could not help taking another snap-shot at them in that attitude, which was comical, to say the least of it.

My bearer, who had been left to look after the baggage, had placed Mansing in charge, and was now by my side with the Martini-Henry, when one of the women, riding astride, arrived on the scene. She was evidently furious at the cowardice of her men, and I liked her for that. She jumped off her steed, ejaculated words at the top of her voice, shaking her fists at the men still kneeling before me, and at last, foaming with rage, spat on them. While thus haranguing the band of highwaymen, she had an annoying way of pointing at my baggage, but her speech seemed to have little effect on the submissive crowd.

I therefore went up to her, patted her on the back, and gave her a rupee to hold her tongue. She grabbed the coin and rubbed it on her skin coat to make the silver shine. She instantly became calm, and, rubbing the coin until it was quite bright, she raised her fiery eyes,

staring into mine, and pulled out her tongue to express her thanks.

Kachi and Dola, who knew Tibetan well, were now summoned to address the filibusters for me, and these two Shokas were in such trepidation that they could hardly walk, much less speak. After a while, however, seeing how well I had these supposed terrific rangers under, they were at last able to translate.

"I want them to sell me some yaks and some ponies," I said. "I will pay handsomely for them."

"They say they cannot. The Tarjum will cut their heads off if he comes to know it. They will only sell one or two yaks."

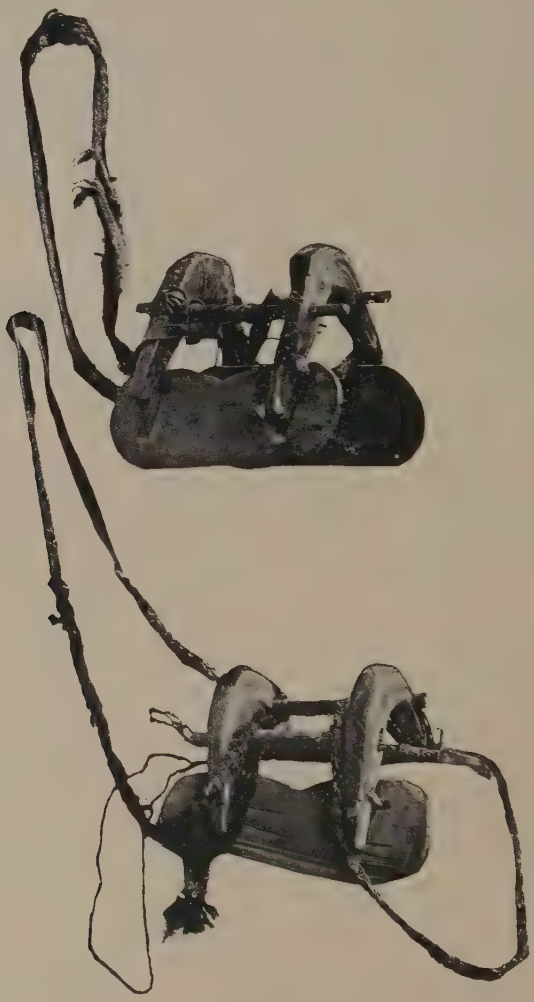
"Very good. How much do they want?"

"Two hundred silver rupees. But," added Dola, "sahib, do not give them more than forty. That is a great deal more than they are worth. A good yak costs from ten to sixteen rupees."

After some three or four hours' bargaining, during which time the bandits descended gradually from two hundred rupees to forty and I rose from twenty to that figure, we at last agreed, amid the greatest excitement on both sides, that their two best yaks should become my property. I then, becoming quite friendly, purchased pack-saddles from them, and sundry other curiosities. They gave me tea, even, and *tsamba*. The fiery woman only had still a peculiar way of keeping one eye fixed on my baggage, and her envy of my property seemed to increase when she saw me paying for the yaks. If she kept one eye on my goods, I kept both there; and I took good care that my rifle was never out of my hand, and that no one ever came too near me from behind.

We counted the money down, some fifty rupees, including all purchases. Each coin was passed round and

sounded by each of our sellers, and when the entire sum was handed over the coins were passed back and recount-



PACK-SADDLES FOR YAKS

ed so that there should be no mistake. Time in Tibet is not money, and my readers must not be surprised when I tell them that counting, recounting, and sounding the

small amount took two more hours. The two yaks were eventually handed over to us. One, a huge, long-haired, black animal, restless and powerful; the other equally black, strong, and hairy, but somewhat gentler.

To catch them, separate them from the herd, pass ropes through their respective nostrils, and tie pack-saddles on their backs were all operations we as novices had to master. It was hard work indeed, but we struggled till we succeeded.

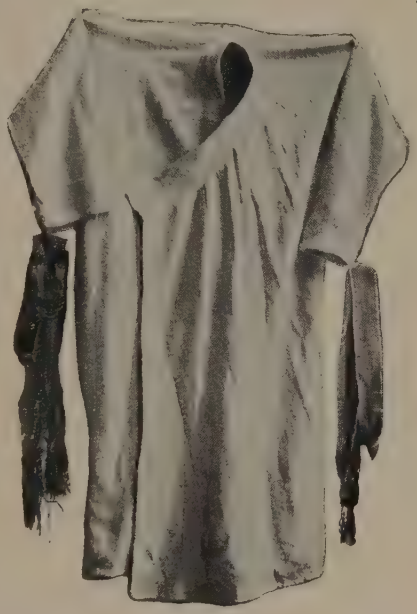
When we parted we were good friends, the bandits behaving admirably, and I made up my mind that I would at any time rather trust a bandit in Tibet than an official.

CHAPTER XLI

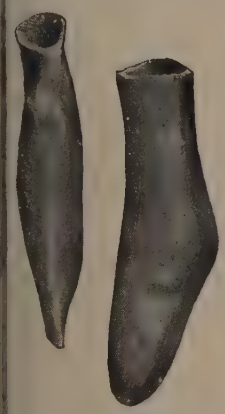
TIBETAN COATS, HATS, AND BOOTS — WHY A TIBETAN PREFERS TO LEAVE HALF THE CHEST AND ONE ARM BARE—ORNAMENTATIONS—MANNER AND SPEECH — IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION — WAY OF EATING—JOGPA WOMEN AND CHILDREN—HEAD-DRESS

In a way, I was sorry when my interview with the Jogpas came to an end, for, although they were undoubtedly brigands, they were certainly interesting. Their original and curious dress and manner of conversation, their unusual but eminently suitable mode of eating, and their jovial freedom of demeanor were really quite refreshing. Their dress was quite representative of Tibet, for the men wore a great variety of coats and hats, probably owing to the facility with which they obtained them, and no two individuals were dressed alike, though certain leading characteristics of dress were conserved in each case. One man wore a gaudy coat trimmed with leopard-skin, another had a long gray woollen robe like a dressing-gown, taken up at the waist by a kamarband, and a third was garbed in a loose raiment of sheepskin, with the wool inside. Yet a fourth was arrayed in a deep-red tunic, fastened by a belt of leather with silver ornamentations inlaid in wrought-iron to hold a needle-case, tinder-pouch and steel, with a bead hanging from the leather thong, and a pretty dagger with sheath of ebony, steel, and filigree silver, besides other articles, such as a bullet-pouch and bag. In their kamarbands, or belts, the Jogpas, in common with the majority of Tibetan men, wear a sword in front, and whether the coat is long or short, it is invariably loose

and made to bulge at the waist in order that it may contain a store of eating and drinking bowls (the *pu-kus*), snuff-box, and sundry bags of money, and *tsamba* and bricks of tea! It is owing to this custom that most Tibetan men, when seen at first, impress one as being very stout, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are somewhat slight in figure. Tibetans leave one arm and part of the chest bare, letting the sleeve hang loose. The reason for this practice, which seems to have puzzled many people, is that in Tibet the days are very hot and the nights cold (the drop in the thermometer in Southwest Tibet being at times as much as 80°, and even 100°), and as the Tibetans always sleep in their clothes, the garments that protect their bodies from being frozen at night are found too heavy and warm in the hot sun, and therefore this simple expedient is adopted. When sitting down, both arms are drawn from the sleeves and the chest and back are left bare; but when on foot, one arm, usually the left, is slipped in, to prevent the coat and its heavy contents falling off.



WHITE WOOLLEN COAT AND SASHES



WOOLLEN SOCKS

I have no hesitation in pronouncing

the Tibetan boots, from a utilitarian point of view, as the best in the world. They have all the advantages a boot should possess, especially those with flat soles of thick twisted cord. The upper part, being made of red and green felt, keeps the foot warm without preventing ventilation, and plenty of spreading room is left for the toes when walking. The felt gaiter, reaching to just below the knee, holds the soft sole of the boot flat under the foot, giving absolutely free action to the ankle. The most salient and sensible point in the Tibetan foot-gear, however, is that the foot, all but the top part, is incased in the thick sole, thus preventing the jamming of toes between stones when walking, for instance, on *débris*, and also doing away with the accumulation of snow and mud between the sole and boot, so inconvenient in our foot-gear. There are many varieties and makes of boots in Tibet, but the principle is always the same. The boots are always home-made, each individual making his own, except in large towns, where foot-gear can be purchased, and necessarily the quality is then not up to the same high standard. The difference in Tibetan boots is mainly in the quality or texture of the soles; for instance, the Lhassa boots have finer, softer, and more elastic soles than those made in Sigatz (usually written Shigatze), which are quite hard and stiff, and supposed to

SNOW-BOOT

MAN'S BOOT, MADE AT SIGATZ

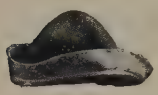
WOMAN'S BOOT

BOOT MADE IN LHASSA

wear out much sooner than the more pliable ones of the sacred city. Then there are some with leather soles, made specially for wet or snowy regions, and these, when greased over, are quite waterproof. Two kinds of these are in use, one with pointed and curled toes, for cutting one's way into the snow, the other of the usual shape. Men and women alike wear these boots. The principal Lamas and officials of Tibet have adopted the Chinese-pattern boots of leather, with heavy leather or wooden soles and enormous nails under them.

The Tibetans have innumerable varieties of head-gear. The most peculiar of all, worn chiefly by soldiers and dacoits, is one in the form of a section of a cone with large rim, made entirely of twisted cord like that used for the soles of the boots, and with a hole at the top for ventilation. The conical part being too small to fit the head, it is held upon the skull by means of two strings tied under the chin. There are also conical brown and gray felt ones, not unlike filters used in chemical laboratories, and these, when of the better quality, are frequently ornamented with gold, blue, or red embroidery of Chinese manufacture. An impressive head-gear was worn by the medicine-man attached to the band of robbers I had interviewed. It resembled at first sight an exaggerated jockey's cap of red silk, but closer examination showed that it consisted of two long strips of red silk, well stretched on a light frame of bamboo, and at an angle of about 90°. This hat was held on the head by means of a band round the back of the head, and it projected some fifteen inches over the forehead. In addition to these, there are of course common cloth or fur caps, with ear-flaps; and it is not uncommon to see, in Tibet, soldiers wearing a silk kamar-band bound tightly round the head, turban-fashion, with one end left hanging down over the ear. The commoner

Tibetan, however, is not fond of covering his head, and though he often has one or more caps stowed away in the loose folds of his coat, he seldom wears one on his head under ordinary circumstances. This does not apply to officials, who are never seen without a circular cap of Chinese shape, surmounted by a topknot.



HAT WORN BY OFFICIALS

All men, except the Lamas, who shave their heads clean, wear a pigtail, short and shaggy at times, or long and ornamented with a piece of cloth in which it is sewn and passed through rings of ivory, bone, glass, metal, or coral. Ornaments of silver, such as perforated coins, are much used in adorning the men's pigtails, and coral and malachite ornaments are also common in Tibet for the same purpose, and are much valued by the natives. Men wear, passed through the lobe of the ear, an ear-ring with malachite ornamentations, and often with an additional long pendant. It is usually of brass or silver, and occasionally of gold. More common than the solitary ear-ring is the brass or silver charm-box, frequently containing a likeness of Buddha, which nearly every Tibetan carries slung round his neck. Tibetans are, as a rule, excessively superstitious and fond of charms of every sort. Their superstitions are, of course, the result of ignorance, and so are most of their other bad qualities. Except among the higher officials and the Lamas, education can hardly be said to exist in Tibet, the population being kept in the most obscure ignorance. Few can read, and none can write, and the Lamas take very good care that only those shall learn who are likely to be of use. Honesty and honor are two qualities almost unknown in any class or condition in Tibet; and as for truthfulness, all travellers in the country can testify to the practical impossibility of obtaining it

from a Tibetan. Cruelty is innate in them, and vice and crime are everywhere rampant.

That the Jogpas had good digestions was evident from the way they ate when, having concluded the sale of the yaks, they squatted down to a hearty meal of *tsamba*, *chura*, and tea. They took from their coats their wooden and metal *pu-kus*, and quickly filled them with *tsamba;* pouring over it some steaming tea, made as usual with butter and salt in a churn, they stirred it round and round the bowl with their dirty fingers until a paste was formed, which they rolled into a ball and ate, the same operation being repeated over and over again until their appetite was satisfied. Each time, before refilling, the bowl was licked clean by rotating the *pu-ku* round and round the tongue. Feeling the heat of the sun, after their meal both men and women removed their garments above the waist, showing ornaments of gold, silver, and copper encircling their necks.

The women folk of the dacoits, though far from beautiful, possessed a certain charm, arising from their curious wildness. Unlike those of Tibetan women generally, their teeth were very good, and their complexions were not specially dark, the black ointment with which their cheeks, noses, and foreheads were smeared making them appear darker than they really were, and being decidedly unbecoming. All had regular features, and their eyes and mouths were full of expression. Their hair, plaited into numberless little tresses, was brought up and fastened in a graceful curve over the head, kept firm by a red turban, which was arranged to show another row of little tresses on the forehead, the ends being joined in succession to one another. They wore large ear-rings of gold inlaid with malachite, and were in manner so unaffected that they disregarded even the most primitive conventions.

The children were talkative, and had the bearing of adults. They wore swords in their belts, even at the early age of eight or ten years. In a basket that had been carried by one of the yaks I saw an infant only a few months old. I caressed it, to the horror of his superstitious mother, who snatched the child away and washed and rubbed the poor little fellow's face until the skin was sore, declaring that children die that are touched by strangers.

The men were just as bad in this, and when I purchased some rice from them they would not let me touch it till it had become my property. They objected each time that I stretched out my arm to touch the bag of rice, and showed me eventually a handful of rice at a considerable distance, to let me judge of its quality. I had to purchase only the handful at first. Having assured myself that it was all right, I then purchased the remainder.

CHAPTER XLII

A DAKU'S STRANGE IDEAS—THE RIDGE BETWEEN THE TWO LAKES—BLACK TENTS—CONFRONTING THE TWO LAKES—A CHAIN OF HIGH PEAKS—GOMBAS—CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

We had marched on the same afternoon about half a mile in the direction of Mansarowar, when we were overtaken by one of the Dakus whom we had left a short time before. He rode towards us, apparently in a great state of excitement. Having dismounted, he drew his sword and began chasing one of my yaks. This seemed so strange a proceeding that we were at a loss to understand his intentions; but as he screamed to us that he meant no harm, we let him go on. He eventually overtook one recalcitrant yak, and, after a struggle with the unfortunate beast, he flung his arms round its neck and rested his head between its horns. I was anything but pleased with these antics, fearing that this effusion was only a dodge to cut the beast's throat. Much to my astonishment, I found that the young Jogpa had seized a tuft of the yak's hair with his teeth and was trying to tear it off, while the unfortunate beast was making desperate efforts to shake off its persecutor. The hair eventually gave way, and with a mouthful of it hanging from both sides of his tightly closed lips the Jogpa now let go of the animal's head, and, brandishing his sword, made a dash for its tail.

I seized the man by his pigtail, while he in his turn clung to the tail of the frightened yak, which, bolting, dragged us after it at an unpleasant pace.

The Jogpa, in our mad flight, cut off a long lock of the yak's silky hair, and, having secured this, appeared to be quite satisfied, let go and sheathed his sword. He concealed the stolen locks in his coat, and then made profound obeisances to us, putting out his tongue as usual and declaring that, unless that precaution is taken when parting with a beast, bad luck is sure to come to you. This closed the incident; the Jogpa rode away perfectly

A BLACK YAK

happy, and we continued our march across the stony plain until we reached the ridge which extends across it and divides the two sheets of water. We climbed up to the top, rising to 16,450 feet, and, to make certain that the ridge really extended right across, I made an expedition about half-way across, finding the northern part somewhat lower than the southern, still rising several hundred feet above the level of the lakes. This expedi-

tion incurred some loss of time, and when night came we were still on the ridge.

From our camping-ground we saw fifteen black tents on the hill-side, and to the east, on the lake shore, there was a large Gomba, or Lamasery, with a temple and a number of mud houses. I estimated the distance between ourselves and the Gomba at only eight miles—a cheering fact, because I hoped to get fresh provisions there to enable us to proceed more rapidly on our journey. We were now quite out of reach of the Gyanema sepoys, as well as of the Barca Tarjum and the Taklakot Jong Pen, and if we could only obtain a sufficient quantity of food during the night, and proceed by the jungle early the next day, there would be little danger of our being overtaken. The Shokas were, of course, again shaking with fright at the idea of entering a Tibetan settlement, but I told them very firmly that we must reach Tucker Gomba and village that night.

We had below us the two great lakes, and before I left this magnificent panorama I could not help taking a last long look at the marvellous scene. The Devil's Lake, with its broken, precipitous shores, its rocky islands and outstretching peninsulas, was far more enchanting to me than the sacred lake at its side, in which, according to tradition, dwell Mahadeva (pronounced Mahadeve) and all the other good gods. Although the water is equally blue and limpid, although each lake has for background the same magnificent Gangri chain, Mansarowar, the creation of Brahma, from whom it takes its name, is not nearly so weirdly fascinating as its neighbor. Mansarowar has no ravines rising precipitously from its waters, in which their vivid coloring would be reflected as in a mirror; it is almost a perfect oval, without indentations. There is a stony, slanting plain some two miles wide between the

water's edge and the hills surrounding it, except along the ridge separating it from the Rakastal, where its shore is slightly more rugged and precipitous.

Directly south of the lake is a chain of high peaks covered with snow, from which several streams descend. From where we stood we could see evident signs, as in the case of the Rakastal, that the level of the lake must at one time have been at least thirty feet higher than it is at present, and the slanting bed of small rounded and smooth stones, which extends from one and a half to two miles beyond the water-line, is evidence enough that the water must once have been up to that point. I believe that it is still gradually receding.

Round the lake there are several tumbling-down sheds in charge of Lamas, but only one important Gomba (monastery) and temple are to be found—*viz.*, at Tuckeri village.

I was told that a small Gomba and *serai* in charge of Lamas stand to the northwest of the lake, but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, as I did not visit them myself, and the information I received from Tibetans regarding their position and importance was conflicting.

As the nature of the country suddenly altered between the Devil's Lake and Mansarowar, so, too, the weather and the temperature greatly changed. Over the Rakastal we invariably saw a lovely blue sky, whereas over Mansarowar heavy black clouds always lowered and rain fell incessantly. From time to time the wind blew off the rain for a few minutes, and lovely effects of light played on the water, but fresh clouds, with violent bursts of thunder, soon made the scene again gloomy and depressing.

It was much warmer on the Mansarowar side of the ridge than on the other, and, probably owing to damp

ness, the air seemed quite thick to breathe, instead of being crisp and light, as it was along the shores of the Devil's Lake. Indeed, when I recall the Mansarowar, I cannot help thinking that it is the home not only of the gods but also of all the storms.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE LANGA TSANGPO—A TERRIFIC STORM—DRENCHED TO THE SKIN—HEAVY MARCHING—AGAINST THE GODS—DIFFICULTY IN FINDING THE LAMASERY AND VILLAGE—A BARK!—ARRIVAL AT LAST—GENTLE TAPPING—UNDER A ROOF

We descended some two miles to the plain, and crossed a rapid delta of the Langa Tsangpo, or Langa River; then another, a mile farther. As these rivers came directly from the snows, the water was very cold, and often three or four feet deep, owing to the thawing of the snow and ice during the day.

No sooner had we reached the shores of the Mansarowar than the heavy clouds which had been hanging over our heads poured forth such a torrent of rain that in a moment we were drenched to the skin. We were marching very fast, as all our heavy loads were now on the two yaks, but night was well advanced, and the darkness was such that we could only see a few inches in front of us. We were actually walking in an inch or two of water, and a fierce southeast wind drove the rain and hail so hard into our faces and hands as to cause us considerable pain. We were frozen in our wet garments, and our teeth were chattering, though we walked quickly, keeping close together. From time to time a bright flash of lightning shone on the lake, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, and by what we could see during those few seconds of light we tried to steer our way towards Tucker village and Gomba.

The rivers, swollen by the rain, were extremely difficu

to cross, and the water seemed to flow so rapidly on the inclined bed that it was all we could do to keep on our feet. So wet were we that we did not even take the trouble to remove our shoes or garments, and we splashed through, clothes and all. Three times we went into the freezing water above our waists, and then we marched for apparently endless miles on the pebbly and stony incline. We could not see where we were going, and the storm seemed to grow worse every moment, and we stumbled on amid large stones and bowlders, and fell over one another on slippery rocks. Farther on we sank up to our knees in mud, and each time that we lifted a foot it seemed to be of lead. It was a downpour such as I had seldom before experienced.

"Are you quite sure, Kachi, that this lake is the home of the gods?" I inquired of Kachi. "Why, even on the Devil's Lake we had better weather than this."

"Yes, sir," replied Kachi. "But you make the gods angry, and that is why they send thunder, hail, and rain to stop your progress. You are going on against the gods, sir."

"Never mind, Kachi. It cannot pour forever."

At midnight we had no idea of our position; still we pushed on.

"Have we passed the Gomba? Have we not yet reached it?" were the questions we asked each other. It seemed to me that, at the rate we were going, we ought by now to be very near the place, and yet after another hour's tramp we had not struck it. I was under the belief that we had gone about nine miles, and I expressed the opinion that we had passed it, but the Shokas insisted that we had not, so we again proceeded.

We had hardly gone five hundred yards when we heard a faint, distant, and most welcome dog's bark. It came

from the northwest, and we surmised that it must come from Tucker. We had steered too far south of the place, which accounted for our missing it in the darkness.

Guided by the yelping, we hastily directed our steps towards the settlements. The dog's solitary howl was at once supplemented by fifty more angry barks, and though we knew by the sound that we were approaching the village, it was so dark and stormy that we could not find the place. Only when we found ourselves close to the mud huts could we be certain that we had at last arrived.

It was now between 2 and 3 A.M. The rain still came down in torrents, and, alas! there was no sign of any of the inhabitants being willing to give us shelter. It was quite out of the question to pitch our little *tente d'abri* for our things were already wringing wet.

The noise we made tapping outside a door was determined, so much so that the door itself nearly gave way. This was a shelter-house, a *serai* for pilgrims; and as we claimed to be pilgrims, we had, by the laws of the country, a right to admission. The Kutial Nattoo, who had once before reached this lake by a different route, led us to this house.

"You are dacoits," said a hoarse voice from inside, "or you would not come at this hour."

"No, we are not," we entreated. "Please open. We are well-to-do people. We will harm no one, and pay for all."

"*Middu, Middu!*" (Cannot be, no!) "You are dacoits, I will not open."

To show that we were not what they imagined, faithful Chanden Sing and Dola tapped again so gently at the door that the bolt gave way. The next moment ten strangers were squatting down round a warm fire, drying their shrivelled-up, soaked skins by the flame of dried

tamarisk and dung. The landlord, a doctor, by-the-way, was reassured when he saw that we had no evil intentions, and found some silver coins in the palm of his hand. Yet he said he would rather that we slept somewhere else; there was a capital empty hut next door.

On our agreeing to this, he conducted us to the place, and we spent the remainder of the night there, or rather the early morning.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE INTERIOR OF A *SERAI* — VERMIN — FISH, LOCAL JEWELRY, AND POTTERY FOR SALE — FAVORITE SHAPES AND PATTERNS — HOW POTTERY IS MADE

Our abode was a one-storied house built of stones and mud, with a flat roof. There were two rooms, the first lighted by the door, the second and larger having a square aperture in the ceiling for the triple purpose of ventilation, lighting, and outlet for the smoke of the fire, which burned directly underneath in the centre of the room. The beams and rafters supporting the roof had been brought over from the other side of the Himahlyas, because no wood is to be found in Western Tibet.

This *serai* was in charge of a young, half-demented Lama, who was most profuse in salutations, and who remained open-mouthed, gazing, at us for a considerable time. He was polite and attentive in helping to dry our things in the morning, and whenever we asked for anything he ran out of the *serai* in frantic fits of merriment, always bringing in what we required.

The heavy storm during the night had flooded our room, and there was only one corner slightly drier than the rest of the floor, where we all slept huddled together. These *serais* have no claim to cleanliness, and on this occasion all the minor animal life that inhabited the floor had, with a view to avoiding the water, retreated to the higher portion of the room, which we also had selected, so that one more trial was added to all our other miseries, for we were half devoured by a variety of "insects." This, indeed, was

a dreadful pest, and one from which we suffered indescribable agonies, not only on this occasion, but whenever we halted near Tibetan camps. When we rose in the morning the room was full of Tibetan men, women, and children, who seemed very good-natured and friendly.

SILVER LHASSA COINS

"*Tanga chick!*" (a silver coin equivalent to half a rupee) cried an old woman, who stuck a dried fish under my nose, professing volubly that it had been caught in Mansarowar, and that it would make the possessor the happiest of mortals. Others unrolled, from pieces of red cloth, jewelry in the form of brooches, rings, and ear-rings of brass or silver inlaid with malachite.

"*Gurmoh sum!*" (three rupees); "*Diu, diu, diu*" (Yes, yes, yes); "*Karuga ni!*" (two two-anna pieces); "*Gieut-cheke!*" (a four-anna piece), and so on, all talking at the same time in their anxiety to dispose of their goods.

COPPER COINS

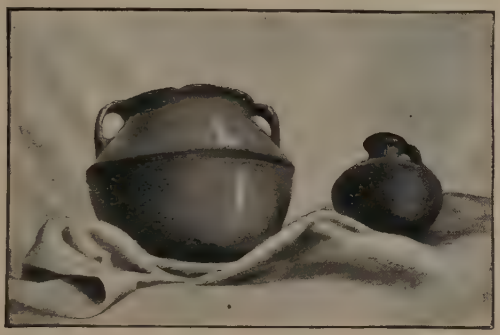
EAR-RING WORN BY MEN

The jewelry was of local manufacture, and in some cases the pieces of malachite were firmly set, but usually a kind of paste is used for holding the stones, and consequently, pretty as the jewels are, they soon break.

The ear-rings are usually better made than the brooches, but the most interesting of all, because simpler and more characteristic, are the flat silver charms, such as the one I

MANSAROWAR POTTERY

The two patterns reproduced in the following illustration are those more commonly adopted; the color is a light grayish terra-cotta, left fairly smooth and unvarnished. They are well burned, in primitive furnaces, the Lamas showing much skill in the manufacture of these



MANSAROWAR POTTERY

vessels, which find a ready market among the pilgrims to the sacred lake. The tools used in fashioning the vessels are extremely simple—a piece of flat stone and two or three wands of wood, beyond which the Tucker potter does not really require more than his fingers and his nails to accomplish his work.

CHAPTER XLV

FRIENDLY LAMAS—CHANDEN SING AND MANSING PURIFIED—MANSING'S SARCASM—PILGRIMS TO MANSAROWAR AND THEIR PRIVILEGES—FOR LUCK!—OUTSIDE THE GOMBA

Several Lamas came to visit me in the morning, and professed to be pleased to see me; in fact, they asked me to go and pay them a visit in the Lamasery and temple. They said there was much sickness in the village, and, as they believed me to be a Hindoo doctor, they wished I could do something to relieve their sufferings. I promised to do all I could, and was very glad to have this unique chance of visiting a Lamasery and of studying the cases that would be brought before me. I carried my rifle in my hand even during this friendly visit to the Lamas.

When I came out of our stuffy, dark room, preceded and followed by a crowd of inquisitive natives, I had a good look round this strange village. After the storm of the night, we did not have the beautiful blue sky that might have been expected, but over us hung threatening clouds, while the waters of the sacred lake, softly moved by the wind, made a gentle lapping sound on the beach. Chanden Sing and Mansing, the two Hindoos, divested of all their clothing except a *doti*, were squatting near the edge of the lake, having their heads shaved clean by Bijesing the Johari. I must confess that I was somewhat annoyed when I saw them using my best razor for the purpose, but I repressed my anger on remembering

that, according to their religion, the fact of being at Mansarowar absolved them from all sins. My two servants, with heads turned towards Kelas Mount, seemed excited, and were praying so fervently that I stood to watch them. They washed themselves repeatedly in the water of the lake, and at last plunged into it. On coming out shivering, they each took out of their clothes a silver rupee and flung it into the lake as an offering to the God Mahadeva. Then, with hairless faces and heads, they dressed and came to pay their salaams to me, professing to be now happy and pure.

"Siva, the greatest of all gods, lives in the waters of Mansarowar!" exclaimed my bearer, in a poetic mood. "I have bathed in its waters, and of its waters I have drunk. I have salaamed the great Kelas, the sight of which alone can absolve all sins of humanity; I shall now go to heaven."

"I shall be satisfied if we get as far as Lhassa," grumbled the sceptical Mansing, out of ear-reach of the Tibetans.

Chanden Sing, who was well versed in religious matters, explained that only Hindoo pilgrims who had lost both parents shaved their heads on visiting Mansarowar, as a sacrifice to Siva, and, if they were of a high caste, on their return to their native land after the pilgrimage it was customary to entertain all the Brahmins of the town to a banquet. A man who had bathed in Mansarowar was held in great respect by everybody, and commanded the admiration and envy of the entire world.

The Mansarowar Lake is about forty-six miles round, and those pilgrims who wish to attain a greater state of sanctity make a *kora*, or circuit, on foot along the waterline. The journey occupies from four to seven days, according to circumstances, and one trip round will absolve

the pilgrim from ordinary sins; twice the circuit clears the conscience of any murder; and three times will make honest and good a person who has killed his or her father, mother, brother, or sister. There are fanatics who make the tour on their knees, others accomplish the distance lying down flat at each step on their faces, similar to the pilgrims to Kelas.

According to legend, Mansarowar was created by Brahma, and he who shall bathe in its waters will share the paradise of Mahadeva. No matter what crimes he may have previously committed, a dip in the holy lake is sufficient to purge the soul as well as the body. To please my men, therefore, and perhaps bring myself some luck, I, too, hurled a couple of coins into the water.

The purifying ablutions being over, I ordered Chanden Sing to take his rifle and follow me into the Gomba, as the Lamas were so polite that I feared treachery on their part.

The large square building, with its walls painted red and its flattish dome of gilt copper, rose by the waterside, and was both picturesque and handsome in its severe simplicity.

There came sounds from inside of deep, hoarse voices muttering prayers, the tinkling of bells and clanging of cymbals. From time to time a drum was beaten, giving a hollow sound, and an occasional and sudden touch upon a gong caused the air to vibrate until the notes, in a gradual *diminuendo*, were carried away over the holy lake.

CHAPTER XLVI

ENTERING THE LAMASERY—THE LAMA'S DWELLING—NOVICES—WERE WE IN A TRAP?—IMAGES—OBLATIONS—URGHIN—THE HOLY WATER, THE VEIL OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ABSOLUTION—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BOOKS, ETC.—GOD AND THE TRINITY—HEAVEN AND HELL—A MYSTERY

After Chanden Sing and I had entered into the Lamasery, the large door, which had been pushed wide open, was immediately closed. We were in a spacious courtyard, three sides of which had two tiers of galleries supported by columns. This was the *Lhaprang*, or Lama's house, and directly in front of me was the *Lha Kang*, or temple, the floor of which was raised some five feet above the level of the ground, with a very large door leading into it. At this entrance were, one on either side, recesses, in which, by the side of a big drum, squatted two Lamas with books of prayers before them, a praying-wheel and a rosary in their hands, the beads of which they shifted after every prayer. At our appearance the monks ceased their prayers and beat the drums in an excited manner. From what I could judge, there was a commotion in the Gomba. Lamas, old and young, rushed to and fro out of their rooms, while a number of *Chabis*, or novices—boys between the ages of twelve and twenty—lined the banisters of the upper veranda with expressions of evident suspense and curiosity depicted on their faces. No doubt the Lamas had prepared a trap for us. I warned Chanden Sing to be on the alert, and set him on guard at the entrance of the temple, while I, depositing a

few silver coins on the drum of the Lama to my right, took off my shoes in sign of respect, and, much to the amazement of the monks, quietly entered the house of worship. Partly astonished at the sight of the silver, and more so at my want of caution, the Lamas, of whom there was a good number in the court-yard, remained motionless and mute. The High Lama, or Father Superior of the Monastery, at last came forward, stooping low, and

ENTRANCE TO THE TUCKER TEMPLE

placing one thumb above the other, with his tongue hanging out to show his superlative approval of my visit to the many images representing deities or sanctified Buddhist heroes which were grouped along the walls of the temple. The largest of these were about five feet high, the others about three feet. Some were carved out of wood, their drapery and ornaments being fairly artistic in arrangement and execution, while others were fashioned

in gilt metal. There were a number in a sitting posture and some standing erect, and they all rested on ornamented pedestals or plainer bases painted blue, red, white, and yellow. Many wore the ancient Chinese double-winged cap, as used to this day by Corean officials, and were placed in recesses in the wall decorated with stuffs, wood carvings, and rough paintings of images.

At the foot of these images was a long shelf, on which, in bright brass vessels of all sizes, were oblations of *tsamba*, dried fruit, *chura*, wheat, and rice, offered through the Lamas by the devotees to the different saints. Some of the ears of barley were ornamented with imitation leaves of *murr* (butter), colored red, blue, and yellow.

The ceiling of the temple was draped in red woollen cloth similar to that of the clothes worn by the Lamas themselves, and from it hung hundreds of strips of silk, wool, and cotton of all imaginable colors. The roof was supported by columns of wood forming a quadrangle in the centre of the temple and joined by a balustrade, compelling the worshippers to make a circuit from left to right in order to pass before the several images. In a shrine in the central part of the wall facing the entrance was *Urghin*, or *Kunjuk-chick* (God alone), and in front of it, on a kind of altar covered with a carpet, a collection of donations far more abundant than those offered to the other images.

The Lama, pointing at it, told me that it was a good God, and so I salaamed it and deposited a small offering in a handy collection-box, which seemed to please the Lama greatly, for he at once fetched a holy-water amphora, hung with long veils of friendship and love, and poured some scented liquid on the palms of my hands. Then, producing a strip of veil, he wetted it with the

scent and presented it to me. The majority of pilgrims generally go round the inside of the temple on their knees, but, notwithstanding that, to avoid offending prejudices, I generally follow the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do, I could not here afford the chance of placing myself at such a disadvantage in case of a surprise. The High Lama explained the different images and threw handfuls of rice over them as he called them by their respective names, all of which I tried hard to remember, but, alas! before I could get back to the *serai* and scribble down their appellations they had all escaped my memory. A separate entrance led from the living part of the monastery into the temple.

Lights, burning in brass bowls, their wicks being fed with melted butter, were scattered on the floor in the central quadrangle, and near them lay oblong books of prayers printed on the smooth yellow Tibetan paper made from a fibrous bark. Near these books were small drums and cymbals. One double drum, I noticed, was made from reversed sections of human skulls, and my attention was also attracted by some peculiar head-gear worn by the Lamas during their services and ceremonies. On these occasions they not only accompany their chanting and prayers with the beating of drums and clashing of cymbals, but they at the same time make a noise on cane flutes, tinkle hand-bells, and sound a large gong. The noise of these instruments is at times so great that the prayers themselves are quite inaudible. Unfortunately, I failed to see any of the awe-inspiring masks which are used by Lamas in their eccentric and mystic dances, during which, when the Lamas spend the whole day in the temple, they consume much tea with butter and salt in it, which is brought to them in cups by Lamas of an inferior order acting as servants. They

pass hour after hour in their temples, apparently absolutely absorbed in praying to the God above all gods, the incarnation of all the saints together united in a trinity, the *Kunjuk-Sum*.

Kunjuk-Sum, translated literally, means "the three deities," and some take it to refer to the elements—air, water, and fire—which in the Tibetan mind are symbols of speech, charity, and force, and life. One great point in Buddhism, as every one knows, is the advocation of love and respect to one's father and mother, and the prohibition against injuring one's neighbors in any way. According to the precepts contained in some eight hundred volumes called the Kajars, the Tibetans believe in a heaven (the Deva Tsembo) free from all anxieties of human existence, full of love and joy, and ruled over by a god of infinite goodness, helped by countless disciples called the *Chanchubs*, who spend their existence in performing charitable deeds among living creatures. With a number of intermediate places of happiness and punishment they even believe in a hell, where the souls of sinners are tormented by fire and ice.

"God sees and knows everything, and He is everywhere," exclaimed the Lama, "but we cannot see Him. Only the *Chanchubs* can see and speak to Him."

"What are the evil qualities to be mostly avoided?" I inquired of the High Lama, who spoke a little Hindustani.

"Luxury, pride, and envy," he replied.

"Do you ever expect to become a saint?" I asked him.

"Yes, I hope so, but it takes five hundred transmigrations of an uncontaminated soul before one can be one."

Then, as if waking to a sudden thought, he seized my hand impulsively and spread my fingers open. Having

done this, he muttered two or three words of surprise. His face became serious, even solemn, and he treated me with strange obsequiousness. Rushing out of the temple, he went to inform the other Lamas of his discovery, whatever it was. They crowded round him, and from their words and gestures it was easy to see that they were bewildered.

When I left the company of the strange idols and came into the court-yard, every Lama wished to examine and touch my hand, and the sudden change in their behavior was to me a source of curiosity, until I learned the real cause of it some weeks later.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE JONG PEN'S STATEMENTS REGARDING ME—SECTS OF LAMAS—LAMASERIES—GOVERNMENT ALLOWANCE—IGNORANCE OF THE CROWDS—HOW LAMAS ARE RECRUITED—LAMAS, NOVICES, AND MENIALS—DANCES AND HYPNOTISM—INFALLIBILITY—CELIBACY AND VICE—SCULPTORS—PRAYER-WHEELS AND REVOLVING INSTRUMENTS—NUNNERIES—HUMAN BONES FOR EATING-VESSELS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—BLOOD-DRINKING

Before I left the monastery, the Lamas, who had now become more or less accustomed to me, asked me many questions regarding India and concerning medicine. These seemed to be subjects of great interest to them. They also questioned me as to whether I had heard that a young sahib had crossed over the frontier with a large army, which the Jong Pen of Taklakot had defeated, beheading the sahib and the principal members of the expedition.

I professed to be ignorant of these facts, and so I really was, though I naturally felt much amused at the casual way in which the Jong Pen of Taklakot had disposed of the bear-skin before he had even caught the bear itself. The Lamas took me for a Hindoo doctor, owing to the color of my face, which was sunburned and had long remained unwashed, and they thought that I was on a pilgrimage of circumambulation round the Mansarowar Lake. They appeared anxious to know whether illnesses were cured by occult sciences in India, or by medicines only. I, who, on the other hand, was more interested in getting information than in giving it, turned the conversation on the Lamas themselves.

Of course I knew that there are sects of red, yellow, white, and black Lamas, the red ones being the older and more numerous throughout the country; next to them come the yellow Lamas, the *Gelupkas*, equally powerful in political and religious matters, but not quite so numerous; and, lastly, the white Lamas and the black Lamas, the *Julinba*, who are the craftsmen in the monasteries, working at painting, printing, pottery, and ornamentation, besides attending on the other Lamas and making themselves useful all round in the capacities of cooks, shepherds, water-carriers, writers, and last, but not least, executioners. The Lamaseries are usually very rich, for the Tibetans are a deeply devout race, and the Lamas are not backward in learning how to extort money from the ignorant worshippers under pretences of all kinds. Besides attending to their religious functions, the Lamas are traders at large, carrying on a smart money-lending business, and charging a very high interest, which falls due every month. If this should remain unpaid, all the property of the borrower is confiscated, and if this prove insufficient to repay the loan the debtor himself becomes a slave to the monastery. It is evident, from the well-fed countenances of the Lamas, that, notwithstanding their occasional bodily privations, they, as a rule, do not allow themselves to suffer in any way, and no doubt can be entertained as to their leading a smooth and comfortable existence of comparative luxury—a condition which frequently degenerates into vice and depravity.

The larger Lamaseries receive a yearly Government allowance, and considerable sums are collected from the oblations of the faithful, while other moneys are obtained by all sorts of devices which, in any country less religious than Tibet, would be considered hardly honorable and often even altogether criminal. To any one acquainted

with Tibet, it is a well-known fact that, except in the larger towns, nearly all people besides brigands and Lamas are absolutely poor, while the monks themselves and their agents live and prosper on the fat of the land. The classes are maintained in complete ignorance, and seldom is a layman found who can write or even read. Thus everything has to go through the Lamas' hands before it can be sanctioned.

The Lamaseries and the Lamas, and the land and property belonging to them, are absolutely free from all taxes and dues, and each Lama or novice is supported for life by an allowance of *tsamba*, bricks of tea, and salt. They are recruited from all ranks, and whether honest folks or murderers, thieves or swindlers, all are eagerly welcomed on joining the brotherhood. One or two male members of each family in Tibet take monastic orders, and by these means the monks obtain a great hold over each house or tent hold. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in Tibet half the male population are Lamas.

In each monastery are found Lamas, Chabis, and a lower grade of ignorant and depraved Lamas, slaves, as it were, of the higher order. They dress and have clean-shaven heads like their superiors, and do all the handiwork of the monastery; but they are mere servants, and take no direct active part in the politics of the Lama Government. The Chabis are novices. They enter the Lamasery when very young, and remain students for many years. They are constantly under the teaching and supervision of the older ones, and confession is practised from inferior to superior. After undergoing successfully several examinations they become effective Lamas, which word translated means "high-priest." These Chabis take minor parts in the strange religious ceremonies in which the Lamas, disguised in skins and ghastly masks,

sing and dance with extraordinary contortions to the accompaniment of weird music made by bells, horns, flutes, cymbals, and drums.

Each large monastery has at its head a Grand Lama, not to be confounded with the Dalai Lama of Lhassa, who is believed, or rather supposed, to have an immortal soul transmigrating successively from one body into another.

The Lamas eat, drink, and sleep together in the monastery, with the exception of the Grand Lama, who has a room to himself. For one moon in every twelve they observe a strict seclusion, which they devote to praying, and during which time they are not allowed to speak. They fast for twenty-four hours at a time, with only water and butter-tea, eating on fast-days sufficient food only to remain alive, and depriving themselves of everything else including snuff and spitting, the two most common habits among Tibetan men.

The Lamas have great pretensions to infallibility, and on account of this they claim, and obtain, the veneration of the people, by whom they are supported, fed, and clothed. I found them, as a rule, very intelligent, but inhuman, barbarously cruel, and dishonorable, and this was not my own experience alone. I heard the same from the overridden natives, who wish for nothing better than a chance to shake off their yoke.

Availing themselves of the absolute ignorance in which they succeed in keeping the people, the Lamas practise to a great extent occult arts, by which they profess to cure illnesses, discover murders and thefts, stop rivers from flowing, and bring storms about at a moment's notice. Certain exorcisms, they say, drive away the evil spirits that cause disease. It is certain that the Lamas are adept at hypnotic experiments, by which means they contrive to let the subjects under their influence see many

things and objects that are not there in reality. To this power are due the frequent reports of apparitions of Buddha, seen generally by single individuals, and the visions of demons, the accounts of which alone terrify the simple-minded folk, and cause them to pay all their spare cash in donations to the monastery.

Mesmerism plays an important part in their weird dances, during which extraordinary contortions are performed and strange positions assumed, the body of the dancer being eventually reduced to a cataleptic state, in which it remains for a great length of time.

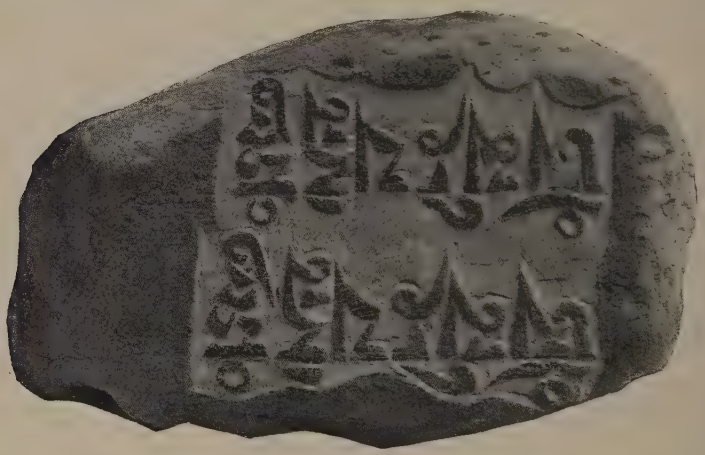
The Lamas swear to celibacy when they enter a Lamasery; but they do not always keep these vows, and they are besides addicted to the most disgusting of all vices in its very worst forms, which accounts for the repulsive appearance of far-gone depravity so common among the middle-aged Lamas.

All the larger Lamaseries support one or more Lama sculptors, who travel all over the district, and go to the most inaccessible spots to carve on rocks, stones, or pieces of horn, the everlasting inscription, "*Omne mani padme hun*," which one sees all over the country. Unseen, I once succeeded, after much difficulty and discomfort, in carrying away two of these very heavy inscribed stones, which are still in my possession, and of which reproductions are here given.

Weird and picturesque places, such as the highest points on mountain passes, gigantic bowlders, rocks near the sources of rivers, or any spot where a *mani* wall exists, are the places most generally selected by these artists to engrave the magic formula alluding to the reincarnation of Buddha from a lotus flower.

The famous prayer-wheels, those mechanical contrivances by which the Tibetans pray to their God by means

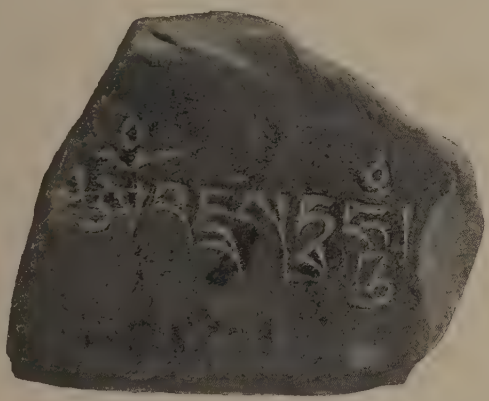
of water, wind, and hand power, are also manufactured by Lama artists. The larger ones, moved by water, are constructed by the side of, or over, a stream, and the huge cylinders on which the entire Tibetan prayer-book is inscribed are revolved by the flowing water. The wheels moved by wind-power are similar to those used by the Shokas, which I have already described, but the Tibetans



STONE WITH INSCRIPTION

often have prayers printed on the slips of cloth. The smaller prayer-wheels, revolved by hand, are of two different kinds, and are made either of silver or copper. Those for home use are cylinders, about six inches high. Inside these revolve on pivots, on the principle of a spinning top, the rolls of prayers which, by means of a projecting knob above the machine, the worshipper sets in motion. The prayers can be seen revolving inside through a square opening in the cylinder. The more universal prayer-wheel in every-day use in Tibet is, however, of the pattern shown in the illustration. It is usually constructed of copper, sometimes of brass, and frequently entirely

or partly of silver. The cylinder has two movable lids, between which the prayer-roll fits tightly. A handle with an iron rod is passed through the centre of the cylinder and roll, and is kept in its place by means of a knob. A ring encircling the cylinder attaches it to a short chain and weight; this serves, when started by a jerk of the hand, to give a rotatory movement, which must, according to rule, be from left to right, and which is kept up



STONE WITH INSCRIPTION

indefinitely, the words "*Omne mani padme hun*," or simply "*Mani, mani*," being repeated until rotation is kept up.

The more ancient wheels have the prayers written by hand instead of printed, and are contained in a small black bag. Charms, such as rings of malachite, jade, bone, or silver, are often attached to the weight and chain by which the rotary movement is given to the wheel. These praying-machines are found in every Tibetan family, and nearly every Lama possesses one. They keep them jealously, and it is very difficult to get the real ones. I was particularly fortunate, and during my jour-

ney in Tibet I was able to purchase as many as twelve, two of which were extremely old.

Besides the rosary, which the Lamas always use in a similar way to the Roman Catholics, they have a brass

PRAYER-WHEELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. SHOWING ROLLS OF PRAYERS TO GO INSIDE

instrument which they twist between the palms of their hands while saying prayers, and this is used exclusively by Lamas. It is from two and a half to three inches in length, and is rounded so as to be easily held in the hollow of the two hands.

In Tibet, as in other Buddhist countries, there are nunneries besides Lamaseries. The nuns, unattractive in

themselves mostly, and looked down upon, shave their heads and practise witchcraft and magic, just as the Lamas do. In some of these nunneries strict *clausura* is enforced, but in most of them the Lamas are allowed free access, with the usual result that the nuns become the concubines of the Lamas. Even apart from this, the women of the nunneries are quite as immoral as their brethren of the Lamaseries, and at their best they are but a low type of humanity.

The Lamas who, at certain periods of the year, are allowed an unusual amount of freedom with women, are those who practise the art of making musical instruments and eating-vessels out of human bones. The skull is used for making drinking-cups, *tsamba* bowls, and single and double drums, and the humerus, femur, and tibia bones are turned into trumpets and pipes. These particular Lamas are said to relish human blood, which they drink out of the cups made from men's skulls.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ILLNESSES AND REMEDIES — CURIOUS THEORIES ABOUT FEVER — EVIL SPIRITS—BLACKSMITH AND DENTIST—EXORCISMS—SURGICAL OPERATIONS—MASSAGE AND CUPPING — INCURABLE ILLNESSES — DEFORMITIES—DEAFNESS—FITS AND INSANITY—MELANCHOLIA—SUICIDES

The Lamas became quite communicative, enabling me, partly with the little Hindustani that I knew and partly with the Tibetan I had picked up, to enter into a conversation about illnesses and their remedies, certain as I was that they must have strange notions on the subject. I was not disappointed in this surmise, and from that conversation and my own observation on previous and subsequent occasions, I am able to give a few details of the methods of the Lamas in curing the more frequent ailments found in the country.

The Lamas explained to me that all diseases arose from fever, instead of fever being an accompaniment of most illnesses, and, furthermore, that fever itself was but an evil spirit, which assumed different forms when it entered the body, and caused all sorts of complaints. The fever demon, they asserted, was a spirit, but there were yet other demons who were so good as to bring us riches and happiness. For instance, when a man after a dangerous illness visited a cave, waterfall, or river-gorge, which these demons were supposed to haunt, he might have a relapse and die, or he might be instantly cured and live happy ever afterwards. In the latter case, as would naturally be expected, the recipient of such inestimable privileges generally returned to pay a second

visit to the kindly spirits who made his life worth living. "But," said the Lamas quite seriously, "when he goes a second time he will get blind or paralytic, as a punishment for his greediness."

"The evil spirits," continued a fat old Lama with crooked fingers, which he clinched and shook as he spoke, "are in the shape of human beings, or like goats, dogs, sheep, or ponies, and sometimes they assume the semblance of wild animals, such as bears and snow-leopards."

I told the Lamas that I had remarked many cases of goître and also other abnormalities, such as harelip and webbed fingers and toes, as well as the very frequent occurrence of supernumerary fingers or toes. I asked them the reason for such cases, and they attributed them, with the exception of webbed fingers, to the mischievous work of demons before the child's birth; they could not, however, suggest a remedy for goître.

Inguinal and umbilical hernia are quite common, as I have on several occasions observed, and coarse belts are made according to the taste and ingenuity of the sufferer, but are of hardly any efficacy in preventing the increase of the swellings.

A common complaint, especially among the older women, was rheumatism, from which they seemed to suffer considerably. It affected their fingers and toes, and particularly the wrists and ankles, the joints swelling so as to render them quite stiff, the tendons contracting, swelling, and becoming prominent and hard in the palms of the hands.

Both before and after my conversation with the Lamas I had opportunities of ascertaining that the stomachs of the Tibetans are seldom in good working order. But how could they be when you consider the gallons of

filthy tea which they drink daily, and the liquor to which they are so partial? This poisonous concoction is enough to destroy the gastric juices of an ostrich! The tongue, as I have mentioned already, is invariably thickly furred with whitish coating, and Tibetans have often complained to me of tumors as well as of painful burnings in the stomach, the latter undoubtedly caused by ulcerations. It is to be regretted that, even in the high land of Tibet, the worst of all sexual diseases (called by the Tibetans *Boru*) has made vast numbers of victims, palpable traces of it showing themselves in eruptions, particularly on the forehead and on the ears, round the mouth and under the nostrils, on the arms and legs. In cases of very long standing, a peculiar whitish discoloration of the skin and gums was to be noticed, with abnormal contraction of the pupils. That such a disease is well rooted in the country we have proof enough in the foul teeth which the majority of Tibetans possess. In nearly all cases that I examined, the teeth were, even in young men, so loose, decayed, and broken as to make me feel quite sorry for their owners, and during the whole time I was in Tibet—and I came in contact with several thousand people—I believe that I could almost count on my fingers the sets of teeth that appeared quite regular, healthy, and strong. As a rule, too, the women had better teeth than the men. No doubt the admixture of bad blood in the Tibetan race contributes a great deal to the unevenness and malformation of their teeth, and if we add to this the fact that the corruption of the blood, even apart from disease, is very great, owing to their peculiar laws of marriage, it is not surprising that the services of dentists are everywhere required. The teeth of Tibetans are generally of such a brittle nature that the dentist of Tibet—usually a Lama and a blacksmith as well

—has devised an ingenious way of protecting them from further destruction by means of a silver cap incasing the broken tooth. I once saw a man with all his front teeth covered in this fashion, and as the dentist who had attended to him had constructed the small cases apparently with no regard to shape or comfort, but had made most of them end in a point for mastication's sake, the poor man had a ghastly appearance every time that he opened his mouth. The Tibetans are not very sensitive to physical pain, as I have had reason to judge on several occasions, when I have seen teeth extracted in the most primitive fashion, without a sound being emitted from the sufferer.

In Southwestern Tibet the *Hunyas* (Tibetans) have the same strange notions on transmigration of evil spirits which are common to the Shokas. For instance, if a man falls ill, they maintain that the only remedy is to drive away the evil spirit that has entered his body. Now according to Tibetan and Shoka ideas evil spirits always enter a living body to satisfy their craving for blood; therefore, to please the spirit and decoy him away, if the illness be slight, a small animal, such as a dog or a bird, is brought and placed close by the patient; if the illness be grave, a sheep is produced and exorcisms are made in the following fashion: a bowl of water is whirled three or four times over the sick man's head, and then again over the animal selected, upon whose head it is poured. These circles, described with certain mystic words, have the power of drawing the spirit out of its first quarters and causing it to enter the brain of the second victim, upon whose skull the water is poured to prevent its returning back.

"Of course," said my informer, with an air of great gravity, "if you can give the evil spirit a present in the shape of a living being that will satisfy him, he will depart quite

happy." If the illness is slight, it means that the spirit is not much out of temper, and a small present is sufficient to satisfy him, but if the disease is serious, nothing less than a sheep or even a yak will satisfy him. As soon as the spirit has changed his temporary abode the animal is quickly dragged away to a crossing of four roads, and if there are no roads a cross is previously drawn on the ground, where a grave for the animal is dug, into which it is mercilessly thrown and buried alive. The spirit, unable to make a rapid escape, remains to suck the blood of his last victim, and in the mean time the sick man, deprived of the company of his ethereal and unwelcome guest, has time to make a speedy recovery. When a smaller animal is used, such as a dog or a bird, and when the patient complains of more than one ailment, the poor beast, having been conveyed to the crossing of four roads, is suddenly seized and brutally torn into four parts, which are flung in four different directions, the idea being that, wherever there may be spirits waiting for blood, they will get their share and depart happy. After their craving is satisfied, the evil spirits are not very particular whether the blood is human or not. In Shoka land especially, branches with thorns and small flying prayers are placed on each road to prevent their immediate return. These are said to be insuperable barriers to the evil spirits.

BRANCH WITH THORNS TO PREVENT RETURN OF EVIL SPIRITS

When a patient completely recovers, the Lamas naturally obtain money for the exorcisms which have expelled the illness, and they never fail to impress upon the people

the extraordinary powers they possess over the much-dreaded demons.

The Tibetans are unsuccessful in surgery, first of all because they do not possess sufficient knowledge of human anatomy; secondly, because their fingers are wanting in suppleness and sensitiveness of touch; and, lastly, because they are not able to manufacture instruments of sufficient sharpness to perform surgical operations with speed and cleanliness. In Tibet everybody is a surgeon, thus woe to the unfortunate who needs one. It is true that amputation is seldom performed; but if it should become necessary, and the operation is at all difficult, the patient invariably succumbs. The Tibetan surgeon does not know how to saw bones, and so merely severs the limb at the place where the fracture has occurred. The operation is performed with any knife or dagger that happens to be at hand, and is therefore attended with much pain, and frequently has disastrous results. The precaution is taken to tie up the broken limb above fracture, but it is done in such a clumsy way that very often, owing to the bad quality of Tibetan blood, mortification sets in, and, as the Tibetans are at a loss what to do on such occasions, another victim goes to join the majority.

Considering the nomadic habits of the Tibetans and the rough life they lead, they are comparatively immune from very bad accidents. Occasionally there is a broken arm or leg, which they manage to set roughly, if the fracture is not a compound one, by putting the bones back in their right position, and by tightly bandaging the limbs with rags, pieces of cloth, and rope. Splinters are used when wood is obtainable. A powder made from a fungus growing on oak-trees in the Himahlyas is imported and used by the Tibetans near the frontier. A thick layer of it, when wet, is rubbed and left upon the broken limb,

over which the bandaging is afterwards done. In a healthy person a simple fracture of the leg, which by chance has been properly set, takes from twenty to thirty days to heal, after which the patient can begin moving about; and a broken arm does not require to be kept in a sling more than fifteen or twenty days. If these cures are somewhat more rapid than with our more civilized methods of bone setting, it is merely due to the wholesome climate and the fact that the natives spend most of their days out in the open air and in the sun, undoubtedly the best cure for any complaint of that kind; but, of course, it is but seldom that the bones are joined properly, and they generally remain a deformity. More satisfactory results are obtained, with cases of dislocations, by pulling the bones into their right position.

In case of wounds the bleeding is arrested by the application of a wet rag tightly bound over the wound. In most cases of unbandaged wounds that came under my notice the process of healing was a very slow one, the great changes in the temperature between night and day often causing them to open of themselves. They made good headway towards recovery in the beginning, but the skin was very slow in joining and reforming.

Burns are treated by smearing butter over them; and a poultice of rhubarb is used to send down swellings of contusions as well as for the purpose of bringing boils, from which the Tibetans suffer much, to a speedy maturation.

Aconite is given for fever and rheumatism, and a rough kind of massage is used to allay pain in the muscles of limbs. It is generally done by the women, who, as far as I could judge, practised it with no real knowledge, but merely contented themselves with violent rubbing and pinching and thumping until signs of relief appeared on the sufferer's face. Whether, however, these manifesta-

tions were due to actual soothing of pain, or to the prospect of the masseuse bringing her treatment to an end, I could never properly ascertain. Tibetan fingers are not well adapted for such work, being clumsy, and, compared with those of other Asiatic races, quite stiff and hard.

Cupping is adopted with success. Three or four small incisions are made close to one another, and a conical cupping-horn, about seven inches long, having a tiny hole at its point, is applied over them. The operator then sucks through this small aperture until the horn is full of blood, when it is removed and the operation begun again. With poisoned wounds the sucking is done by applying the lips to the wound itself.

Bleeding is used as a remedy for bruises and swellings, and for internal pain, also for acute attacks of rheumatism and articular pains. If it is not sufficient, the branding cure is resorted to, and if this should also fail, then the tinder cones come into play, and, the seat of the pain being encircled with them, they are set alight. When even this remedy proves inefficacious, and the patient survives it, the illness is pronounced incurable.

Natural abnormalities and deformities are frequent enough in Tibet, and some came under my notice in nearly every camp I entered. Deformities of the spine were common, such as displacement of the shoulder-blades; and I saw during my stay in Tibet many cases of actually hump-backed people. There were frequent cases, too, of crookedness of the legs, and club-foot was not rare, while one constantly met with webbed fingers and supernumerary fingers and toes, as well as the absence of one or more of them. Malformations of the skull, such as the two sides being of marked unequal shape or an abnormal distance between the eye-sockets, were the two more common deformities that came under my notice.

The ears of men of the better classes were much elongated artificially by the constant wearing of heavy earrings, which sometimes even tore the lobe of the ear.

The most frequent and curious of all was the extreme swelling of children's stomachs, caused by the umbilical cord not being properly tied at birth. The operation was generally performed by the mother and father of the newly born, or by some friend at hand. The infants had such enormous paunches that in some cases they were hardly able to stand; but as they grew older the swelling seemed to gradually abate and the body assumed its normal shape.

Deafness was common enough, but I never came across any dumb people, though I now and then encountered cases of painful stammering and other defects of articulation arising from malformation of the palate and tongue.

Occasionally, however, the difficulty of speech was caused by dementia, which seemed very common in Tibet, especially among the young men. Whether it was caused by cardiac affection consequent upon organic vices, as I suspected, or by other trouble, I could not say for certain; but presently I based my suspicions on certain facts which I happened to notice, besides the presence of symptoms indicating great nervous depression and strain, extreme weakness of the spine, and oscillations of the hands when spread horizontally with the fingers and thumbs wide apart. This may in one way be accounted for by the difficulty that men have in obtaining wives, owing to the scarcity of women. Apoplectic and epileptic fits and convulsions were not of very frequent occurrence, but they seemed severe when they did occur. The fire cure was usually applied in order to drive away the spirits that were supposed to have entered the body, but, all the same,

these fits at times resulted in temporary or occasionally permanent paralysis, and much derangement and disfiguration of the facial expression, particularly about the eyes and mouth. I had occasion to study three very good specimens of this kind at Tucker, at Tarbar, north of the Brahmaputra River, and at Tokchim.

Much to my regret I never came across any violent cases of insanity during my stay in the country, though many times I observed strange peculiarities among the men, and signs of manias, more particularly religious.

In women I several times noticed symptoms of melancholia, caused no doubt by abuse of sexual intercourse, owing to their strange laws of polyandry. I was told that occasionally it led to suicide by drowning or strangulation. However, I was never able to keep any of the suspicious cases under close observation for any length of time, and, as our arrival into Tibetan camps generally created some amount of fear and sensation, and we usually left before they could be quite at home with us, I never had a chance of studying the subject more closely.

CHAPTER XLIX

A TIBETAN MEDICINE-MAN—LUMBAGO, AND A STARTLING CURE FOR IT—COMBUSTIBLE FUSEES—FIRE AND BUTTER—PRAYERS, AGONY, AND DISTORTIONS—STRANGE IDEAS ON MEDICINE

STRANGE as these remedies seemed to be, they hardly came up, as far as interest went, to one I saw applied at a place called Kutzia. I had entered a Tibetan camp of some twenty or thirty tents, when my attention was drawn to an excited crowd collected round an old man whose garments had been removed. He was tightly bound with ropes, and agony was depicted on his features. A tall, long-haired man with red coat and heavy boots knelt by the side of the sufferer and prayed fervently, twirling round a prayer-wheel which he held in his right hand.

My curiosity aroused, I approached the gathering, whereupon three or four Tibetans got up and signed to me to be off. I pretended not to understand, and, after a heated discussion, I was allowed to remain.

An operation was obviously being performed by a Tibetan medicine-man, and the suspense in the crowd round the sick man was considerable. The doctor was busy preparing combustible fusees, which he wrapped up carefully in silk paper. When cut in the centre they formed two cones, each with a little tail of twisted paper protruding beyond its summit. Having completed six or eight of these, the medicine-man made his patient, or rather his victim, assume a sitting posture. I inquired what ailed the sick man. From what they told me, and from an ex-

amination made on my own account, I was satisfied that the man was suffering from an attack of lumbago. The coming cure, however, interested me more than the illness itself, and the doctor, seeing how absorbed I was in the performance, asked me to sit by his side. First of all the man called for "fire," and a woman handed him a blazing brand from a fire near by. He swung it to and fro in the air, and pronounced certain exorcisms. Next the patient was subjected to a thorough examination, giving vent to a piercing yell each time that the long, bony fingers of the physician touched his sides, whereupon the man of science, pointing to the spot, informed his open-mouthed audience that the pain was "there." Putting on a huge pair of spectacles, he rubbed with the palm of his hand the umbilical region of the sufferer and then measured with folded thumb two inches on each side of and slightly under the umbilicus. To mark these distances he used the burning-brand, applying it to the flesh at these points.

A MEDICINE-MAN

"*Murr, murr!*" (Butter, butter!) he next called for, and butter was produced. Having rubbed a little on the burns, he placed upon each of them a separate cone, and

pressed until it remained a fixture, the point upward. Shifting the beads of a rosary, revolving the praying-wheel, and muttering prayers, the medicine-man now worked himself into a perfect frenzy. He stared at the sun, raising his voice from a faint whisper to a thundering barytone at its loudest, and his whole audience seemed so affected by the performance that they all shook and trembled and prayed in their terror. He now again nervously clutched the burning wood in one hand, and, blowing upon it with the full strength of his lungs, produced a flame. The excitement in the crowd became intense. Every one, head down to the ground, prayed fervently. The doctor waved the ignited wood three or four times in the air and then applied the flames to the paper tips of the combustible cones. Apparently saltpetre and sulphur had been mixed in the preparation of these. They burned fast, making a noise like the fuse of a rocket.

At this juncture the animation of the on-lookers was not to be compared with the agitation of the patient, who began to feel the effects of this primitive remedy. The fire spluttered on his bare skin. The cure was doing its work. The wretched man's mouth foamed, and his eyes bulged out of their sockets. He moaned and groaned, making desperate efforts to unloose the bonds that kept his hands fast behind his back. Two stalwart men sprang forward and held him while the medicine-man and all the women present, leaning over the prostrate form, blew with all their might upon what remained of the three smoking cones frizzling away into the flesh of the wretched victim.

The pain of which the man complained seemed to encircle his waist, wherefore the strange physician, having untied his patient's arms from behind, and retied them

in front, began his measurements again, this time from the spinal column.

"*Chik, ni, sun!*" (One, two, three!) he exclaimed, as he marked the three spots in the same fashion as before, smeared them over with butter, and affixed the cones. Here ensued a repetition of the previous excitement, prayers, agony, and distortions, but the patient was not thoroughly cured, and more cones were subsequently ignited on both his sides, in spite of his protests and my appeals on his behalf. The poor fellow soon had a regular circle of severe burns round his body.

Needless to say, when, two hours later, the operation was over, the sick man had become a dying man. With a view to obtaining a few hints on Tibetan medicine from this eminent physician—the Tibetans held him in great esteem—I sent him a small present and requested him to visit me. He was flattered, and showed no desire to keep his methods a secret, but even pressed me to try some of his unique remedies.

According to him, fire would cure most illnesses; what fire could not cure, water would. He had, nevertheless, some small packets of variously colored powders, for which he claimed extraordinary powers.

"I am afraid your patient will die," I remarked.

"He may," was the reply, "but it will be the fault of the patient, not the cure. Besides, what does it matter whether you die to-day or to-morrow?"

And with this unprofessional dictum he left me.

CHAPTER L

TUCKER VILLAGE—CHOKDENS—HOUSES—FLYING PRAYERS—SOLDIERS OR ROBBERS?—A STAMPEDE—FRESH PROVISIONS—DISAPPOINTMENT—TREACHERY—SHOKAS LEAVE ME—OBSERVATIONS—FIVE MEN, ALL COUNTED

When I left the Gomba, having been salaamed to the ground by my new friends the Lamas, I walked about the village to examine all there was to be seen.

Along the water's edge stood a number of dilapidated Chokdens made of mud and stones, with a square base surmounted by a moulding, and an upper decoration in steps, topped by a cylindrical column. They were in a row at the east end of the village, and, as is well known, they are supposed to contain a piece of bone, cloth, or metal, and books, or parts of them, that had once belonged to a great man or a saint. Roughly drawn images are occasionally found in them. In rare cases, when cremation has been applied, the ashes are collected into a small earthen-ware urn and deposited in one of the Chokdens. The ashes are usually made into a paste with clay, on which, when flattened like a medallion, a representation of Buddha is either stamped from a mould or engraved by means of a pointed tool.

The interiors of the houses at Tucker were no more pleasing than the exteriors. Each habitation had a walled court-yard, and the top of the wall, as well as the edge of the flat roof, was lined with masses of tamarisk for fuel. In the court-yard sheep and goats were penned at night; and the human beings who occupied the rooms were dirty

beyond all description. There were hundreds of flying prayers over the monastery as well as over each house, and, as the people stood on their roofs watching us, laughing and chatting, the place had quite a gay aspect.

While I was strolling about some fifty or sixty men appeared on the scene, armed with matchlocks and swords, and I looked upon them with suspicion, but Kachi reassured me, and said they were not soldiers, but a powerful band of robbers encamped about half a mile off, and on very friendly terms with the Lamas. As a precaution, I loaded my rifle, which was quite sufficient to occasion a stampede of the armed crowd, followed, in the panic, by all the other villagers that had collected round us. Like all Tibetans, they were a miserable lot, though powerfully built and with plenty of bounce about them.

Early in the morning I had made inquiries about provisions, and had arranged for the purchase of two fat sheep and some 450 lbs. of food (flour, rice, *tsamba*, *ghur*, sugar, salt, and butter), and several Tibetans stated that they could supply me with any quantity I required. Among others was a trader from Buddhi, Darcey Bura's brother, who promised to bring me within an hour a sufficient quantity of food to last us ten men twenty-five days. I noticed, when these men left, that two of my Shokas ran after them, and entered into an excited discussion with them. Some two or three hours later the traders returned, swearing that not an ounce of food could be obtained in the place. The way in which these men could lie was indeed marvellous to study. I suspected treachery, and reprimanded my Shokas, threatening to punish them very severely if I could prove that my suspicions were well founded.

The Shokas, finding themselves discovered, and partly through fear of the Tibetans, were now again quite unreasonable and demoralized, so much so that I decided to

discharge them. It was no use keeping them by force. From the moment I had entered the forbidden country I had been compelled to protect myself against them as much as against the Tibetans. I reflected, however, when I made up my mind to let them go, that these fellows had stood for my sake hardships and privations which few men could stand, and in paying them off I therefore rewarded them

THE PANKU GOMBA

suitably, and they undertook to bring back safely across the frontier part of my baggage containing photographs, ethnological collections, etc. With infinite trouble I then managed to purchase enough provisions to last four men ten days.

The whole party accompanied me three and a quarter miles farther, where, in sight of the tumble-down Panku Gomba, a mile to the west of us, we halted in order to make the necessary arrangements for our parting, unseen by the Tibetans. I took observations for latitude and lon-

gitude. The water of the hypsometrical apparatus boiled at 185° Fahr. fifty feet above the level of the lake, the temperature of the air being 76° and the hour 10 A.M.

We had a high snowy chain to the south of us, extending from 70° to 33° (b. m.), the direction of the range being approximately from southwest to northeast, starting at Nimo Nangil.

When everything was ready the five Shokas, including Kachi and Dola, left me, swearing by the sun and all that they hold most sacred that they would in no way betray me to the Tibetans, who so far had no suspicion as to who I was.

Bijesing the Johari and the Kutial Bura Nattoo agreed to accompany me as far as the Maium Pass, so that my party, including myself, was now reduced to only five.

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